



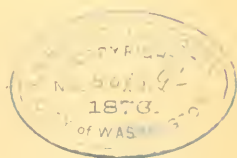




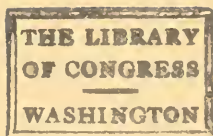
A CENTENNIAL
COMMISSIONER IN EUROPE.

1874-76.

BY
JOHN W. FORNEY,
EDITOR OF "THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS."



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
LONDON:
16 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1876.



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PREFACE.

IMMEDIATELY after my return home I was greeted by a general request that my letters from Europe should appear in book form ; and overrun as I was by a pressure of new engagements, I asked my old friend and co-laborer, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, to see them through the press, which he has done with his usual fidelity.

J. W. F.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1876.

1776.]

THE COMMISSION.

[1876.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME, GREET-
ING.

JOHN W. FORNEY, Esquire, of Philadelphia, is hereby authorized to represent the *United States Centennial Commission and the Centennial Board of Finance* in Great Britain and Ireland, and in the several nations of Europe, in the circulation of all the needful information for a proper understanding of the International Exhibition to be held in Philadelphia in 1876, and for the encouragement of the people of those nations to be represented therein by such of their productions as may exhibit the most advanced skill in every department of the fine and useful arts. Commending him earnestly to the respectful consideration of the people of all nations, soliciting their attention to his presentation of the International Exhibition, we are, etc.,

(Seal)

(Signed)

A. T. GOSHORN,

Director-General of the United States Commission.

(Attest signed)

JOHN L. CAMPBELL, *Secretary.*

(Seal)

(Signed)

JOHN WELSH,

President of Centennial Board of Finance.

(Attest signed)

FRED. FRALEY, *Secretary.*

PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 1874.

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A CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONER IN EUROPE.

I.

At Sea.—Approaching Liverpool.—American Steamships.—The Centennial.—Future Market of the World.

WHEN Dr. Samuel Johnson described a ship as a prison with a fair chance in which to be drowned, he had no such vision as a steamer like the *Illinois*. A century ago, when the great philosopher wrote and talked, the world had not been roused from its sleep, and men traversed sea and land by slow and often painful methods. We left Philadelphia at 8.30 A.M., Thursday, July 9, 1874, and from that hour to the present the trip has been a summer excursion, slightly varied by a little sickness among the passengers. It was like one family party on a pleasure-jaut. When I got aboard I found that I knew nearly everybody, and certainly that everybody knew me. Herein lies the charm of this Philadelphia line. Apart from the superior, stanch sea-going qualities of the ships, their multiplied modern conveniences, and the stern discipline of their management, the fact that they are floating homes makes them peculiarly attractive. They are in all respects American: organized in America, with American accommodations,

the only vessels bound to Europe floating the American flag, built of American wood and iron, by American mechanics, at an American port. You feel as you enter them as if you were entering your own residence.

Everybody is well and happy. There have been several hot days, and sleep has been disturbed, but not more than in many a house ashore. The discipline is so good, the ventilation so unexceptionable, and the behavior of the passengers to one another so cordial, that nobody complains. The price of a ticket from Philadelphia to San Francisco by rail is one hundred and forty dollars, exclusive of meals. The price to Liverpool from Philadelphia by the Illinois, board included, is, for the cabin, seventy-five to one hundred dollars; intermediate, thirty-five dollars; steerage, twenty-five dollars; from which you can see how much cheaper it is to see the Old World than it is to visit only a portion of your own country. Many wealthy people are intermediates, who pay but thirty-five dollars, and the steerage company includes many intelligent persons, from whom I have gathered much information. They are going to England and Ireland to see their parents or their friends, to return after a short stay to their adopted country. Though emigration has largely fallen off, few of our foreign population go back to Europe to remain. Many of those on the Illinois have grown rich in America, and look forward to their native places in Europe with the more interest that, having left them very poor, they return well off in the world. I could name several who left Europe forty years ago, young and destitute, and are at present prosperous and influential. How such examples operate I need not discuss. They are the most effective of all agencies. There are no such characters sent forth from any other country. They are our best missionaries. In England there is a system under which, no matter how fortunate Capital may be, Labor never rises to the hopeful and con-

trolling attitude it maintains in America. It is this difference that must largely affect the destinies of the two countries; a difference that will be strikingly developed in 1876. Our World's Exhibition, growing rapidly and largely in the eyes of foreigners, will of necessity be the event of the age. As an eminent Englishman remarked to me in Washington a few months ago: "Your Centennial is important to Great Britain in every sense, but chiefly in a commercial sense. Your manufacturers are our successful rivals in many branches. We must open new avenues for our fabrics, and your fair is our opportunity."

Manage that Exposition as we may, it will therefore greatly affect the United States abroad. I learn from good authority that it is becoming a topic of general discussion in Europe; and now that the Government has directed our diplomatic and consular representatives abroad to give it attention, and that hundreds of voluntary agencies are at work in the persons of American travellers, there is constant inducement to the Centennial Commissioners to increase their exertions. They need not be told that this memorial is not the work of one government among many on the same continent. It is not like England in 1851 and 1860, or France in 1867, or Austria in 1873—the affair of one people only. It is the demonstration of an entire continent, and of the dominant power of that continent—a power which is the best customer of England, and one of the best of France; which is largely occupied by an immense infusion of Irish blood and brain; which has drawn and is drawing heavily upon the energies of Germany; and which is an object of growing interest to every other foreign country. No such elements operated in any of the former European expositions. They were magnificent displays of art, science, and invention; but they had none of the peculiarities of the American Centennial.

Each spoke for a particular government or race. That of America must of necessity reflect the ideas of the children of many races; must attract the attention of the leaders of every school. In fact, the American Centennial is the Genesis of a new civilization.

The enthusiasm of the passengers on the Illinois in regard to Philadelphia and the Centennial is a study. I hope they will pardon me when they read this for saying that it made me very happy. Gathered from every walk in life, and from every portion of the State, each seems to be full of the subject. This is singularly true of the adopted citizens who are going home to see their friends in Ireland, England, and Germany. They are all proud of the city and State in which they have grown rich. They will tell the story of their rise from poverty to wealth among their proud and wondering friends at home, and they will not fail to relate the story of the Centennial. Lawyers, doctors, actors and artists, correspondents and editors, all seem to be animated by the same feeling. Confidence in ourselves is the key to the future; make that universal, and the end is sure.

I am more than ever impressed, as I see the good results produced by our noble American-built steamers, with their heavy freights, full complement of happy passengers, and excellent management, as to the paramount justice of protecting American manufactures. All late experience proves that what we call free trade helps foreign capitalists alone. On the other hand, every aid granted by Congress to American capital, in the development of American industry or resources, healthfully reacts upon the masses and upon government. What peopled the West, what gave us the mighty empire on the Pacific, but the principle of government protection to American enterprise?

If this Government had not bought California, had not helped individual enterprise to build the Pacific Railroad

and to rival British steamers on the Pacific, we should be at the mercy of our European rivals, with no such States as Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska, and no such treasure-houses of gold and wheat as California, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington. To-day we are masters of the trade of the future, by English confession. Our tariff saves us from the rivalry of the pauper-paid products of England. Our well-paid workmen are forcing their way even into the British market. Our shipping interest, destroyed by the rebellion, is retarded alone by the fact that British ships can be built cheaper by the cheap labor of Europe. England has free trade only to help herself. She builds railroads in India with English money, given by millions and almost hundreds of millions of dollars, to check the advance of her rival, Russia. She subsidized her ocean steamers heavily up to the period when she felt she might withdraw her help, because America might become her customer for cheap steamers on the Clyde. At the beginning of this century she was the most despotic protectionist of her own interests in the world. No improved machinery could be sent from Liverpool to America, lest the latter might compete with England in the markets of America. To-day, her best customer and also her most formidable rival is this same America. It remains for us to say whether we shall consent to a policy which leaves us wholly at the mercy of a power which is free trade or protection, as it suits her interests or inclination.

If our statesmen of both parties desire to relieve the country, let them relieve our industries, build more Pacific railroads, revive our shipyards, and freely subsidize our great steam lines on the ocean. There is nothing England fears so much as this policy. Establish it firmly, and maintain it for a reasonable period, and you transfer the market of the world from London to Philadelphia or New York.

There can be no geographical centre when we divide the earth with steam and lightning. The nation most successful in preserving its independence by the development of its own resources is sure ultimately to revolutionize and control the world.

July 20, 1874.

II.

"The Good Old Town" of Liverpool.—Noble Public Institutions.—Former Complicity in the Slave-Trade.

COMPARATIVELY few Americans stop at Liverpool ; they hurry through to the great world of London, and thereby lose much of interest in the leading seaport of the nations. Liverpool is a very interesting town. Its present population is 493,405, and yet its commerce is larger than that of any other port on earth. It is the distinctive "City of the Sea," situated on the eastern bank of the estuary of the Mersey, very near its junction with the Irish Channel, in the county of Lancaster, one hundred miles west of Leeds, two hundred and one miles northwest of London, two hundred and twelve miles south of Edinburgh, two hundred and twenty miles southeast of Glasgow, and one hundred and twenty miles east of Dublin.

What especially interests the American in modern Liverpool are the municipal government, the streets, and the public buildings. Three members of Parliament are elected for Liverpool ; there are forty-eight Councillors, sixteen Aldermen, and a Mayor. The office of Mayor is generally conferred on the most distinguished citizen. It is the universal verdict that no taint of corruption attaches to any of these servants of the people.

The environs are exquisitely beautiful, and the great

parks objects of ever-renewing interest. Stanley Park, opened in 1870, cost the Corporation about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. The view from this splendid enclosure, laid out in walks, drives, grass-plots, and flower-beds, and adorned by a spacious ornamental lake, opens before you extensive glimpses of the surrounding country and the distant ocean. Sefton Park, an area of four hundred acres, purchased from the Earl of Sefton at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, is singularly picturesque, opening out a noble prospect of the adjacent residences of the nobility and gentry. There, also, is the celebrated Prince's Park.

The churches are very numerous, representing every denomination; some of them are inconceivably grand. I was particularly struck with the Exchange News Rooms. We happened to arrive just as the merchants were congregating, and their appearance, dignity, manner of speech, and costume, altogether indicated refinement and great wealth. In the quadrangular area of the Exchange stands a monument to the memory of Lord Nelson, a colossal work of art, erected at an expense of nine thousand pounds sterling. The News Rooms cover an area of one thousand and eighty-four feet, and one room is one hundred and five feet in length and ninety in breadth, exclusive of the bar. The height is fifty feet to the base of the dome or ceiling. At night this room is lighted by eight massive chandeliers, and here are found not only the subscribers, of whom there are four thousand, but strangers from all parts of the world.

St. George's Hall is a magnificent structure; the organ, by Willis of London, is one of the largest instruments in the world, and of stupendous power. I noticed statues in honor of Sir Robert Peel, Sir William Brown, Joseph Mayer (the bountiful donor and founder of the museum which bears his name), George Stephenson, the late Lord Derby, and Mr. Gladstone. The total length of this splendid edifice

is four hundred and sixty-five feet. At the northern end there is an equestrian statue of Queen Victoria, finished in 1871, to correspond with the statue of the late Prince Albert.

Brown's Free Public Library and Museum was presented by the late Sir William Brown. The corner-stone was laid in 1857, and the building finished in October, 1860, at a cost of forty thousand pounds. Here is the great collection of potteries and the noble collection of birds bequeathed to Liverpool by the late Lord Derby, and here is also deposited the munificent gift known as the "Mayer Collection," a remarkable product of energy and perseverance, the life-work of one man. The Free Library is supported by the public, and is open from ten A.M. to ten P.M. When we came in, many persons, men and women, evidently of the middle class, were seated reading at the desks. In addition to these treasures I must not forget the representative collection of ceramic works, said to be the most perfect specimens of the great Wedgwood. The services are very rich, and there is one of the thirty copies which were made of the Portland Vase. The value of this collection is upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, not including the gift of Mr. Mayer and a most extensive collection of coins.

The Corporation Baths occupy a handsome building of two hundred and thirty-nine feet in length and eighty-seven feet in breadth, with separate divisions for both sexes, and are fitted up very elegantly. The water is taken from the Mersey into a spacious tank, capable of receiving eight hundred tons, and then raised by steam-engines into a reservoir, where it is filtered until it becomes as clear as crystal. The charges are for warm baths, twopence, fourpence, and eighteenpence; for cold baths, threepence and sixpence; warm shower-baths, sixpence. Precisely such an establishment is grievously needed in Philadelphia.

In Liverpool the American meets for the first time the well-known cab called the "Hansom." Here also are our familiar street railroads.

Such a thing as a telegraph-pole—the unsightly nuisance which disfigures all our American cities—is unknown in England. The wires are stretched along the tops of the houses, or are laid under the streets, and I am constantly asking why the same plan is not adopted in our country.

You have an explanation of the hostility at Liverpool to the North during our civil war, when you are reminded that from this port, in 1760, one-quarter of its vessels were engaged in the inhuman Slave-Trade. No fewer than ninety vessels engaged in this nefarious traffic sailed from this one city alone, and carried about twenty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty slaves. Privateering also engaged the capital of many of the merchants, precisely as blockade-running did from 1860 to 1865. It is pleasing to know that the bitterness and anger too common in this great town eight and ten years ago is succeeded by an evident desire to promote amicable arrangements with the United States.

July, 1874.

III.

Chester.—The Staffordshire Potteries.—The Ceramic Art.—Birmingham.
—Stratford.—Kenilworth.—Leamington.—University of Oxford.

WHAT a garden is England ! There is infinite progress in the large towns, but the beauty of the country must be the work of the ages. The old castles, the ancient inns, the super-solid roads, the vast estates, closed in with high stone or brick walls, the narrow streets, even the small towns, are so many evidences of the centuries of experience through which this great country has attained its present strong position.

You leave Liverpool by rail, and after a short ride reach the famous and ancient city of Chester, with its cathedral eight hundred years old ; the curious wall that still surrounds it, from one tower of which Charles I. saw his army routed by the hosts of Cromwell ; the ancient " Rows," distinctly recalling a period far remote ; the Castle, a record in stone of the Roman occupation ; and the luxurious estate of the new Duke of Westminster, Eaton Hall.

After a good night's rest in Chester at the principal hotel, "The Queen's," we started for the Staffordshire Potteries, traversing a region of varied interest and beauty. The miniature houses and gardens at most of the stations looked like toy-shops, with their flowers woven into all sorts of figures and forms, and seemed an odd set-off to the great palaces of the gentry and nobility, of which we had glimpses in the distance. The history of the world is traced in the progress of the earthen, glass, or stone articles of the saloon, the parlor, the library, and the kitchen, used by the respective nations. Under the generic name

of pottery, which includes all the varieties of earthenwork, from porcelain down, you go back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy, Belgium, Germany, France, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth to England. England unquestionably leads in supplying the demand of most countries with all the varieties of these elegant and useful works. I was attracted to the Potteries by the growing interest in the ceramic art in the United States, illustrated by the enterprise at Trenton, N. J., and by the immense sums of money spent in our great cities for the products of these English manufactories.

Our visit to the Potteries in Staffordshire was a revelation. The district in which they are located is only about ten miles in length by one and a half in width ; yet into this narrow space are crowded two hundred and sixty establishments, of which one hundred and thirty-four are devoted to earthenware, sixty to china, twenty-six to Parian, and forty miscellaneous. Here most of the finest wares and ornaments are manufactured, and thousands of persons are employed. The clays are mainly English ; some are dug in the vicinity of Burslem. The English trade dates back into the seventeenth century. In 1759, Josiah Wedgwood, whose marble statue at Stoke-on-Trent attracts much attention, invented the exquisite adaptations, including terracotta, jasper, and the famous queen's-ware so much in fashion a few years ago, that made him illustrious in English history.

We traversed the renowned Minton works, in which the finest conceptions of Wedgwood and his successors are wrought into marvellous forms by the skill of the present age. I was surprised at its comparatively small and ancient appearance. Yet here were fourteen hundred men and women, boys and girls, closely engaged. The show-room was a treasure of vases, flowers, figures, goblets, with curious devices of all ages and tastes, copies of the long-

gone past and models of the living present. The process of manufacture was very curious. Here was the clay in its plastic state turned into inconceivable shapes by the wheel of the machinery and the cunning of the human hand; the kneaded lump worked into cup and saucer, bowl and goblet, next passed into another room to dry, then to another to receive the picture, then to the oven to be annealed into perfect beauty. The exquisite statuettes we see in terra-cotta in our windows at Gay's, Tyndale & Mitchell's, Caldwell's, and Bailey's, with the flower-baskets and bouquets, and the wonderful conceits on walls and pillars, all come hence. It was a liberal education to watch how skilfully the artists did their work, and how quickly.

There was, however, in all this rapid review a practical side. I allude to what are known as "encaustic tiles," which have become an essential feature in nearly every public and private building in England, and which, as contributing to beauty, cleanliness, and durability, and freedom from vermin, I hope to see covering the sides and ceilings of our American houses. They are sometimes used on our floors, but rarely on the sides and ceilings of our rooms and halls. They are not so cheap as our modern processes, such as what we call calcimining, but they outlast all other methods.

From Stoke we rode to Birmingham—a robust, healthy, noble town! We came into it with a sort of moral prologue worthy of remembrance and imitation in Philadelphia. The railroad station is over a mile from our hotel. We took a four-wheeled hack. Two friends who were with me asked, as we started, "How much apiece?" I said, "One shilling." We got to the hotel, and each offered his shilling to Cabby. He said, "No, gentlemen, my charge is only a shilling for all."

Birmingham had a population of 444,545 at the last

census, and 65,371 inhabited houses. In 1841 the population was only 182,122, a growth that, large as it is, bears no proportion to the increase of Chicago or St. Louis. We must look at a few of the products of Birmingham to see the diversified capacity of this wonderful workshop of the nations. In its rifle-factories it employs 4328 persons; in brass, 3892; in locomotives, 1661; in iron, 1561; in buttons, 1578; it has goldsmiths, 2477; coach-makers, 1148. Women are largely employed in lace, polishing, japanning, ribbons, steel pens, silk, and cotton. I name these occupations to show how nearly they are similar with ours; and when I showed a friend in Birmingham how many people are employed in Philadelphia, and at what wages, and our population, the value of our annual products, the number of our houses, many owned by our mechanics, he exclaimed, "And this is only one of your cities! What you tell me of New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, is equally wonderful. Of course, I will be at the Centennial."

The churches and hospitals of Birmingham impressed me beyond utterance. The Hospital of St. Thomas was founded in 1285! St. Martin's Church is so old that its origin is lost, and the foundation of the present structure belongs to the early part of the thirteenth century! The public buildings are superb, as you may judge when the town hall is one hundred and forty-five feet in length, sixty-five in width, and in height sixty-five. Here John Bright, who represents Birmingham, has frequently spoken to four thousand persons. I cannot describe its parks, its railroad stations, its great Exchange, its theatres, its statues, its devotional temples, its great colleges.

Stratford-on-Avon is about twenty-six miles from Birmingham, and a pleasant ride it was. We had a second-class car, and a first-class farmer to talk to. "Your crop is thin this year," I said. "Yes," he replied; "we have

had little rain to speak of. Pray, are you not Americans?" "Yes, all three." "You like England?" "Very much, but our own country ever so much more." "I don't wonder; my boy is away over yonder in Marysville, California, and is doing right well, sir, and he is asking me to come to him." "Are you well off here, sir?" "Very nice, indeed, but we need our boy." "Stay where you are and let him come to you, as he can for a small sum, if he is only sober and good." "I thank you, sir. Here you are in Stratford, and you will find Shakspeare waiting for you. He has a strong, warm side for you Americans."

Stratford, like all the show towns of England, is swept clean as a parlor. The streets in these places are a marvel. The rain here cools the air, but never makes mire. The sun never makes ague. Americans were in force at Shakspeare's house and grave. The English were few. No French; no Dutch; no Italians, and few Germans! Nearly all Yankees—keen, sharp, cultured, generous, grateful; never tell me America does not love England and her treasures.

We posted across the country from Stratford to Kenilworth, Warwick, Guy's Cliff, and Leamington. How level the road! Great oaks or beeches, large, fine houses of the gentry, suffocating villages of the poor, strong beer and bad gin, no population on the roads, all elegant, odorous, and silent—a breezy day and a desolate distance. We saw Warwick, its entrance carved through stone, its lordly halls half ruined by the fire of 1871, its pictures by the oldest artists, the bed in which Queen Mary slept, the great tower—and having duly paid our shilling apiece at the Castle, and our sixpence to see the great "Warwick Vase," found in the Emperor Adrian's villa at Tivoli, capable of holding one hundred and sixty-eight gallons, we retired, and posted on to Kenilworth, five miles. When we got there the lovely evening had made a picture of the venerable

place, not less lovely because there were sweet children and ladies on the lawn, and an artist, with his canvas on a portable frame, painting the scene from the green foreground. Here you stand in the midst of the centuries. From Henry I. to Elizabeth, Kenilworth was the theatre of war, diplomacy, and intrigue. Earl Clarendon is the present owner.

From Kenilworth to Leamington is about five miles. If Kenilworth is redolent of the past, Leamington is the trophy of the present. It is the growth of modern manners and customs—a mitigated sort of Saratoga—its healing waters and historic surroundings attracting crowds. England never suffers from what we know as summer. When Americans run off to the mountains and seaside in July, “the season” is at its height in London.

From Leamington by rail to another cluster of the centuries—Oxford—fifty-five miles from London. Here we stood among the stony records of ages of literature. From Alfred to Victoria we read the story of the gigantic growth of England. Over eight thousand students gather in these venerable chambers. Twenty-one Colleges and six Halls constitute what is called the University. One library—the Bodleian, of three hundred thousand volumes, next to the British Museum; a vast procession of portraits of the great graduates and chiefs of the venerable institution; ancient groves, and lawns, and alcoves, with “Addison’s Walk,” recalling the memory of the gentle Spectator. You might give a week, a month, a year, to Oxford, and still find material for interest and information.

August, 1874.

I V.

London to Folkestone and Boulogne.—England and France Contrasted, with a Side-Look at America.—Paris during the Siege, with Especial Reference to the Commissariat Department.—A Model Boarding-House.—Present Condition of the Gay Capital.

FROM London, with Mr. McMichael, to look into Paris and to see if we could not together help the Centennial before he returns, is a ten hours' ride. A trip ticket costs, going and coming, about twenty-five dollars in a first-class carriage. Seven years ago I crossed from Dover to Calais; last week we crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne, and both times the sea was as smooth as the De'aware, between Philadelphia and Camden, on a summer evening.

Folkestone was full of English people seeking health from the sea. The English girls are not nearly so lovely as ours, yet they excel in "the low sweet voice." They are never loud, and the flexibility and sweetness of their tones are, let me say it, in strong contrast to the too often sharp and aggressive utterance of our ladies. Call it affectation, if you please, the cultured English speak the best English. And now we are at Boulogne—the Boulogne of English bankrupts in olden railroad times escaping from hungry creditors. How French, how white, how sandy, and how sunny! Where are all the people? The day is not hot; but, save the idlers on the long bridge, Fashion seems to have gone asleep. Two hours ago I left England, and here is France! England, robust, ruddy, and self-assuring—France, prim, peculiar, and opinionated. At Folkestone the sea-shore was full of gayly-dressed crowds, and there was hardly any visible commerce. At Boulogne there were

great ships unloading, and sailors and tar and nets and an "ancient and fishlike smell." Workingmen in blue blouses, and women without bonnets or caps, old and young, with curious shoes, some wooden and some slippers. It was a picturesque contrast.

From Boulogne to Paris, a long waste of nearly two hundred miles of willows and poplars and the sepulchral stone that prevails in France from château to cottage; women in the fields cutting the grass and grain, following the horses, and bending over among the vegetables for the towns. It was so dry and white, and evidently so sterile, and the crops looked so thin, and the little houses so broken, and the roads so ghastly white, that I shut my eyes and longed for the green lanes of England or for the broad, fresh acres of Chester and Lancaster in my own native Pennsylvania, to come back to me.

I have been staying since my arrival in Paris at Madame Dijon's *Pension*, 29 Rue Caumartin. A *pension* is a boarding-house, but it is very different from that institution as we know it in Philadelphia. You get into it, as you do into most Paris edifices, public and private, by what looks like the gate of a great stable or barnyard. The house is built round a court, and the windows of nearly all the rooms, instead of opening into the street, look down into this court. You ring at the outer gate, which swings open, and a Frenchwoman, who talks no English, motions you to the first floor, which ought to be the second, but is not, and there you meet Madame Dijon, who, happily, talks French and English, and is a sharp, curly lady, who has divided her century with a smile for the wintry half upon which she has entered. Think of it—nine francs a day (about two dollars of our money), with a good room, good bed, attendance, and meals! That is what her boarders pay. At the Grand Hotel, the L'Athenee, and the Louvre, you escape well at twenty-five francs, or six

dollars a day. Better bread, butter, coffee, omelets, beef-steak, fruit, or pastry, than you get from Madame Dijon, could not be provided. *Two* meals a day—breakfast from nine to eleven; dinner from six to eight. Waffles at breakfast and wine at dinner included in the nine francs. Madame Dijon has about thirty boarders, and her fine fare and low rates attract about thirty more from the hotels, and she is rich, having been at the business for forty years.

Madame was in Paris during the siege and the Commune, and although, as I talked to her, she was a little chary about the cats, I thought she yielded a little on the question of horse. I have before me now a curious little record of the sufferings of the Paris people during these terrible intervals. It is entitled "Diary of the Siege of Paris," taken from *Galignani's Messenger*, the English paper, and was written by one of the editors and owners of that great journal, J. C. Mackenzie, Esq., the brother of Dr. Mackenzie of *The Press*. I fear if Madame Dijon ever reads these pages she will think I betrayed her secret, but as I may not see Paris often before the next Centennial, 1976, I venture a few extracts from this little book. It is the journal of one hundred and thirty-two days during which, to employ Mr. Mackenzie's language, "Paris was hemmed in by an impenetrable circle of iron. The railways had been cut, the post-office was no longer able to transmit letters, and the telegraph lines had ceased to act—in fact, the great French capital had been as much debarred from communication with the outer world as if it had been all at once reduced to the very lowest depth in the scale of civilization."

After chaffing Madame Dijon about the food she supplied to her boarders during these one hundred and thirty-two days, and conversing with the author of this interesting little volume, I was not surprised to read in it such statements as these:

Sept. 29, 1870.—Provisions rising in price ; fresh butter, 4 francs a pound ; a fowl, 6 francs ; a rabbit, 7 francs.

Oct. 8.—All salt provisions have now disappeared from the market, and there is no butter to be found there ; a lean fowl, 8 francs ; a fat one, 12 francs ; carp, 10 to 12 francs. Asses' flesh has appeared on some of the stalls at 1 franc 25 centimes the pound.

Oct. 12.—Horseflesh eaten very generally, and considered palatable. Turkeys have risen to 25 francs (\$5), and some to 30 francs ; chickens, 12 francs.

Oct. 15.—Provisions continue to advance in prices.

Oct. 22.—Provisions scarcer every day ; ass, 3 francs the pound ; horse-rump steak, 5 francs the pound.

Nov. 16.—A shop opened in Belleville for the sale of dogs, cats, rats, and sparrows.

Dec. 1.—Seventy-ninth day of the siege. Weather dreadfully severe, four degrees below zero.

Dec. 3.—Mortality increasing in consequence of the terrible cold ; a turkey, 70 francs (about \$16).

Dec. 10.—Fresh butter, 30 francs the pound ; a turkey, 95 francs ; nearly all the gas-lamps without lights ; theatrical representations entirely at an end.

Dec. 16.—At Central Market, horse fillet, 16 francs a pound ; dog, 3 francs per pound ; a rabbit, 30 to 35 francs ; a turkey, 100 francs (about \$20).

Dec. 25.—Horses of the Paris Cab Company reduced from 4000 to 1000, part taken for the army, the rest for human food ; a turkey, 110 francs ; a duck, 36 ; a rabbit, 40 ; a chicken, 30.

Dec. 26.—The bodies of the animals of one of the public zoological gardens exposed for sale for food. The camel, dromedary, kangaroo, and elephant, 10 francs a pound ; antelopes, stags, and bears, 15 francs at first, then 20 ; large sale of dead dogs and cats in the Market St. Germain at about 30 francs the pound.

Dec. 27.—Outcry for wood becoming more and more desperate, poorer classes at night pulling down palisades and wooden defences.

Dec. 31.—Mortality, afflicting to say, much increased. In the market a turkey sells for 180 francs ; a goose, 150 ; eggs, 3 francs (60 cents) apiece.

Jan. 1, 1871.—One hundred and fifth day of the siege. The writer of these brief items was to-day waited on by his landlord, a man of large property, probably 150,000 francs a year, and after the usual compliments of the season, very gravely stated that in ordinary times he would most probably have offered a box of bonbons or some other such trifle, but at the present time he would show his esteem by bringing something useful, at the same time presenting his tenant a paper bag containing 25 potatoes. Present received with gratitude.

There are over two millions of people in Paris, and as 1

pass along these boulevards and streets, walking or riding, it is almost impossible to believe these statements; and yet with such a witness, whose figures are facts, and whose facts are tragedies, we dare not question.

We are on the Boulevards. What a variety of costumes and of character; what a medley of the nations! On these benches and under these trees, we see the old men and women looking the last of life, and the young making love for the generations to come. A beautiful thing in Paris is the devotion of the children to their parents. The son with his mother on one side, and his sweetheart on the other, is a familiar sight. The blue blouse of the workman is seen near the broadcloth of the *parvenu*. Before the private houses gather the old and the young to see the passing throng—the mother knitting, the father smoking, the children playing, while on the broad pavements of the hotels sit hundreds before the little tables, drinking cheap wines and chatting cheap gossip. Meanwhile, the broad avenues, or boulevards, are crowded with carriages occupied by the other actors in this Vanity Fair. Many of these were absent during the interval described above, but the great majority were glad enough to eat rats, cats, cows, horses, and rhinoceros during that fearful siege. “What a tender dish you gave us to-day,” said a satisfied *gourmand* to the *chef* of his restaurant. “Yes, indeed,” was the answer, “but it was hard enough for me to kill my favorite Newfoundland to please my guests.”

I wish I had Mr. Stokley and Mahlon H. Dickinson here now, to walk or drive with me through these Paris streets. I am not Mayor of Philadelphia or Superintendent of Highways, but if I were either, I should learn a good deal from these magnificent foreign cities. I board in a street like Locust, between Sixth and Seventh, Philadelphia, only more shops, more travel, and therefore more excuse for dirt. I declare to you it is as clean always as the floor of

a banking-house. This morning I got up early to write my letters—at seven o'clock, and I saw the cart to carry offal come on. The servants of the house were out to deposit their tributes, the fountains were running, and the Rue Caumartin was made ready for the day. Observe, this is so all over Europe: in England, with her Queen; in France, with her military President; in Germany, with her Emperor, and in Switzerland, with her annually elected republican Executive. Why? Because the law is made to be obeyed, not to be broken. Because a public trust is more sacred than, or as sacred as, a private trust! These people get crazy every decade or so, but their municipal administration is the best in the world.

Paris is getting to be full of the Centennial. I am doing all I can to see that she comes over. The newspaper people are almost spontaneous on the subject. The truth is, there is no excuse for anybody to go against the Centennial. It is nobody's specialty. It takes from nobody. It proposes to help all round. There is therefore hardly anything left for envy. The period is auspicious abroad and at home. Our own quarrel adjusted, we have closed all our differences with other governments. And it looks as if Providence or Destiny had so shaped things that the American Centennial should be the exact opportunity for all the nations to square accounts, and to start forward in a fair race for the command of the commerce of the world.

Yesterday's *Galignani*, the great English paper in Paris, which goes all over the Continent, gave up two of its prominent columns to an elaborate editorial on the American World's Fair in 1876. To-morrow the *American Register*, a journal which has attained an immense circulation, and has just been purchased by our old townsman, the millionaire, Dr. Thomas W. Evans, long resident in Paris, will speak even more at length on the same subject.

August, 1874.

V.

France Reorganizes her Armies.—The Civil Service.—French and English.
—The Centennial Feeling Abroad.—Art News and Gossip.—The New
French Opera-House.—What it Costs to Live in Paris.

FRANCE is putting herself in military order after the Prussian model. The catastrophe of 1870 was a great educator. There is a fine lad of seventeen in my "pension," who has been helping me with my correspondence. He talks English, and yesterday he said, "I must now go to my professor." "Your professor, Armand! how is that?" "Why, you see, when I am nineteen I go into the French army, under the law passed after the war, by which all our young men must serve five years, unless they show themselves qualified in certain branches of education, as history, geography, arithmetic. If they are up in these, they need only serve one year. I have my teacher one hour every day, and I feel sure of a good number and an early and honorable discharge for superiority in history, geography, algebra, and the natural sciences. If I prove proficient in these branches I serve only one year; so I am working to get the other four years to myself." It is unnecessary to discuss the advantages of such a system in a military power. The government secures good soldiers and intelligent citizens at the same time.

"What keeps this great city in such perfect order through all these revolutions? Here it is to-day almost as beautiful as it was in 1867, though the fire of the siege has battered its houses, and the red ocean of the Commune has poured through its streets." This is the question I put to an intelligent gentleman who has lived here forty years.

His answer deserves to be remembered by the people of our American cities: "There is a very large class of officials in the government who take no part in politics, and from generation to generation discharge the same duties. These are all experts. They are never removed. Their places are a sort of property, and when they retire it is with a pension, in every case made up by percentage contributions from themselves. These are the men who give us our magnificent streets, sewers, lights, and police; our lovely gardens and cheap fares; who keep our great galleries in order, and organize fêtes for the poor and operas for the rich. Public money is rarely if ever stolen in France; when it is appropriated, or when a wealthy citizen gives a large sum for public purposes, it is as carefully preserved and disbursed as if it was the private property of the chief of the bureau to whom it is entrusted." He had read of the wholesale removal of men in office after every change of administration in the United States, and he regarded it as the curse of our system. In a recent article in *Lippincott's Magazine*, by Reginald Wynford, on the "British Civil Service," you will find these words: "For a clerk in any department in England to lose his appointment in consequence of a change of administration is a thing absolutely unknown."

I walked to my quarters from a meeting of Americans and Parisians, late the other night, alone. It was half-past twelve, and the gay crowds were rapidly dispersing. I sauntered through the Champs Élysées; the lights of the little theatres were fading out; the music was over and the booths were silent; Punch and Judy had gone to bed; the flying horses were at rest after a hard day's work, and the tired feet of the tinselled dancers were in repose. But every few yards there was a policeman or gendarme in clean uniform, with his medal on his breast, watchful and polite. Long rows of the little iron chairs used by the people,

from which to look at the sights, and hired out for a *sous*, were exposed under the trees, and, like the flowers in the unfenced squares, were safe from the prowlers. As I loitered on, a woman with a sweet face, in exquisite dress, stopped before me and spoke in her best French. I answered her in my best American, and, after a good deal of conversation, we parted friends in the innocent consciousness that neither understood what the other had said. It is the only time, since I have been here, that I have profited by my ignorance of the French language.

Now for the other side of the picture. Yesterday a friend and myself came to grief by an experiment with a hackman, whom we employed to drive us for an hour. He drove at his slowest pace. "The fellow intends to cheat us," said my friend; "he will force us into a second hour." "Let us baffle him," was my reply. "We will stop exactly at the expiration of the bargain, and walk the remainder of the way;" and so we did; but the scamp demanded an extra franc with such a torrent of French, to which we could not reply, that we paid it to avoid a scene, and sorrowfully pursued our way. We consoled ourselves, however, with the thought that many of the Frenchmen we had met could not talk English. This is notably so of M. de Girardin, M. Thiers, and others of equal eminence. The English and Americans are the great travellers of the nations, and their language is an ever-increasing influence. "English spoken" is the symbol of all the successful traders. You may traverse the earth with that magician. You may do without French, or German, or Italian, but when you talk what Shakspeare and Milton wrote, you hold the key to many mysteries. It is true that every new language opens up a new world, but it is also true that the most useful and governing is the English.

Before this letter reaches you you will have noticed the emphatic manner in which *Galignani* and the *American*

Register, in Paris, have endorsed the Centennial World's Fair. During the present week most of the French papers will follow. But no interest is being more thoroughly aroused than the artists'. I hear from them frequently. On Saturday I had the opportunity of being present at the studio of two American ladies, who have won solid fame by their paintings—Mrs. Robinson Morrell, of Massachusetts (well known in Washington), and Miss E. F. Gardner, of New Hampshire. The first picture was Mrs. Morrell's "Washington Waiting for the Provision Train," a Revolutionary study, the chief objects of which are Washington, Colonel Alexander Hamilton, General Greene, and two others, on superb horses. The story of the piece is admirably told by the artist. The troops were in a starving condition, and Washington felt, unless he received supplies, there was danger of mutiny and desertion. At the last hour the provision trains are announced, and Washington and his staff ride out to meet them. Mrs. Morrell displays immense talent in the group, especially in the animal life; so well, indeed, that when Goupil, the celebrated dealer, heard of her picture he called to see it, and immediately offered her ten thousand francs (two thousand dollars) for permission to make an engraving of it as a companion for the fine steel-plate of Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware," the splendid original of which is now in the gallery of Marshall O. Roberts, New York. Mrs. Morrell intends offering her Washington for exhibition at the Centennial, and no doubt Mr. Roberts will do the same with his, so that these two historical *chefs-d'œuvre* may be seen side by side. There is another noble work, "The First Battle of the Puritans," taken from Longfellow's poem, with Miles Standish and a glowing picture of savage life, and early American scenery, with sun and shade and foliage—another gem I hope to see in the Art Gallery at Fairmount Park in 1876.

The younger lady, Miss Gardner, has had her triumph in another school. She was a pupil of Merlé, who painted the glorious "Marguerite, in Faust," which I have several times seen in Colonel Scott's Philadelphia residence, and, once seen, never forgotten. If to make money by genius is a test of success, both these ladies have attained it. Miss Gardner received two thousand dollars from Mr. Jonas G. Clark, of New York, for her "Cinderella," the scene being the fitting of the glass slipper, with the dazzled prince and angry sisters at her side. It is a lovely realization, and I do not wonder that it won a prominent place in the French Academy, and was surrounded by approving spectators. Her "Corinne," after Madame de Staël's story, and her portraits of the two children of Mr. Stebbins, an American gentleman living in Paris, were spoken of in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a high English critical authority, as follows: "The 'Corinne' wears a laurel wreath, and the sunlight strikes her shoulder and hand, the rest of the figure being in shadow. It is difficult to imagine a figure more finely drawn, or a type of face more interesting: grave yet gentle, maidenly and full of sweet pensiveness. The soft harmony of colors and the delicate firmness of the drawing are the salient features of the picture and its neighbor, a portrait of two children in the dress of Louis Fifteenth's time. Taken altogether, they struck me as among the most attractive performances of the exhibition." The French connoisseurs talk of the "Corinne" as a work of surpassing merit. Among other American artists in Paris who take a deep interest in our World's Fair, I must not forget Mr. Daniel R. Knight (who has just sold one of his last pictures for a large sum to a Spanish gentleman living here); George P. Healy, whose portraits of the Pope, M. Thiers, and Minister Washburne attracted much attention; Mr. Edward H. May of New York, Miss Clementina Tompkins of Wash-

ington, Mr. Bridgman of New York, Mr. Baird of Chicago, and Miss Mary Stephenson Cassatt of Philadelphia, whose Spanish head in the exhibition was much commended. These, with their coadjutors all over the Continent, and with Bradford and Miss Lea, in London, and their associates, are doing a world of good among the foreign artists in the matter of arousing a proper interest in the Centennial.

The new opera-house in Paris is undoubtedly the grandest in Europe. Begun under the auspices of Napoleon III., it is announced to be completed and opened on the 1st of January, 1875. After a long effort we at last got admission for three, and on Monday we saw its matchless interior. It is a world in itself. The great pile occupies an entire square, as large as that occupied by our new Public Buildings. Its main front, indeed, all its façades, constitute a variety of architecture and statuary beyond description. Inside, all these wonders increase. The space allotted to the stage, the dressing-rooms, rooms or studios for the artists, reception-rooms, machine-shops, with the endless devices for scenery, seem to be more than half the entire area; and as you gaze into this mysterious combination, the auditorium looks comparatively small, even with its tier after tier of boxes and its sweeping corridors. Some idea of this immense edifice may be gathered from the size of the saloon, or foyer, a rectangular hall over one hundred and sixty feet long and forty feet high. It is lighted in the day by five windows looking into the boulevard, and in the night by a bewildering array of chandeliers. In this saloon the great artist Vaudrey achieved his last triumphs, which are now setting Paris wild. The panels they were to fill, the spaces for the mirrors, the lofty and widespreading ceilings, the walls, the very floors, conveyed an idea of vastness, heightened by the gorgeous decorations in bronzes and gold, in mosaic and fresco, in

marble and the other products of French and foreign quarries. I forbear an estimate of what this palace of music will accommodate, or what it costs, but its acoustic capacity seems to have passed judgment. Nilsson has tried it, and given it her approval. All the seats are taken for the first representation, and for six months ahead. Work on it was arrested, of course, during the siege and the Commune, and it was several times in danger, but the present Government has given it an immense appropriation to finish it by January. The new opera-house is in the very heart of Paris, near all the leading boulevards, and is unquestionably the finest of the fresh wonders of the French capital.

I spent twelve days in this lovely city, and my bill for rooms, meals, and generally first-class accommodations, was less than fifteen dollars a week. It would have been reduced at least thirty francs if I had not required accommodations for my correspondence and visitors,—an item for Americans who do not wish to be fleeced at the hotels.

August, 1874.

VI.

Hampton Court Palace.—Holland House.—Marden Park.—Hotel Life.—
Mrs. Dion Bouicault.

SUBURBAN life or villa life in England opens a view of history and society at once. You sometimes visit a house four hundred years old, with ancient paintings, furniture, trees, and architecture ; all these curiously mingled with the products of modern times. A picture by Vandyck or Sir Joshua Reynolds, even a Titian or a Murillo, is hung in contrast with a Turner or a Landseer. A few evenings ago I dined at an old mansion long occupied by Lord North, the stubborn Minister of George III., and often the scene of his Cabinet councils. In the superb gallery, prominent among the old masters, were three of Bierstadt's studies of the Rocky Mountains, and an excellent portrait of President Grant, while in my bed-room was a choice Washington by Gilbert Stuart. From the beautiful grounds surrounding this ancient mansion we had a near view of Hampton Court and Bushey Park. The former of these, a fine structure of red brick, with stone ornaments, was originally built by Cardinal Wolsey, who presented it to his sovereign Henry VIII. The great saloons are filled with the portraits of the beauties of Charles II.'s time and paintings of many of the old masters, including the favorite picture of Charles I. on horseback, by Vandyck. In this splendid solitude, crowded with memories of the past, it was difficult to believe that you were so near the terrible roar of London. Very few people were in the lovely walks, and there was an air of quiet pervading the whole, hardly disturbed by the herds of deer grazing peace-

fully in these gorgeous spaces and under these ancient trees.

On another occasion I spent an evening with an American gentleman who owns a portion of the vast demesne once attached to Holland House, Kensington. He has built for himself what is known as Oak Lodge, and his gardens are full of trophies and relics. The larger portion of the estate is still held by the descendants of the founder, but giant London, with the blood and fire of modern Progress in its veins, will soon absorb it. Holland House is among the last of the great mansions venerable for its appearance, and for its connection with old times, left in the metropolis; and as I followed my friend through the walks of his beautiful grove and garden, I felt that our feet were deep in the dust of the ages. Here was the scene of the celebrated duel between Lord Camelford and Mr. Best, ending in the death of the former, who had wantonly provoked it. In the great house itself is the chamber where Addison died; the bed-room of Charles James Fox; that of the poet Rogers; that of Sheridan, where a servant attended him all night, it is said, to supply the thirsty orator with champagne when he awoke. In the library we are told how Addison paced up and down, dictating for *The Spectator*, with a bottle of wine upon a table at each end. You go back several centuries to the founders of this almost royal house, where Kings and Cabinets dined and counselled, through long lines of favorites of both sexes, and an almost endless procession of noble and celebrated characters, and you read individual and national vicissitudes in the long and varied story.

Another delightful day at Marden Park, in Surrey, was spent with J. H. Puleston, M. P. for Devonport, and his family and friends. Mr. Puleston is well known in Pennsylvania for his activity during the war as a journalist and a military agent for Governor Curtin at Washington, D. C.

I was glad to note his high position in England. In London, by his integrity in business, and his excellent manners, he soon acquired and held the confidence of the community. His successful efforts to preserve the credit of the house of which he is a partner, and the boldness and skill with which he made good all his obligations after the great panic of September, 1873, made him very strong with the cautious Englishmen. Puleston is a Conservative in England. He has lost none of his love of America, and nothing gives him more pleasure than to meet his old friends, and stand forth for his old home.

I have often said that the English in the hotels do not live so well as we do, and I have yet to meet an English restaurant equal to Augustin's in Philadelphia, or Delmonico's in New York ; and no establishment like those of the Continental and the Colonnade in the first, or the Brevoort House or Fifth Avenue in the second. But in their rural or suburban, or London homes, they rival our best. With the best cooks, the best wines, attendants trained by long service, their dinners are, to say the least, unapproachable. They generally breakfast about nine, lunch at one, and dine at seven or eight, the last often extending long into the night, winding up with billiards and cigars. Champagne is not taken so freely as with us ; it comes on after the lighter wines, and is never much iced, except for their American guests. An English gentleman seldom drinks before dinner, but he does justice to his appetite when he gets his legs "under the mahogany."

Glimpses of suburban and villa life in England were happily contrasted by an evening among the literary men and artistes at the residence of Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Regent Street, London. Two continents remember Agnes Robertson, "the fairy star" of the stage, her graceful beauty, gentle humor, and musical tones. When I was first invited to meet her, after so many years, I was pre-

pared for some changes of time ; but I found the beautiful girl ripened into the lovely woman. Mother of five children, Mrs. Dion Boucicault is as graceful as when she made great capitals ring with praises of her gifts of mind and person. There was not a trace of the actress. Nothing could be more natural. A lady in everything ; considerate, well-poised, and perfectly at home, she was like one who had been reared in private life and had never known the dangerous applause of the theatre. That rare charm which makes a lovely woman more lovely without ornament is hers. The tact that makes everybody happy and at ease is an inborn quality, invaluable in the artiste, because never taught in the discipline of the drama. All her children were present—Eve, her eldest daughter, and Dion, her eldest son, at the dinner, and the next daughter and the next son and the baby at the reception afterwards. The English song of their mother and the French *chanson* of the second boy delighted everybody ; and when the last of the five, the little Boucicault, kissed us all “good-night,” it was a picture for Meissonier alone to paint.

Of those present, and there were a good many, I will mention only Charles Reade, the novelist. I expected to find an aggressive, angular, ostentatious social despot ; but imagine a figure like our William Sellers, of Philadelphia ; with gray, almost white, hair and beard, soft voice, excellent address, and an evident eagerness to please and be pleased. Slightly deaf, and therefore not demonstrative, it was still not necessary to force him to talk. He sought others, and was, I noticed, that excellent thing in man and woman, a good listener. Mr. Reade is Fellow of a College at Oxford, also D.C.L., a prodigious worker, and, I should think, a very amiable person in private life. He never once talked of himself, was dressed in plain black, and seemed more anxious for fame as a dramatist than as a writer of fiction. He is engaged on a new novel, but I

did not ask its title nor when it was to appear. He spoke highly of his American readers, and when I sent him a copy of my *Anecdotes* he returned a note written in plain, open hand, which I probably shall forward to my friend Ferdinand J. Dreer, of Philadelphia, to embalm among his library of autographs. If I can get for him a photograph of the author of "*Peg Woffington*," "*White Lies*," "*Put Yourself in His Place*," and "*Hard Cash*," I shall expect a world of thanks from that enthusiastic collector of the calligraphy and countenances of famous men.

September, 1874.

VII.

Scientific Farming.—Mr. Lawes of Herts.—Succession and Variations of Crops.—St. Albans Abbey.

THE farm of John Bennett Lawes, Esq., at Rothamsted, Hertfordshire, about twenty-three miles from London, which I had the pleasure of visiting a few weeks ago, is in a singularly romantic and antiquated region. The mansion is more than eight hundred years old, and the combination of early architecture with modern additions, in keeping with the original plan, is a source of constant interest and surprise to the archæological student. You approach it from the railroad station through an exquisite English village, and over a broad road roofed with noble trees. The venerable mansion stands in a beautiful lawn, and was a singularly antique and striking figure, surrounded with the unrivalled flowers of the season, and in the centre of a lovely grove. Mr. Lawes is an enthusiastic, scientific agriculturist, and he was himself an object of no less interest than the broad fields upon which he conducted his

thorough experiments. I should think the entire estate included at least two thousand acres, five hundred of which are given up to the special purpose of testing the theories to which he has devoted nearly all his life, having already provided in his will that after his death one hundred thousand pounds shall be expended to carry on the project in which he has long and successfully persevered. I walked with him through the best part of his magnificent property. It was a breezy day in August, not unlike an American September, and I noticed that he discarded his hat, and strolled along with uncovered head, explaining his work, over his splendid acres. He has become an authority among the scientific farmers of the world, having given thirty years to this peculiar specialty. In what he calls the "park" the land has been laid down with grass for some centuries; no fresh seed has been artificially sown within the last forty years, nor is record of there being any sown since the grass was first laid down. His experiments on this farm began in 1856, at which time the character of the herbage appeared uniform all over the plots. Yet he has produced large and heavy crops of hay by the application of varied manures, including ammoniate salts, superphosphate of lime, nitrate of potassa, etc.

On what he calls the "four hundred field" similar experiments in the growth of barley have been made year after year on the same land, without manure and with different kinds of manure. The first crops on this tract were Swede turnips, in 1847; the second, barley, in 1848; the third, in 1849, clover; the fourth, in 1850, wheat; and, in 1851, barley, grown mainly with ammoniate salts. His own experiments in barley began in 1852, with equally favorable results, under the same application of farm-yard manure, ammoniate salts, nitrate of soda, sulphate of potash, etc. You have the average produced per acre on

all his tracts for twenty years from 1852 to 1873 arranged in tables easy to understand by the practical farmer. On what he calls "Broadback" field, wheat is the object of his experiments, with and without manure, for the same period, and with the same accurate and useful results. He also showed us his crops of peas, beans, tares, and red clover, and on his "barn" field the product of the same applications, the growth of sugar beet.

On the Adgdell field, one-third of which had been constantly *unmanured* for twenty years, and the others partially manured, all have rewarded his experiments with a wonderful produce. His experiments with ammonia, and in the use of nitrogenous manures, have been of incalculable use in this country where land is scarce. He has found that generally less than half the nitrogen supplied in such manures as guano and ammoniacal salts is recovered in the increase of the crops for which they are used, that a considerable amount remains in the soil in a comparatively inactive state, and that a considerable quantity may be carried away by drainage on the land. It seemed desirable, therefore, to commence a series of experiments to determine whether any saving could be effected by burying comparatively small quantities near to the seed, instead of large amounts in the usual way of sowing and harrowing in. This quiet gentleman, absorbed in his efforts to simplify the cultivation of the land, and to utilize every foot and acre, is an example of how much one man can effect in the course of a lifetime. His laboratory is a wonder in itself. Here at a stated season of every year he employs a thorough agricultural chemist, whose business it is to discover the properties of various plants, seeds, roots, and grass, and he is aided by a number of boys in the collection and distribution of the plants and seeds. This laboratory looks like a great school of science. Adjoining it is what is known as the club-house, for his

farm hands, who, living in comfortable buildings near by, meet for conversation and reading in this club-house every evening, and especially every Saturday and Sunday, at leisure hours cultivating the little patches of ground set apart for each by Mr. Lawes, which furnish not only pleasant employment, but vegetables for their families. .

It must not be supposed that these facts were freely furnished. I had rather to extract them by repeated suggestions; and though his answers were always kind and full, yet, nevertheless, I did see that he was not anxious to make an advertisement of his benevolence; but nothing could exceed his modesty in describing the wonderful results of his long and careful studies among the acres which have been the scene of his continuous experiments. After giving us several hours of his most pleasant and rare experience we returned to the mansion, where the scientific farmer, discarding his plain working dress, soon appeared as the accomplished host of a refined family circle.

In this same historic vicinity is the magnificent Abbey of St. Alban, now undergoing a thorough reparation under the influence of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain. Mr. John Chapple, a resident of Romeland in the neighborhood, and a guest of Mr. Lawes on the day above referred to, is the most active of those engaged in this interesting work. St. Albans is one of the favorite monuments of the great English Church. To give you an idea of the age of some of these old edifices you must try to realize that he who paces slowly within the walls of St. Albans, looking out upon the eminence on which it stands, can see close at hand where stood the rude capitol of the native prince Caswallon, who, half a century before the birth of Christ, resisted the invasion of the first Cæsar—B.C. 54. A.D. 61, a destructive persecution overtook the consecrated ground, and two and a half centuries afterwards the Emperor then upon the Roman throne, Diocletian,

issued an edict to root it up. This was the last persecution of the Christians—the most furious and sanguinary. Under the rule of the Emperor Constantine was built the first church in memory of St. Alban, who is called England's first martyr.

“ For his friend he died,
And for his faith ;
Nor shall his name forsake this hill,
Whose flowery platform seems to rise
By nature decked for holiest sacrifice.”

Century after century, down to the present period, through wars and revolutions, changes of religious possession, and even of religious creeds, through successions of martyrs and kings, St. Albans has been an object of reverence and pride. Under the active influence of Mr. Chapple the work of restoration is going on, with the aid of heavy contributions from all parts of the Kingdom. As much as fifty thousand pounds sterling will be required to put it in order ; and as this burden is too great for one county to bear, an appeal has been made to the nation at large. In a short time St. Albans will be made a Bishopric, the endowment to be supplied by private liberality. I have been most careful in getting at these points, because St. Albans is a sacred spot among all the members of the English or Episcopal denominations, including the increasing thousands in America who are in constant intercourse with the Established Church in Great Britain. I am quite sure Mr. John Chapple, Romeland, St. Albans, England, would be glad to hear from his American friends.

September, 1874.

VIII.

A Professional Naturalist.—Zoological Gardens in London and Philadelphia.

CHARLES TAMRACK, naturalist, 180 St. George Street, East London, is a well-known character among those who deal in wild animals, birds, reptiles, and the insects of land and water. In fact, his business is to supply living and dead specimens to menageries, zoological gardens, and public and private museums. For more than forty years he has been engaged in this special commerce, and is constantly on the look-out through his agents and sons in selecting the choicest varieties from all parts of the world. A friend and myself mounted an omnibus at the top of Regent Street on Tuesday last, and for five miles, at a cost of fivepence each, pursued our way to his somewhat unique collection. It is within a short walk of the Tower of London, directly in the vicinity of the immense London Docks, and near the parish of St. Katherine's, where William Penn was born. It was not an agreeable sensation to pass between the somewhat rickety cages, separated from one another by a narrow passage of not more than three feet, in which the wild citizens of the wildernesses of India, Africa, and Japan are temporarily exhibited and offered for sale. It was not a pleasant sensation to feel that any one of them might have given us a rather rude welcome to the mysteries of the place, especially as the keeper himself, bare-armed and thong in hand, seemed to have been lacerated from hand to shoulder in his frequent conflicts with his untamed prisoners.

The first lot, a recent arrival, consisted of five young

elephants, evidently, from their looks, much indisposed after their long voyage from India. Three of them had already been sold, and the price of the remaining two was stated to be four hundred pounds each. The leopards commanded seventy pounds, the lions five hundred pounds a pair. The dromedary, which had broken its ankle on the passage, was evidently laid up in hospital, and did not seem to be in the market at all. The variety was not as extensive as expected, but a new cargo was looked for within a few days. There were in this collection, however, some curious specimens: two of the "yak" covered with long hair resembling a horse's mane and tail; and a zebu from Hindostan, a combination of reindeer and bison. There were hyenas, wolves, jackals, antelopes, a fair colony of monkeys, and two porcupines. What might be called the "aviary" was of a better description, especially the magnificent Amherst pheasant, rare and valuable. Here, also, were several rooms crowded with savage implements of warfare, old vases, and every description of Oriental oddity. It made up a sort of wild curiosity shop, well worth a visit.

The Zoological Gardens of London, on the north-west side of Regent's Park, and now covering seventeen acres, had a very small beginning in 1826. Until the ground was drained and tastefully planted there was great mortality among the animals. The gardens were first opened in 1828. During seven months there were upwards of thirty thousand visitors, at a charge of one shilling each. There were then four hundred and thirty animals, and the expenses were fifty thousand dollars. Since then these gardens have become one of the favorite resorts of London fashion. The new monkey-house has cost over twenty-five thousand dollars. In 1863 the income amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars. In the year 1864 the visitors numbered five hundred and seven

thousand one hundred and sixty-nine. The natural income of the society is now over one hundred thousand dollars, and the ordinary expenses seventeen thousand dollars. Visitors on Mondays and holidays only pay sixpence per head and supply the larger portion of the income, their numbers being more than double those of the visitors on the shilling days. The number of annual subscribers in 1866 was two thousand four hundred and fifty-nine; the visitors, five hundred and twenty-seven thousand three hundred and forty-nine; animals, two hundred and thirteen; quadrupeds, five hundred and thirty-five; birds, one thousand three hundred and five. The society's museum in this garden is arranged to convey an idea of the generic forms of the vertebrate division of the animal kingdom. It was projected on an extensive scale, but gradually became eclipsed by the rapid accumulation with which Doctor Gray enriched the galleries of the British Museum. From this general statement it will be seen that the commencement of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden is at least as auspicious as that in London, and with the incentive of our World's Fair, and the noble liberality of our citizens, cannot fail to become as popular as its great London prototype.

September, 1874.

IX.

Dulwich College.—Endowments by and for Actors.

RIDING out a few evenings ago with an American who has had a fortunate career in London, but who has not lived here long enough to forget his native country, my attention was directed to an imposing pile of buildings in the pleasant suburb of Dulwich, near the Crystal Palace, and in the direct neighborhood of my friend, whose pleas-

ant home is within sight of the magnificent edifice which is perhaps the most popular of all the British resorts. "That," he said, "is Dulwich College, built and endowed in 1619 by Edward Alleyn, a celebrated actor in his time, who erected the Fortune Theatre, and with Henslow was co-proprietor of the Paris Bear Garden, at Bankside. He named the foundation 'The College of God's Gift,' to be governed by a master and warden, to contain six poor brothers, six sisters, twelve scholars, and thirty out-fellows, lodged principally in almshouses. This was more than two hundred and fifty years ago, during which time the annual income of the college has increased to about eight thousand pounds, or forty thousand dollars, or nearly tenfold the value of the original gift. In 1851 the Archbishop of Canterbury extended the education of the school to chemistry, surveying, engineering, and the allied sciences. In 1858 Parliament decided that this trust's income should be expended in proportion to its wealth. There are now two schools—an upper, which provides a more advanced education for boys of the better class, and a lower, for the preparation of boys for commercial life. In the upper school the fees are eight pounds per annum, and in the lower one pound. New buildings have been completed on a site of thirty acres, between the present college and the Crystal Palace. The founder of Dulwich College was also a friend of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, and, in addition to that noble institution, built and endowed three almshouses in London. He himself laid the first brick of one of them—the Bath Street Almshouse—in 1620, and they were all rebuilt in 1707."

There are in London several establishments for the care of the orphans and aged members of the theatrical profession. The Dramatic College for poor players, situated at Mayberry, in Surrey, consists of a central hall, and residences in the London style.

The gift of the generous actor, whose best monument is Dulwich College, reminded me of another great legacy soon to assume shape and organization on the banks of the river Delaware, near the city of Philadelphia. I allude, of course, to the provision made by Edwin Forrest in his late will for the benefit of the aged and indigent members of the profession of which he was the distinguished ornament. Every precaution should be taken, not only in the face of the certainty of the increased value in the course of time of the beautiful estate set apart by Mr. Forrest for the purpose, but in view of the increase of tenants of the splendid buildings to be constructed and controlled according to his exact and careful direction. Not fifty years will elapse before all his fine domain north of Philadelphia will be covered with costly and comfortable houses. It is well, therefore, to take advantage of the lessons of older and more experienced communities.

September, 1874.

X.

Municipal London.—Lord Mayor's Feast.—Official Costume and Insignia.

THE Lord Mayor of London is chosen annually. His salary and allowances amount to about ten thousand pounds per annum. He resides in the Mansion House, near the Royal Exchange. This is, sumptuously furnished, and provided with plate, etc., of great value. He is provided with a gorgeous state coach, but not with horses. He is expected to give a certain number of state banquets during the year, in addition to bearing half the expense of the inauguration dinner, at Guildhall, on the 9th of November. The dinners are provided by contract, but the wines are

supplied from the Mansion House cellars. The Mayoralty expenses almost always exceed the city allowance. The state liveries usually cost five hundred pounds.

The Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor and his friends will dine on the evening of November 9, is magnificently decorated for royal entertainments, at which the sovereign is seated beneath a state canopy at the east end. The architectural lines of the edifice are marked out with five thousand gas-jets, and from the roof hang two painted chandeliers, each twelve feet in diameter, the whole flood of gaslight exceeding that of forty-five thousand candles. The fair average width of the hall is forty-nine feet six inches. The height from the present pavement to the underside of the ridge is eighty-nine feet. The total length is one hundred and fifty-two feet.

This vast hall will contain between six and seven thousand persons. Here have been held the inauguration dinners of the Lord Mayors since 1501. Charles I. was feasted here in 1641, and Charles II. was nine times entertained here at dinner. From 1660, with only three exceptions, the sovereign has dined at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's day after his or her accession or coronation. The exceptions were James II., who held the city charter upon a writ of *quo warranto* at his accession; George IV., who was rendered unpopular by his quarrel with his Queen, and William IV., who apprehended political tumult.

The dinner on Lord Mayor's day is always a magnificent spectacle. The Lord Mayor and his distinguished guests advance to the banquet by sound of trumpet, and the superb dresses and official costumes of the company, sometimes twelve hundred in number, with the display of costly plate, are very striking. The hall is divided: at the upper, or hustings tables, the courses are served hot; at the lower tables the turtle only is hot. The *baron of beef* is brought in procession from the kitchen into the hall in

the morning, and, being placed upon a pedestal, at night is cut up by "the city carver." The old kitchen wherein the dinner is dressed is a vast apartment; the principal range is sixteen feet long and seven feet high, and a baron of beef (three cwt.) upon the gigantic spit is turned by hand. There are twenty cooks, besides helpers; fourteen tons of coal are consumed. Some forty turtles are slaughtered for two hundred and fifty tureens of soup; and the serving of the dinner requires about two hundred persons and eight thousand plate changes. Next morning the fragments of the great feast are given to the poor.

At state banquets the Lord Mayor wears an "entertaining robe, richly embroidered with gold." A new robe, in 1867, cost one hundred and sixty guineas.

He also wears a collar of SS., of pure gold, composed of a series of links, each formed of a letter S; a united York and Lancaster, or Henry VII. rose; and a massive knot. The ends of the chain are joined by a portcullis, from the points of which, suspended by a ring of diamonds, hangs the jewel. The entire collar contains twenty-eight S's, fourteen roses, and thirteen knots, and measures sixty-four inches. The jewel contains, in the centre, the city arms, cut in cameo of a delicate blue, on an olive ground. Surrounding this, a garter of bright blue, edged with white and gold, bearing the city motto, "*Domine dirige nos*," in gold letters. The whole is encircled with a costly border of gold S's, alternating with rosettes of diamonds set in silver. The jewel is suspended from the collar by a portcullis; but when worn without the collar, is suspended by a broad blue ribbon. The investiture is by a massive gold chain, and when a Lord Mayor is re-elected, which has happened on some few occasions, by two chains.

September, 1874.

XI.

Windsor Castle, an Exterior View.—Its Scenery and Surroundings.

IN Windsor Castle, an educated gentleman, evidently a retired officer of the army, who met us as we ascended a stone stair of about two hundred steps, and walked us round at this lofty height, in an intelligent and easy way described the history spread out before us in the magnificent panorama which surrounds this regal dwelling. Twelve counties were visible on that clear afternoon. The Queen being in Scotland, the royal standard was not displayed from the flagstaff on the Tower of Windsor. This ensign is seven yards in breadth and twelve in length. The circumference of the Round Tower is three hundred feet, and its elevation from the Park below to the top of the flagpole is two hundred and ninety-five feet.

The first object pointed out was the Home Park, extending on the north and east side to the banks of the Thames, containing about five hundred acres of land, including several avenues of elms planted in the reign of Queen Anne. The serpentine course of the Thames could be discerned for a long distance till it was lost in the prospect, and faded away like a silver ribbon. The royal dairy is thirty-seven feet long by thirteen feet wide, the reservoirs formed of encaustic tiles, and supplied with a flowing stream of cold water. The walls are lined with elegantly-painted tiles, bordered with green, of agricultural subjects in bas-relief, and medallion portraits of the Queen and royal family. Herne's oak, which stood so many centuries in the Park, is immortalized by Shakspeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Nothing was more attractive than the mausoleum in the grounds of Frogmore, erected by Queen Victoria, at a cost of several millions of dollars, for receiving the remains of Prince Albert. It consists of a central cell, with four transepts branching east, west, north, and south, with a porch adjoining the western transept. The whole floor is supported by brick vaults of massive work, which at the same time form chambers, with loop-holes for the purposes of ventilation and prevention of damp. They are entered by a small flight of stone steps. The central cell is lighted by three semicircular-headed windows in the clere-story, which are externally decorated with Aberdeen granite shafts and heads. The copper roof of the central cell, which is octagonal in plan, rises from the wall-head to the apex with a flat pitch, in the manner of an Italian campanile, and is surmounted with a gilt cross. The sarcophagus, of Aberdeen granite, occupies the centre of the building, on a block of black marble, on which is placed a recumbent statue of the Prince Consort, in white marble, by Baron Marochetti. In gold letters, on the side of the sarcophagus, is the following inscription :

FRANCIS ALBERT AUGUSTUS CHARLES EMANUEL,

Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg
and Gotha,

Prince Consort,

Second Son of Ernest I.,

Reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

Born at Rosenau, near Coburg, August 28, 1819.

Married February 10, 1840, to Victoria,

Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

Died at Windsor, December 14, 1861.

The porch is entered by a handsome flight of stone steps, lighted with circular-headed three-light windows, with shafts and heads of Guernsey granite, and the front is supported by monolithic columns. The whole of the interior

is faced with colored marble and serpentines, with frescoes and other decorations. The building is in the Italian style, reminding one of the Campanile at Pisa. It is seventy feet in length, and the same in height. The foundation-stone bears the following inscription :

The foundation-stone of this building, erected by Queen Victoria in pious remembrance of her great and good husband, was laid by her on the 15th day of March, A.D. 1862.

"Blessed are they that sleep in the Lord."

No public visitors are admitted to this exclusive tomb ; but once a year, on the anniversary of Prince Albert's death, the family and servants of the household are permitted to enter.

The Royal Gardens, near Frogmore, are thirty acres in extent, and enclosed with a wall twelve feet in height. There are two splendid apartments for the use of the Queen, out of which she proceeds to the conservatories, which cover a total range of glass of nine hundred and twenty feet. The vinery is one hundred and two feet long, two peach-houses fifty-six feet long, and there are pits for forcing melons, cucumbers, and asparagus, heated with hot water.

"Yonder," said our guide, "is the Long Walk, of nearly three miles, shaded all the way by a double row of ancient elms. It was replanted in the year 1860, and among its other advantages is a saline spring of great effect in chronic diseases. On one side of Cumberland Lodge is the broad approach to the celebrated lake called Virginia Water, of which you have heard so much, surrounded by a succession of delightful views, improved by artificial aid. It is about seven miles in circumference, one mile and a half in length, and in width one-third of a mile, and is one of the largest artificial sheets of water in England. Now," said he, "let me draw your attention to Magna Charta and to Runnymede, about three and a half miles off, the spot

where the barons retired that they might the better obtain the signature of King John to the charter of English liberty, which he gave on the 15th of June, 1215. The table on which the great charter was signed is still well preserved. Here, according to tradition, Henry VIII. met and wooed the beautiful Anna Boleyn, under the large yew-tree, which has flourished upwards of a thousand years, and is thirty-two feet six inches in circumference. Within nine miles of where we stand is the town of Staines, the boundary of the city of London, the market-place of Chertsey, where Cowley, the poet, lived and died. St. Ann's Hill, near Chertsey, is the place where Charles James Fox resided for some years. Ascot Heath and race-course, one of the finest spots of the kind in the country, is in view. Binfield, away off on the borders of Windsor Forest, was once the residence of Pope, and about a mile from the village is Pope's Wood, named after his celebrated poem of 'The Wood.' The pretty village of Datchet is rendered famous by Shakspeare in his 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' and is a great resort of anglers. In that direction is Beaconsfield, where Waller the poet and Burke the statesman lie buried, and near to which Mr. Disraeli resides during the summer. Eton College, immediately in our front, you will of course visit for yourselves, but it is well enough to tell you that it was founded by Henry VI., and in 1440 that monarch purchased the perpetual possession of the parish of Eton for the purpose of this great institution. In directing your attention to various other objects in the distance,—to Salt Hill; to Stoke Pogis, the picturesque church immortalized by Gray's 'Elegy'; to Stoke Park, formerly occupied by a portion of the Penn family; to the celebrated Burnham beeches, and in fact to all the historic objects in view, and many others which cannot be seen, but are full of interesting memoirs,—I have given you," said our courteous guide, "a bird's-eye view of one

of the most thoughtful and exciting localities in the world." We then left him, and, as we descended the long stair, I told him that I regretted he could not have the opportunity of repeating to the people of the United States his agreeable personal knowledge of these localities.

October, 1874.

XII.

In Whitefield's Chapel.—Mr. Bevan's Experiences in America.

I HAVE at last had the experience of seeing a representative body of English people listening to one of their favorite orators. On Wednesday evening, October 7, in company with Paymaster-General J. O. Bradford, of the navy, now stationed here, I walked to Tottenham Court-road Chapel, where, according to the newspapers, the Rev. Llewelyn C. Bevan was to lecture on the subject, "What I Saw and Heard in America." It was George Whitefield who founded this church. It is called a "Chapel," is one of the headquarters of the Dissenters, exceedingly comfortable, with an organ behind the pulpit, cushioned seats, and is an admirable place to speak in. It stands back from the street or road. I paid a fee of sixpence on entrance and another sixpence for a reserved seat. Mr. Bevan, who had only just returned, was warmly welcomed by a very large audience, composed of well- and even elegantly-dressed people, among them many ladies. He is a man about forty, with a very handsome presence, fine expressive face, his head set square on broad shoulders, with something of the look of Anthony J. Drexel, though younger, a flexible tenor voice, with not much of the English yet a good deal of the Welsh dialect. He read rapidly

from notes, which he frequently left for admirable extempore comment. He was very full of his subject, paying much attention to the good ship *Scotia*, in which he went out from Liverpool, all of which was evidently new to an audience the greater part of which had probably never seen an ocean steamer. He was charmed with Boston—especially at the first-class hotel at which he stopped—with the politeness of the negro and Irish waiters, the exquisite cleanliness of the halls and corridors, and the cordiality of the clerk in the office, who, seeing his name on the register, immediately addressed him as “Mr. Bevan,” and after that “he was as intimate with me as if he had known all my relations; and so with all the other hotel clerks I met in America.”

His description of an American bill of fare convulsed his audience with laughter; its length, variety, the excellence of the cooking, and the manner in which he and his wife were accommodated in their bed-chamber; how they were lifted up by the elevator; how they walked up the heavily-carpeted stairs and along the little corridors, but he winced a good deal when he found he had to pay for all these accommodations four and a half dollars a day, and wondered what would have become of his money if he had brought his mother-in-law and all his other relations with him. He described with just indignation the frightful habit of tobacco spitting and chewing, and spoke of his disgust at the manner in which the white floors of our public buildings were soiled by this filthy practice. Our rivers were to him inland seas; our lakes great fresh-water oceans. The splendid steamers running between New York and Boston excited his wonder and delight. He could not adequately describe them; they were simply floating palaces, and three-story palaces at that. The company gave him the “Bridal Chamber,” the description of which occasioned another roar of laughter. It was not a

berth like that he had on the ocean steamer, but an airy, elegant, even regal room ; and then the music, the great crowds of happy people, the splendid prospect, and this mighty machine moving along without a jar, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

He liked Boston, with its English air and crooked streets, and he liked Philadelphia too, except that it was too angular, too straight, too regular ; but, above all, he enjoyed its abounding hospitalities. He stopped with my friend Alexander Whildin, on Broad Street, and rode out to see the Centennial grounds, and then invoked a blessing, with infinite grace and fervor, upon the close of the century of American liberty, and hoped that the two nations, with all the other nations, would meet there in 1876 in one vast community, devoted to peace, commerce, art, and religion. "Long," he said, "may the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack float together ! Long may these two great English-speaking nations move hand in hand in their great mission of peace and progress !" Here the whole audience broke out into prolonged cheering. "I deny," he said, "that the English people were against the North in the late war. I was for the North and you were for the North, not so much because we were hostile to slavery, as we were, but because we desired to see that mighty empire united and unbroken." Another tremendous burst of applause. "There are many questions to solve in America," he continued, "but let us hope that grace will rest upon them, and around them will be found the influence of Almighty God."

He did not like our railroad cars because they gave no resting-place for the head, and it was amusing to listen to his description of the long rows of seats, two on each side, with a passage between, and the manner in which the people poured out like ants from their holes. But what interested him most was the general intelligence of the

people. They were not so inquisitive as he had expected ; he was the inquirer, and the people answered always with courtesy and wonderful aptitude. "Everybody reads the newspapers," he said, "and a great many write for them. Every town of ten thousand inhabitants has at least two dailies, and where a weekly would starve with us these two dailies would prosper. It was amazing to see how all classes rush for the newspapers, and my wife became alarmed at the manner in which I squandered my pennies in that direction." He spoke in this way, touching on many other subjects, for more than two hours, as I have said, and finished with the remark that he had yet to refer to the religious and educational aspects of his experience, and that a week hence he would resume his narrative. What impressed me during this delightful evening was the easy and unimpeded eloquence of the speaker, and the magnetic responses by the audience, the occasional "Hear, hear!" and frequent expressions of approval. I was so much touched that before the vote of thanks to Mr. Bevan was put I rose in my seat among the audience, and in such fitting terms as I could command—for I confess I was literally overwhelmed with emotion at this unexpected and hearty tribute to my country—I told him that I regretted that all the people of America could not have heard his admirable lecture, and that I felt profoundly grateful for the just and generous manner in which he had spoken ; that we had our faults, and that he had been lenient to them, and had estimated us far above our merits ; that I rejoiced as an American citizen, not as a stranger, for I felt that I was among friends, to say that every word he had spoken of the kindly feeling entertained for Great Britain in America was true, and that I could not recall a single newspaper nor a single statesman in my country that entertained or expressed anything like hostility to Great Britain ; that all the causes of our differences had passed away, and

that nothing remained in the future but a common interest in art, science, manufactures, and civilization. After which, in company with General Bradford, I sought Mr. Bevan's acquaintance, and realize that I have made a valuable friend, and that in listening to him and in mingling with his parishioners I have spent one of the most profitable evenings since my sojourn in London.

October, 1874.

XIII.

Captain Coram and Stephen Girard.—The Foundling Hospital in London.

IF there is no monument more instructive to the stranger in Philadelphia than Girard College, and the history of the eccentric and liberal foreigner who founded it, so there is nothing in London more deserving a visit than the Foundling Hospital in Guildford Street, Bloomsbury. Stephen Girard began his career as a cabin-boy, sailor, and mate, eventually becoming a master and an owner of ships. Thomas Coram, who originated the Foundling Hospital in London, was also master of a trading vessel, so that these remarkable institutions were commenced by men who had followed the sea. The difference was that Girard left an immense fund at the beginning, while Captain Coram's scheme had to grow rich with years. The title of this institution indicates its purpose. The present system on which children are admitted requires that they should be illegitimate; that the mother should have borne a good character previous to her misfortune, and that she be poor, and without relations able or willing to maintain the child. The mother never sees her child unless she mixes with the visitors to the church on Sunday, but may inquire after it

at stated periods, the benevolent object being to hide the shame of the mother, as well as to preserve the life of the child. There are at present five hundred children receiving the benefit of this charity, from extreme infancy to fifteen years of age. The girls are put to service at fifteen, and the boys to trades at fourteen. The revenue of the hospital is derived from the improved value of the site of fifty-six acres of land in the heart of London. Originally purchased in by the Governor in 1741 for five thousand five hundred pounds, as London increased the property advanced in value, and now is mostly covered with squares, and streets, and houses, the ground rents producing an annual amount equal to the original purchase money.

Last Sunday I visited this interesting place, saw the children in church and at their meals, passed through their dormitories, examined the pictures and statuary, and attended the service in the chapel, where the girls and boys clustered, the first covering their sweet faces with their white aprons when they knelt and prayed; the second folding their hands and bowing their little well-combed and many-colored heads.

The scene was exquisite. Nothing could be more touching than these five hundred voices with the enchanting tones of the organ, played by a master-hand, and the fine accompaniment of other singers, including several professionals. The service was prolonged with needless reiteration, filling up over two hours, and of course putting the little people almost unanimously to sleep. The sermon which supplemented the whole was brief and sensible. These three hours were well spent, and I felt, as we emerged into the fresh air, that we had witnessed what we could never forget.

XIV.

Lyceum Theatre.—First Night of Henry Irving's "Hamlet."

LAST Saturday night (October 31) we had Shakspeare in London, two hundred and fifty-eight years after his death, recalled by his play of "Hamlet," two hundred and seventy-one years after it was first known, the principal character sustained, at the Lyceum Theatre, by Mr. Henry Irving, under the management of Mr. H. L. Bateman, who had made great efforts to present this immortal production with new scenery, costumes, and furniture. At an early hour the spectators began to gather, and before the opening farce was closed every place was occupied; indeed, no tickets could be had at any price a week before. From the seat I occupied I had a good opportunity to see and hear.

In a private box to my left was John Oxenford, the critic of the *London Times*, a copy of "Hamlet" open before him—tall, white-haired, and evidently eager for the play; Mr. George W. Smalley, London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, at my side; directly in front, Mr. George Augustus Sala, a strong head, protruding brow, and short, turned-up nose, with his beautiful wife; a few seats farther on, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Yates; at the end of the first row, Charles Reade, quiet and alone; close by, Chevalier Wikoff, with Mrs. Boucicault and her family, and Mrs. E. A. Sothern; on my left, Mr. Charles Dickens, with the face of his father; back of me, Lord and Lady Harding, well known in literary and dramatic circles; then Miss M. E. Braddon and husband, and in the same vicinity Lord Houghton, the poet. I also noticed Justin McCarthy,

James McHenry, and many other celebrities of the press, the stage, the bar, Parliament, and society. The deep interest of the great audience was manifested from the start. The earnest conversation, the anxious faces, and the "hush" as the moment for raising the curtain drew near, showed the event to be of universal concern. It was like the first night of the new work of a favorite author.

Shakspeare, acted in the calm atmosphere of English experience, is of necessity a riper fruit than its transplanted copy—that must be admitted. So much that was new to me last Saturday night was not so new to many of those around me. But Mr. Irving took them frequently by surprise, and several times carried critics and audience fairly off their feet. The first act was a scenic wonder. Here Irving revealed his intellectual purpose. Here he foreshadowed his plan of making *Hamlet* a colloquial, not a declamatory, character. He was subdued in voice and manner throughout, until his emotions carried him away, and in these he was intense rather than loud. The *Ghost* (Mr. Mead) was successfully sepulchral, and was aided by a contrivance never seen, I think, in America. He leads *Hamlet* into a ravine near the rocky coast, and warns him in a mist, which half conceals his figure, and finally hides him altogether as the dawn advances. This was finely done; but it was the art of the scene-painter alone. Irving is a slight, dark man, the size of Edwin Booth, with a long stride, a fine dark eye, a pale face, black hair, and a stoop, with a voice not unlike the elder Booth. He is called affected, but all stage tragedy is affected. The most successful tragic actors have been the most extravagant. They are like famous statues and pictures; it is their exaggeration that awakens and holds the passions. Nature is never so effective as when dramatic genius gives it new grace or force. And Irving is of the school that invites imitation. There never was a successful tragedian whose

best points were not imitated and ridiculed, and who did not make his fame by his eccentricities. Need I quote the travesties of Kean, Kemble, Macready, Charlotte Cushman, and, above all, of Forrest? This young man Irving did not succeed by his odd ways, but by his wonderful quietude. Here he was attractively peculiar. "Hamlet," well set, with a good company, always holds any ordinary audience. It is a fine story, and fills two or three hours profitably; but a new *Prince*, with a fresh young head on his shoulders, and a talent for finding strange jewels in the old mine, and who makes gray, seasoned judges stare, and finally applaud—such a man is a *discoverer*; and it is in this that Irving will sway the theatres of both continents before he gets through.

Not to speak of his interview with the guards on the platform, or with the *Ghost*, in tones hardly ever above ordinary talk, his rare powers were first clear to me when he met *Rosencrantz* and *Guilderstein*, and wormed their secret that they had been sent for to manage him. Here we had the student using his princely name and his boyish impulse to confuse his schoolfellows, and he did it in a grace and style most fascinating.

The *London Examiner* complains that his whole ideal of Hamlet is too intellectual; but that alone will make it a permanent favorite. He gives us a young nobleman, who talks like a scholar, not like a stump-speaker; who, in his fine soliloquy "To be, or not to be!" takes the reflective mood seated, leans his face on his hand as he begins, and ponders to himself and not as if he were roaring to a mob. How novel and touching Irving's speech to the players! He comes in with the leader of the strollers, arm in arm, in easy converse, in a quick walk, and, as he enters, he says, "Speak the speech," etc. No wonder the house came down at this like an avalanche. Nor, in the same fine spirit, but full of affection, did he fail to sway and

sweep his audience in his devotion to *Horatio*. This was simply exquisite, and yet he never once raised his voice out of a conversational tone. All fair *Hamlets* make points out of the players' scene before the *King* and *Queen*. The stage was splendidly upholstered and attended. It was the *King's* reception-room, robed in Danish hangings, with the regal chairs of the period, a recess with scrolls and books, crowded with guards and pages clad in the Court attire. The act over, the play a "hit," the uncle-king and queen-mother frightened off, Irving flings himself into the monarch's vacant chair, and gives way to his hysteric joy. Here he was magnificent, full-armed with new points. So in his after-banter with the courtiers, with *Polonius*, with his mother in the *finale* of the third act. Art could really go no higher, I thought, in these fine revelations. He spoke the contrast between the Kings, not with the two portraits or miniatures before him, but in his mind's eye, and with great effect. These successive triumphs closed the interest of the play. The piece consumed four hours, and the audience worried through the last two acts with evident impatience.

November, 1874.

XV.

Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

THE Directory of the Crystal Palace is composed of eight gentlemen; Thomas Hughes, Esq. ("Tom Brown"), the chairman. I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him. He recalled his pleasant recollections of Philadelphia, and expressed his earnest interest in the prosperity of our Centennial.

Since 1854, thirty-four millions of visitors, a large proportion of them Americans, have been attracted by this marvellous treasure-house. Take Capitol Hill, in Washington City, or George's Hill, in Fairmount Park, each the crest of a magnificent natural panorama, the first facing a glorious amphitheatre made by the curve of the Potomac River, and the second overlooking the Schuylkill and Delaware and the superb rural domain including the garden counties of Eastern Pennsylvania, and you may have some idea of the height which is crowned by what well deserves to be called the most instructive and novel exhibition in Europe. A temple of inconceivable beauty stretches along this elevation, towering high into the air, and easily seen from a long distance. Studied from the outer grounds—say, from the Italian flower-garden—you obtain an admirable view of the whole crystal structure. The stupendous length of the building, its wonderful aerial appearance, and its vast and dazzling effects, produce an impression surpassing every other architectural elevation in the world.

The main building consists of a grand central nave, two side aisles, two main galleries, two transepts, and two wings. Above the level of this main floor it is constructed

entirely of iron and glass, with the exception of a portion of the western section, which is panelled with wood. The whole length of the main building of the Crystal Palace is one thousand six hundred and eight feet, the wings five hundred and seventy-four feet each, making a total length of two thousand seven hundred and fifty-six feet, which, with the seven hundred and twenty feet in the colonnade leading from the railway station to the wings, gives a total length of three thousand four hundred and seventy-six feet, or nearly three-quarters of a mile, covered with a transparent roof of glass. This edifice took nearly twenty years to reach its present perfection. As you pass in from the low, level railway you enter by a colonnade seven hundred and twenty feet long by seventeen feet wide, with a superficial area of fifteen thousand five hundred feet, and by a covered passage of glass and iron. Here you receive at one glance a *coup d'œil* unspeakably glorious. Nothing touches the observer more in this mighty receptacle than the copies of the antiquities, the architecture, sculpture, and mural decorations of the ages in chronological sequence. They include all styles, from the earliest known time, from the remote ages of Egypt to the sixteenth century; the originals brought back in faithful similitudes, not in miniature but in full size. Here are Egyptian, Greek, Roman Courts,—the latter with a fine model of a portion of the Coliseum, showing its enormous range, capable of seating eighty-seven thousand spectators.

Now we stand in the Alhambra, with its Saracenic and Moorish architecture, sprung from the Byzantine period. The novel gorgeousness, the exquisite fineness of the work in gold, green, and red, recall the descriptions of Washington Irving. There are no statues or pictures here, for the religion of the Moors forbade the representation of living objects. But the delicately wrought tracery on every side, the concentration of artistic power and skill, irresistibly

enchain your attention. The German Mediæval Court is another interesting section. The English Mediæval Court extends over a long space, with its startling history in statues and castle-churches. Then the French and Italian Mediæval Vestibules, and the Renaissance Court, beginning with the fifteenth century. But perhaps nothing is more visited and marvelled at than the Pompeian Court of nearly eighteen hundred years ago. I do not pretend in these dislocated remarks to give my American readers anything more than a glimpse, much less to enter into a narrative, of the nave and the transepts, the figures and animals from all the islands of the sea, alike of India, Asia, Africa, and America ; the long lines of statues in marble or plaster, the wonderful marine aquarium, or the endless picture-gallery, said to be, if not the finest, the largest in the world, in the upper regions of the palace. These would require a volume.

The prospect from the great towers embraces an horizon including parts of six counties,—Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Essex, Bedfordshire, and Bucks,—the towers of London and Windsor, and the downs of Epsom. A fine family hotel adjoins the palace, where rooms can be obtained at reasonable rates, overlooking the rich historic scene to which I have referred. Many persons take lodgings here and remain for days, while in the thickly-populated neighborhood are found hundreds of students, educated in the various schools of the palace, who reside there during their terms.

The distance from London is about ten miles. The price of admission to the palace and grounds on the first three days of the week is one shilling. Schools are admitted on fête days at sixpence each. *Eighty-five thousand persons* have been fed in one day by the refreshment department, under Mr. Frederick Sawyer, and excellent dinners are provided inside the building for one hundred to five hundred persons. By inquiring at the office I obtained

from the books the following figures : In 1871, for one day in August, the Foresters' fête-day, eighty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-five people were entertained in the palace and grounds ; in 1872, on the same occasion, eighty-four thousand nine hundred and fifty-five ; in 1873, sixty-eight thousand five hundred and forty-three ; and in 1874, sixty thousand eight hundred and thirty-two. The grounds themselves, with all their adornments of statuary, buildings, and walks, deserve especial notice, and if you lift your vision over and beyond you see the waters of the lakes and islands, with life-size illustrations of the monstrous animals that inhabited the earth countless ages ago, when the world was young ; and far beyond the palace precincts is visible the great garden of nature, always a picture of rural loveliness almost unmatched by any scene so close to the great London town.

There is one point to which I would direct especial attention, and that is the Crystal Palace system of education in art, science, and technology. In the "Ladies' Department" there are four hundred pupils. A lady can learn drawing and water-coloring for three pounds and three shillings for twelve lessons, and seven pounds and seven shillings for thirty-six lessons. The same for drawing and modelling, and the same for painting in oil from the life. The price for English, German, French, and other languages, ranges from two pounds and two shillings to five pounds and five shillings for three months. Cooking and practical economy are taught separately for two pounds and two shillings for twelve lessons ; artistic wood-carving, twelve lessons for three pounds and three shillings. The nobility send many of their children here, and a few days before my visit Sir Edward Thornton's daughters were admitted. The professors selected to teach the different studies include some of the first intellects of England. The famous Sir Julius Benedict presides on Thursday over

the musical department ; Edward Goodall on Wednesday over the drawing and modelling ; C. Armitage over the painting in oil ; W. R. Shenton over the drawing, and Mrs. Mary Hooper over the practical domestic economy and cooking.

Not to speak of the technological department, or the school of practical engineering, each worth a long description, let me pass to the reading-room and library, where I find two special features most worthy of imitation. The first is a complete representation of practical advertising of all new books and older publications, British and foreign, and a means of obtaining all literary information. The second, the reading-room, fitted like a club room, is supplied with two hundred and fifty newspapers and journals, and is well warmed and ventilated. Accommodation for writing, with post-office and telegraph departments, statistical information, and all similar conveniences, are found here. The library adjoining is open for consultation by means of a catalogue, and visitors can obtain from it any book they please. The British and French publishers are awarded space here, where they print the name of the firm and notices of their books, for which great privilege they gladly supply gifts of their respective fresh publications. I found the newspapers arranged in alphabetical order, but only two were American.

November, 1874.

XVI.

Moncure D. Conway in the Pulpit.—His Peculiar Disbeliefs.

AMONG the best-known preachers in London is Moncure D. Conway, the head of the Materialistic congregation at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, the temple in which for many years preached the celebrated W. J. Fox, some time member of Parliament for Oldham, and known as the champion of the principles of Radical Democracy. Mr. Conway is a Virginian, who came here first as an advanced advocate of the Union cause seven years ago. The prominence with which he identified himself with the North in London soon gave him a large hold among certain advanced thinkers who have always sympathized with America. In this way he was called to the pulpit at Finsbury, where he continues to preside, attracting large numbers every Sunday morning by the peculiarities of his opinions and his style. His ability is conceded to be of the highest order. A tall, spare man of about forty, with a most intellectual yet ascetic face, closely resembling John A. Kasson of Iowa, member of Congress, his oratory is quite unpretending, rarely rising to declamation, and only when presenting his strongest point expressing intensity. He is of the materialistic school, in fact a bow-shot beyond John Stuart Mill in his Theism, rejecting a personal deity and insisting that what we call God is within us—our inner conception, manifested by our aspirations after truth. It was a novel sensation to follow this brilliant student and scholar through his intricate reasonings in support of this position, and to mark the effect of his rhetoric upon his large and thoughtful audience, most of whom belonged to the better classes.

They accept his platform with enthusiasm, and as most of them are people of rare culture, their number is rapidly increasing. The singing was exquisite, and the hymns, of which I here transcribe two, were given with unusual sweetness and power.

ANTHEM.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone.
We worship God, and God alone.

HYMN.

Everlasting! changing never!
Of one strength, no more, no less,
Thine almightiness forever,
Ever one Thy holiness;
Thee eternal,
Thee all glorious, we possess.

Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden,
Waits each new diviner thing.
Onward! onward!
Why this hopeless tarrying?

Nearer to Thee would we venture,
Of Thy truth more largely take;
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break!
To the ages
Fair bequests and costly make.

By the old aspirants glorious,
By each soul heroical,
By the strivers half victorious,
By thy Jesus and thy Paul,
Truth's own martyrs,
We are summoned one and all.

By each saving word unspoken,
By Thy truth, as yet half won,
By each idol still unbroken,

By Thy will, yet poorly done,
O Almighty!
We are borne resistless on.

Mr. Conway receives two hundred and fifty pounds, or one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, a year for preaching once on Sunday morning at South Place Church, and probably almost as much for his discourses on Sunday evening at Camden-town. He is also the correspondent of an American journal, a contributor on theological subjects to several of the London scientific reviews, and a great favorite in society. I could not help smiling on Sunday, after Conway had denied the existence of a devil and proclaimed his doubt as to a personal deity, insisting that every man had his own God in his better actions, when among the announcements of the proceedings of the coming week he read a notice of a lecture to be delivered at St. George's Hall, by Dr. Zerffi, of the South Kensington Museum, on the "Concrete and Abstract Nature of the Devil." An American gentleman at my side, who had been repeatedly startled by the extraordinary positions of Mr. Conway, quietly remarked, "What is the use of lecturing about the devil, when he has just been trying to convince us that he has no existence?"

November, 1874.

XVII.

Harrow-on-the-Hill,—Records of Illustrious Schoolboys.

Two weeks ago, on a very fine day (November 11), I visited the famous school of Harrow-on-the-Hill, situated about seven miles north of London. It derives its chief claim from its start as a “free grammar school.” The founder was John Lyon, yeoman, the owner of a farm at Preston, a neighboring village, and in the year 1571 Queen Elizabeth granted the charter, but it was not until 1590 that the laws of the school were framed. The primitive object of the founder was the teaching of thirty poor children of the parish of Harrow, to which end he had devoted a yearly sum during his lifetime of “twenty marks of lawful English money;” but in his will he set apart a large body of land and tenements for the purpose of erecting a free grammar school, to remain there forever under certain restrictions.

The school-building consists of the master’s house (the school- and speech-room) and the chapel. They are built in the Elizabethan style, of red brick, with neat stone dressings, unencumbered by any elaborate ornament, lofty bay-windows being the prominent features in the school- and speech-rooms. The school, erected about three years after the founder’s decease, stands below the church, a little to the south. The arrangement of the interior of the ancient part of the building remains exactly in its original state.

The ancient school-room is oblong, about fifty feet in length by twenty-one wide, and proportionably high. The walls are wainscoted with oak to about one-half of their elevation, above which are large, square, heavy-framed

windows. The room has a gloomy appearance, which is somewhat increased by the dingy color of the wainscoting, entirely covered with the names of many generations of Harrovians, cut in the panels in every variety of shape, size, and character.

These inscriptions are held in great veneration, and are certainly extremely interesting. They are not suffered to be desecrated by paint or varnish, but remain exactly in the rude state in which they were cut. Among them will be found the names of many distinguished public characters of the last eighty or ninety years; of Dr. Parr, Sheridan (only the initials R. B. S.), W. Jones (Sir William), Bennett (Bishop of Cloyne), Ryder (Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry), Murray (Bishop of Rochester), Dymocke (the Champion), Ryder (Lord Harrowby), Temple (Lord Palmerston), Hartington (Duke of Devonshire), Lord Normanby, Lord Byron, and Peel (Sir Robert). On account of the lamented death of Sir Robert Peel, this inscription has excited considerable interest; it is carved on the panel to the left of the seat of the head-master, and it is pleasing to observe that on the same panel appear the names of three of his sons, "R. Peel, 1835;" "F. Peel, 1836;" and "W. Peel, 1837." Between the two last letters of Sir Robert Peel's name, and in smaller letters, appears the name of (Spencer) Perceval.

Among the objects of interest to be noticed in the library are the portraits of Dr. Parr, Lord Byron, and John Sayer, captain of the school in 1770, afterward founder of the Sayer Scholarships; a bust in marble of Lord Byron, presented by Lord Dungannon; a sword worn by Lord Byron when in Greece, and a rich mosaic table from the Temple of Peace at Rome, presented by Captain Keane.

On the 20th of May, 1871, three hundred years since the original charter was granted by Queen Elizabeth, the anniversary was commemorated by a statement of the

extraordinary history and progress of Harrow School. The number of scholars in 1745 had risen to one hundred and thirty; and on that day, in 1871, the number had grown to five hundred and sixty-seven. It is six hundred now, and the applications for admission are more numerous than at any former time. In the chapel, the church, and the school there is no distinction of seats for sons of noblemen. It was for this reason that Rufus King, the American ambassador, sent his sons to Harrow, as the only school where no ostensible distinction was shown to rank. There are several Americans now among the scholars. No charge is made for tuition, but all the other expenses amount to about two hundred and fifty pounds or one thousand two hundred dollars a year; and, judging by the fact that it is now rather an institution of the aristocracy than for the class for which it was intended, considerable discrimination is exercised. John Lyon's original bequest has largely increased in value. The building leases left to repair the road from London to Harrow, and other property in the neighborhood, which sixty years ago produced only one hundred pounds per annum, now return an annual income of over four thousand pounds; but it is much complained that this income should be used rather for keeping roads in repair than for additional accommodations for the scholars on the hill itself. The visitor reaches this magnificent elevation by ascending a steep, long hill, which rises in the midst of the flat surrounding country, from which Windsor Castle is visible, with an intervening space of highly cultivated landscape. The hedge-rows are still green, among which stately elms luxuriously wave. When we walked around the ancient enclosure in this lofty seat of learning, after passing through the beautiful English village of Harrow, the air was so pure, the country so quiet and fresh, and the trees hardly yet stripped of their autumnal leaves,—the fact that more than five hundred boys

had gone home for a day's holiday leaving very few of the youngsters at their favorite games,—it seemed almost impossible that we were within view of giant London, with its four millions of people. For hours we wandered about the historic grounds, amid a solitude so profound that it was easy to recall the clustering memories of the past.

November, 1874.

XVIII.

Flying Visit to Brighton.

WHILE American watering-places are probably assailed with storm and snow, and certainly closed to all visitors, the South Coast of England is radiant with fashion and wealth; and Brighton, queen of the circle of these lovely cities by the sea, finds her regular population of eighty thousand nearly trebled by crowds of visitors. Brighton is about fifty miles from London—less than two hours by rail; and when I got here the first sight was the sea as smooth as glass, exactly like the aspect of the Atlantic from the American beach on a summer afternoon. Imagine Long Branch on a hill facing the ocean; the beach extending back, and the town seated on a hill; a long, level drive raised above the sands, flanked by three miles of bright stone palaces, and behind these crescents of streets, of the same material, busy with trade and travel—in fact, a mimic London. It was a crisp November day in London, and we had cold feet on the ride; but here the breath of the sea seemed to temper and lighten the air. There was no frost; men were working in the gardens; the birds were singing on the wing; the sun shone warm on the

water ; and though there were rugs in the passing carriages, and the stout English on the Parade wore heavy coats, the climate was very like our Indian summer. The winter is the season of the aristocracy, and they seemed to be here in force, judging by the long procession of equipages, the throngs in the magnificent hotels, and the universal gayety. Here all is solid ; no frame houses, ready to take fire and burn like tinder, but permanent and massive architecture, recalling ages past and defying ages to come.

It is difficult to say which is most the glory of Brighton, its superb Parade or its Aquarium, directly on the coast. The latter is a subterranean palace, a succession of grottoes filled with living inhabitants of the sea. It was a fairy home under-ground, and the effect was heightened by the strains of a fine band of music, sounding as it were from the distant caves, as if in harmony with the falling waters.

November, 1874.

XIX.

Manchester and Rochdale.—Visit to John Bright, M.P., Tribune of the People.

“COTTON is undoubtedly king !” you exclaim, as you ride through the royal streets of Manchester. And even more so since the abolition of slavery in the United States. The cotton used in Manchester is chiefly from South Carolina and Georgia, grown upon the small islands of the sea-coast bordering upon those States, and is therefore called “sea-island cotton.” When Mr. Roebuck, one of the members for Sheffield, demanded in the House of Commons that the paper blockade should be broken in order

that cotton might be supplied to the suffering districts in England, he was properly answered that the time would never come when the produce of slave labor would again supply that prime ingredient of British prosperity. "You will never procure cotton from the United States unless from the hands of freemen," was the reply of one of the few members of Parliament who stood by the North in its trying and tumultuous days. And now, as you study the enormous production of the great district of which the city of Manchester is the capital, you will realize the fulfilment of this splendid prophecy.

Better than this is the happier change in the feelings of the people, not of Manchester alone, but of all this opulent Kingdom. The downfall of slavery has given them all, and more than all, the cotton they require from the United States, has opened to them the door of a wider and more diversified commerce, has filled their hearts with kindlier sympathies for their American kindred, has extinguished the last embers of war, and is bringing the two great English-speaking nations into closer neighborhood every hour of every passing day.

Manchester, one hundred and eighty miles west of London and over thirty-one miles east from Liverpool, is the centre of a district which includes thirty-one towns, all of them mostly engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods of almost endless varieties. Here you find the latest improvements in machinery, and the different methods by which the steam-engine has decreased human labor. Formerly every little cottage by the roadside, every other house in the smaller streets of the towns, had at least one hand-loom with a weaver at work. Now there are hundreds of looms, and in some cases upwards of one thousand, in a single one of these stupendous factories, all worked by steam-power, and attended by young women and girls. Apart from the incalculable production of va-

rious cotton-cloths, so called, some of the weaving-factories make velveteen, fustian, moleskin, etc., while others confine themselves to sewing- and knitting-cotton, tape, thread, and other little etceteras of a lady's work-box. A million yards of tape are produced in one mill in the course of a week.

In company with the Right Honorable John Bright, M.P., the illustrious man whose name is sincerely loved and venerated in the United States,—in the North, because of his determined devotion to its cause during the war, and even in the South, in view of his persistent advocacy of free trade, heretofore accepted in that region,—I passed through the mills belonging to the great firm of which he is still a partner, and heard his description in full view of the practical evidences of the progress of the manufacture of cotton. He pointed out the various processes by which, from the raw material to the finest fabrics, including beautiful carpeting, this wonderful industry has developed human genius and lessened human labor. Together we mounted the long stairs leading to the extended floors, upon some of which there were as many as five hundred girls and women employed; together we descended to the regions where the cotton was cleaned, separated, dyed, and sent forth to the various other departments, and finally witnessed the exquisite finish of the complete material as it was being packed and directed to the markets of the world. Rochdale, the beautiful town in which Mr. Bright lives, one of many of equal prosperity and magnificence, is about ten miles from Manchester, and you approach it by rail, bordered on both sides by huge rows of factories. In the evening it was a wonderful sight, as I looked through the window from the train upon this almost unbroken illumination, showing thousands of human beings still at work, preparing goods for their own and distant nations. Rochdale contains upwards of forty thousand people actively

engaged in the manufacture of cottons and calicoes, and is directly on the Yorkshire border, which is the great wool district, where the factories are mainly engaged in the production of flannels, wool, fustians, and friezes. Many of these fabrics are also made in Rochdale, and there is scarcely a neighboring hamlet without a woollen- or cotton-mill.

Of John Bright at home, in the bosom of his family, I cannot speak. I was his guest during two delightful days, and do not feel justified in discussing what transpired at his fireside 'in the unrestrained freedom of private life. It will, however, gratify our countrymen to hear that he is restored to excellent health, and that he is now, as he has always been, the devoted counsellor and friend of America.

Mr. Bright lives in a substantial house, with modest out-buildings, on an eminence overlooking the town, directly in view of the cotton-mills of the firm, and over the way from his brother Thomas, whose residence is a contrast, with its pictures and statuary, to the plain and unpretending home of the eminent Commoner. Jacob Bright, former M.P. for Manchester,* is also a Rochdale man. I did not meet him, but I was present when he presided at a Woman's Rights gathering in the parlor of the Mayor of that place, and heard his speech—a quiet, sensible statement in favor of female householders voting at all elections, instead of as now (and this was good news to me) only in the choice of city officers. Jacob does not resemble his brother John in the slightest; the latter has one of those countenances which beam with benevolence, and when lighted up, as is frequently the case, are singularly magnetic. Imagine such a man before ten thousand people, swaying them with the added fascinations of a strong brain and a melodious voice.

* Re-elected in 1876.

Jacob is tall, gray, and graceful in manner, alike of talk and walk, and I do not know how better to bring John Bright before you than to say he is not unlike John O. James or Colonel Thomas A. Scott, with a pair of white whiskers running under the chin, and snowy hair.

Rochdale has the honor of being the first place in England that started the system of co-operative stores, which present here an important social feature. The Equitable Pioneers' Society number nearly seven thousand in their ranks, and the North of England Co-operative Society more than thirty-two thousand. The system is extended to various branches of business, such as corn-mills, lands and buildings, manufactures, etc. The new central store at St. Mary's Gate cost ten thousand pounds, and is worth seeing.

December, 1874.

XX.

Monsignor Capel.—His Preaching.—Catholics in the United Kingdom.

THE favorite Catholic orator, Monsignor F. J. Capel, resides in a beautiful mansion, Cedar Villa, Wright's Lane, Kensington. It was purchased from Mr. E. A. Sothern (Lord Dundreary), the actor, is set in handsome grounds, and has the air of a comfortable student's retreat. It is near the newly established Catholic college of which Monsignor Capel is the chief, and in close vicinity to the Cathedral. I found him alone, when, in response to his invitation through Mr. Girard and Mr. Sauer, correspondents of New York papers, we lunched with him, and had the pleasure of enjoying his fascinating conversation. He

is young, evidently not yet forty, of fine presence, handsome face and features, erect, tall, and stout. He soon put us at our ease, and we talked on various topics with the utmost familiarity and freedom. In a marked English accent, for the Monsignor is an Englishman born, and with a pronunciation singularly pure and distinct, he conversed with us for more than an hour with candor and ability. A profound Catholic, believing in all the recent declarations of his Church, he is, nevertheless, keenly sensitive in regard to his loyalty as an Englishman, and does not hesitate to take strong issue with Mr. Gladstone's statement that a fervent believer in Papal infallibility and the Immaculate Conception cannot, in consequence, be a faithful British subject. He was preparing a rejoinder to the late English Premier, which is intended, like the great "Expostulation," to be cheaply printed for universal circulation.

The title of *Monsignor* has been conferred upon only four or five Catholic priests in England, and is intended as a reward for having performed signal service to the Catholic Church near the Pontiff, and, in his case, as a recognition of high talents. Those who have read "Lothair," the last novel of Mr. Disraeli, the present British Prime Minister, need not to be told that this Monsignor Capel is the same who figures in its brilliant pages. The peculiar province of this gifted priest is believed to be the conversion to Catholicism of eminent English men and women, one of his captives for the Church having been the young and wealthy Marquis of Bute, whom he met in a foreign country and convinced by his rare personal and mental attractions.

Preferring not to enter into the controversy now raging in England, I directed the attention of the Monsignor to the number of gentlemen of the Catholic religion in America whose friendship I had enjoyed, and I was glad

to observe that most of them were familiar names to him. We talked of the late Archbishop Hughes, of New York ; of the present Archbishop McCloskey ; of Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia—and on this subject we dwelt for a long time ; of my personal friend, Daniel Dougherty, of whom he spoke with much admiration ; of the venerable Father Keenan, of Lancaster, still living when I left America last July, at a great age—ninety-five—and I hope yet remaining among his people ; and of many more, including the Catholics who had figured in our public councils, fought in our armies, and held high rank in the republic of letters. I then called his attention to the celebration of the Centennial of American Independence, and gave him a rapid sketch of the causes which led to our separation from Great Britain and the benefits which had resulted to both countries from it, and the universal anxiety in the United States to cultivate yet closer relations with the great English-speaking nation of the world. We commented at length on that noble feature in our Constitution, the separation of Church and State, and the incalculable blessings that had crowned our experience in that regard.

Last Sunday evening I attended the Spanish Chapel, near Manchester Square, and heard a sermon by the Monsignor. This handsome chapel was crowded to suffocation, and I had much difficulty in obtaining a seat in the upper gallery near the organ. The Monsignor occupied the pulpit, situated on the left side, about midway between the beautiful columns. He was dressed in full canonicals ; and after reading the last decree of the Pope, in which all unbelievers in his infallibility and in the Immaculate Conception were anathematized, he proceeded with rare ease to pronounce an *extempore* oration, in which he enforced the last message from Rome with much emphasis. I must confess that he did not make his case very strong to my mind. His capabilities are unquestioned, and I could readily perceive why

he had attained a commanding position, but I did not find the learning nor the philosophy I had looked for. The fact is, the sermon was rather orthodox than Catholic—in truth, a little commonplace, having few salient points, save indeed where he announced his full concurrence in the Papal decree; on the whole, a very sensible and practical appeal to his hearers. The singing was fine, the worshippers most devout, and the service neither tiresome nor lengthy.

December, 1874.

XXI.

England and the Centennial.—Vienna Exhibition.—Our Advantages.

CONSIDERING that the British Government makes a merit of acting with due deliberation, it was only natural that some time should elapse before a decision should be reached in regard to the International Exhibition at Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, 1876. The former Ministry under Mr. Gladstone had, I understand, declined to take part in our Centennial for prudential reasons, doubtless in consequence of the unusual monetary revolution which began in America in September, 1873; and their successors under Mr. Disraeli, mindful of this memory, evidently waited until they could see their way clear. But the subject itself gradually took hold of the public mind.

At first there was a strange indifference throughout Great Britain. One by one the great newspapers took it up, and by means of correspondence and personal interviews the matter reached the provinces and the great cities of the United Kingdom, until within the last month the Philadel-

phia World's Fair assumed an importance and a dignity which could not escape official attention. The energy of the American legation in London, seconded by the hearty appeals of Sir Edward Thornton, British minister at Washington, during his late sojourn here, kept the subject steadily before the Ministry, and on the third of this month, Lord Derby addressed a letter to the United States minister, cordially accepting President Grant's invitation, and informing him that the British Government would take all necessary measures to be properly represented at Philadelphia in 1876. On the 5th instant General Schenck replied to this letter in appropriate terms.

The importance of the recognition of our exhibition by the British Government cannot be overestimated. Judging by the British department at Vienna in 1873, and by the many powerful reasons which will operate to secure its larger representation at Philadelphia, we may now look forward to an example which cannot fail to act magically at home. This example will prove the necessity of the international feature repeated in the bill which passed Congress on the 5th June last. You will recollect that many distinguished men doubted the propriety of that feature, and the illustrious Charles Sumner expressed his opinion that Great Britain would not participate in the celebration of the close of the first century of American civilization. Yet now, in the face of the acceptance of all the European powers, with I believe one exception, supplemented by the great authority of the United Kingdom, we may prepare for a demonstration in America one year from the Fourth of July next that must enlist the best capacities of our people.

The volume published by the British Commission in 1874, containing a full account of its proceedings in regard to the Vienna Universal Exhibition, is large and beautifully printed. The British commissioners were: His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., President;

the Right Hon. Sir A. Buchanan, her Majesty's ambassador at the Court of Vienna ; his Serene Highness the Duke of Teck ; his Serene Highness Count Gleichen ; the Most Honorable the Marquis of Ripon, Lord President of the Council ; Right Honorable Lord Cathcart, President of the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain ; the Right Honorable Earl Cowper, K.G. ; Lord Henry Lennox, M.P. ; Right Honorable Lord Acton ; Right Honorable H. E. Childers, M.P. ; Sir Anthony Rothschild ; Sir Richard Wallace, Bart., M.P. ; Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy ; Henry A. Brassey, M.P. ; Thomas Hawksley, President of the British Institute of Civil Engineers, with P. Cunliffe Owen, Esq., the new head of the South Kensington Museum, as Secretary. There were in addition commissioners for India, for the Crown Colonies, and superintendents of the colonial sections, besides special committees, such as those for fine arts, horticulture, agriculture, an executive staff, juries, translators, correspondents, and assistants. Then comes a list of the proprietors of objects of fine art lent for the Vienna Exhibition, beginning with her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales, including oil and water-color paintings, architecture, sculpture and engravings, filling near four octavo pages of printed matter. Following this come the acknowledgments from the commission to a large number of firms which lent certain specimens of art and manufacture for use in the Vienna Exhibition. This catalogue covers over six closely-printed octavo pages. The articles included in the British section in Vienna in 1873, and the dictionary of objects exhibited, including those from all the British Colonies, fill one hundred and fifty pages of the same volume. Succeeding these are at least fifty pages of advertisements, with much more important information classified and arranged with characteristic nicety and technicality of detail.

You will recognize from this short statement exactly what the recognition of Great Britain means, and how complete and extreme her demonstration will be at Philadelphia in 1876. Although as I write the action of the Government is not yet announced here, all interests having impatiently awaited its decision for the past month, my table is literally piled with applications for information, for photographs of our buildings, and for various American publications.

The advantage we shall have over every other exhibition, at least so far as England is concerned, is that transportation will not only be cheaper and safer, but that English exhibitors and visitors will find themselves in a community in which their own language is spoken; and unless I mistake the character of my countrymen, they will be welcomed with a warmth and generosity which they have never before experienced. During the last four months my relations to the Centennial have thrown me into association with men of all parties and conditions, and it is simply just to say that I have always been received with kindness and courtesy, and have heard no word disparaging to the American Government or people. The subject of our Centennial is discussed in all its aspects; our history previous to the Revolution; the history of the Revolution itself; the succeeding growth of our institutions, and the increase of our prosperity; our public men dead and living, and all information that can be collected in regard to our condition and prospects. No one feeling has been more auspicious than the almost universal desire and determination to visit the United States in 1876. It now remains for the American people to continue and augment their exertions. The ponderous British locomotive has been hitched to the vast Continental train, and soon the mighty procession will move to its American destination.

December, 1874.

XXII.

Paris in New Year's Week.—Contrasted with London.—Centennial Enthusiasm.

ONCE more in Paris. Beautiful and attractive as this city is, I confess that, without occupation, I should soon tire of it. It is so different from London that the contrast is constant and constantly new. Last Sunday, for instance, the second day of the new year, silent and sombre in the great English capital, was here a succession of fêtes, of course more exciting than usual because of the holidays, but a fair copy of every French Sabbath for hundreds of years. The weather had been fearfully cold for ten days, but a sudden thaw called out the populace, who overflowed the streets, cafés, and theatres. Walking along the boulevards in the evening, the crowds were as dense as they are in Philadelphia or New York during some novel procession or parade. The temporary booths for the display of holiday goods of inconceivable varieties, inwardly facing the brilliant shops of the more wealthy and pretentious traders, made a sort of avenue through which happy thousands poured in ceaseless volume. Here was an orator describing some new toy to the delight of his *extempore* audience; there a lovely woman chattering in rapid French from her wooden stall the merits of a household novelty; here an old crone, bronzed and wrinkled, adjusted her little pieces of statuary or *bijouterie* while she told, in the coarse tones of the lower classes of Paris, the praises and prices of her wares; while high in the air floated the little balloons and danced the little figures for the children of all ages and both sexes. The places of amusement were early filled; and from the circus to the opera, from the ballet to the

vaudeville, from the bal masque to the more sober Théâtre Français, there was hardly room to stand in. Society held high revel in the palaces. In the cafés you could see men smoking and drinking; in the upper rooms gay dresses flashed through dazzling lights; all was a pageant, a vast Vanity Fair, made popular by ancient custom and sanctioned—I will not say sanctified—by the support of government and sojourner.

I thought of austerer London, where you cannot get a meal out of your hotel for the best part of Sunday, where every restaurant is closed at midnight, and where such a thing as a place of amusement is as rare on Sunday as it is in Boston. The broad contrast between the two systems and peoples could not be more distinctly marked. Revolution in the one—repose in the other. Which is the happier it would be hard to decide. The gayety of the French and the sobriety of the English have often puzzled the philosopher. The renewing struggle almost every year for stable government in France is a fact not less curious than the increasing wealth and comfort of her population. Other nations have undoubtedly taken France, as idealized in Paris, at her own estimate. They accept this gay capital as the international centre of fashion and enjoyment. It is the magnet that attracts all the elements of pleasure and science from other countries. French habits are as fixed as the fixed stars. Centuries that have changed others have left them the same, and the strange fact is always apparent that foreigners soon fall into or tolerate them. That they enjoy them is proved by the presence of thousands from other countries. Many come here to stay. You are pointed to the splendid residences of the Russians, the English, the Spanish, the Americans, the Italians, the Turks, the Hebrews, and, before the late war, the Germans were in large proportions. All these come here to be pleased, and not to reform the peculiarities of the people.

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I find on my return here that the French are alive to the Centennial. They regard it as the event of the age, and they recall, with characteristic pride, the efficient aid of Louis XVI. to the American Colonies, and the romantic story of young Lafayette. The names of the French who fought under the handsome Count are still fondly cherished. Franklin's sojourn in Paris is spoken of as worthy of historic revival, and also that of Jefferson; the sale of Louisiana by Napoleon I. in 1804, under President Jefferson's administration, is again discussed in high quarters; and all this supplemented by the statistics of the growth of both nations and the valuable trade between them. Our minister, Mr. Washburne, takes a lively interest in the work, and is heartily aided by Consul-General Torbert. France accepted the President's invitation several months ago, and will, I am quite sure, take further steps to give efficiency to that act and emphasis to her unbroken devotion to the American Government and people.

January, 1875.

XXIII.

Louis Blanc.—The National Assembly in Session.—Versailles and Washington.

MARSHAL MCMAHON is the Septennial President of a Septennial Republic, elected in 1873 by the National Assembly for seven years. The question now before the French people is whether they shall elect a new Assembly, or whether it shall stand, like the Marshal, until 1880, and it is this question which now excites France throughout all its borders. There have been several changes of the Cabinet since the choice of the Marshal-President, and a few

days after my arrival in Paris another took place. I was anxious to hear the questions discussed. I was therefore most grateful to my friend, M. Louis Blanc, a member of the Assembly, for the two cards which admitted my daughter and myself to two good seats in the theatre at Versailles in which the sessions of the Assembly are now held.

A few words about M. Louis Blanc. He is about the size of the lamented Stephen A. Douglas, is over sixty years old, with very black hair, a pleasant and comparatively youthful countenance. He speaks English with an excellent pronunciation, and we in America should never forget him for his ardent support of the Union cause during the war.

Versailles is about eleven miles west of Paris, and a beautiful ride it is. When we took our seats in the cars, the Deputies from Paris, each with a portfolio under his arm, were coming in. It was an exquisite day, after two weeks of severe cold. In our carriage were several Deputies, one of whom had the proofs of a report, or a speech, with the marks of the printer. Reaching Versailles, and following a procession of dignitaries under a beautiful alcove of trees, freshly cut and trimmed for the coming spring, and along a beautiful walk, we finally got to the National Assembly, one of the dependencies of the Palace, called the *Salle de Spectacle*, in the Rue des Reservoirs. It is a theatre larger and better arranged than that in our Walnut Street, but with a poor entrance. We ascended to our seats in the third tier by long stone stairs, and I wondered how in case of fire the audience would be disgorged. When we got into our places and looked down upon the seven hundred and fifty members, after infinite pressure, I could not help recalling the magnificent accommodations of the Congressional halls in Washington. All the tiers and the boxes were filled with well-dressed people, except the diplomatic

gallery. A great debate was expected. There was a full attendance of members, and with our printed programme we could see by the number marked opposite each name the several celebrities. Ex-President Thiers was evidently not in his place, but we saw our kind host, Louis Blanc, with his black gloves, and our dear friend, Laboulaye, with his long, thin hair; the dark-complexioned Jules Favre, General Changarnier, and many, many more.

The session opened by the ringing of a bell. There was no prayer. There were no soldiers, unless a few *gendarmes* here and there might be so called, and there was a pleasing decorum. At the slightest confusion subordinates enforced silence. The word sounded like *hush*, and in its effect was instantaneous. All the officers of the House on the floor wore steel chains around their neck and small swords at their sides, in which guise they distributed letters and documents. The President, M. Buffet, was exceedingly graceful and articulate. Every member spoke from a tribune very like the reporters' desk before the Speaker of our House or the President of our Senate, only higher and farther off; in fact, a sort of prolonged pulpit, allowing the orator to walk up and down. There was no violent debate on the situation, and one gentleman who began with a clamor of objections toiled through an hour of tedious iteration. As he labored on, I mused upon the legislators of this grand empire. How many bald heads, how many bowed backs, how many care-worn countenances! In the whole body I think I did not see twenty full heads of hair. I knew there were princes and dukes and counts and magnates of high degree, but really in the long run they did not seem to be half so superior a class as the men I have seen in our Congress at Washington for the last thirty years.

The creditable thing was the entire absence of foppery of dress and manner. Not one of them looked to the

gallery, as is the bad habit of many in Washington. There were no pages on the floor, no loud displays of stationery and books, and not a lobbyist in the gallery. We retired before the debate was closed, and walked quietly down the long avenue of trees to the railroad station, our time not allowing us to linger among the thousand tragical and historical associations around us. We returned by the evening train to Paris, thanking M. Louis Blanc for a pleasant day at Versailles. It was a delightful ride home, made not less agreeable by the fact that we expected to see the French Assembly in a great uproar, and found it as decorous and quiet as an American Congress when it has no personal quarrels on hand.

PARIS, January, 1875.

XXIV.

Lyons.—French Railway Travel.—Underpaid Foreign Labor.

A CITY older than the Cæsars, which claims an origin five hundred years before Christ, abounding in archæological relics, and in itself a history of religious and political revolutions for the last two thousand years, is a volume open to the student in which he may read the records of the ages in many a stormy chapter. Such is Lyons, a delta between the two lovely rivers, the Rhone and the Saone. Lyons is distant from Paris three hundred and seventeen miles. We left Paris at eleven A.M., and reached here at half-past ten P.M. We studied the appearance and manners of our fellow-passengers.

A Frenchman talks as rapidly with his hands and shoulders as with his mouth, and it is sometimes difficult to tell which is the most expressive. There was a fine old Cath-

olic priest, with a figure like Archbishop Wood and a face like Shelton Mackenzie, who alternately devoured the pages of the *Revue de Monde* and discussed politics with his neighbor. There was a tall blonde Parisian, who consumed columns of the morning papers, and was intensely delighted when I told him that the lady in my company would not mind if he smoked his cigarette, especially when I proved my selfishness by lighting my own cigar at his match. There was a young officer who incontinently went to sleep.

After leaving Paris, were the white villages and white roads, the women in the gardens and fields, the tall, slim poplars, the utter absence of heavy timber, and the evident sterility of the soil, judged by prolonged chalky development, and yet everywhere economy and productiveness. Soon came the vineyards in their firstlings, every hillock covered. After a while we rushed past country villages that seemed to have been planted by the Romans. Arrived at Dijon, a sort of Altoona on the great line between Paris and Marseilles, we stopped half an hour for a four-franc dinner (about eighty cents of our money), clean, comfortable, good, and plentiful, a bottle of red wine for every two guests, excellent soup, fresh salmon with Mayonnaise sauce, beef *à la mode*, chicken and salad, delightful spinach dressed in butter, confitures of rice, and a mild cream cheese. There was no hurry and no confusion—in fact, the whole *cuisine* deserved translation to my own country as one of the many things we might profitably imitate.

In this long ride from Paris to Lyons, we saw the conductor but once, when he came to inspect our tickets at Lyons. There is this to be said in favor of the foreign carriages—the passenger can always rest his head. In this long run I prefer the American railway system, with its cheaper fares and facilities for intercourse on the trains; but it is an inexpressible relief to rest the entire body.

under the plan of England, France, and Italy. Even our luxurious palace cars do not boast of this advantage.

As we emerged from the Hôtel de l'Europe next morning into the broad light of Southern France, Lyons was a wondrous revelation to our American eyes. We felt that we were approaching Italy, with its early luxuriance and cheering sunshine. The whole town was astir. The open squares; the French *bonnes* in their white caps, tending the little children; the fountains playing, the grass already green in the parks, and the distant hills, beautiful in their centuried buildings, hidden in a sort of Oriental mist, gave to the place a mysterious aspect. It was Paris over again, and yet not Paris. If you stand on the banks of the Rhone, the first thing that attracts you is the startling architecture on the hill where the workingmen live, which rises street above street, very much like the weird Pennsylvania town of Mauch Chunk; and if you stand on the banks of the other river, the Saone, you are again startled by what is called Old Lyons, which seems to hang on the side of the other elevation, beautifully crested with magnificent churches and public buildings. Between these two rivers and hills stretches the business part of the city, with its boulevards, public offices, theatres, churches, museum, Bourse-Exchange, palatial hotels, etc., a rich delta, indeed, full of romance, revolution, enterprise, and money.

But to me the most interesting sight was the study of the great silk and velvet industry, famous all over the world, and so I sought the first opportunity to visit the renowned establishment of Carquittat, and personally to observe the process by which these exquisite and costly fineries are produced. The general plan closely resembles the carpet-weaving which I saw at Crossley's, in Halifax, England, in 1867, and at Rochdale, last summer, with John Bright as my kind interpreter; but the manner of weaving the silks and velvets at Lyons is much slower and more tedious.

You have heard of the superb portraits and landscapes woven on silk by these Lyons artists; they almost rival the matchless tapestries at Windsor Castle. As we entered the show-room of the director, quite a collection of likenesses, so produced, looked down upon us from the walls;—Marshal-President McMahon, ex-President Thiers, Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie; Pedro, King of Portugal, in his youth; Pope Pius IX.; Jacquard, inventor of the silk-loom, born in Lyons in 1752; and over all a marvellous portrait of George Washington. And as if to prove the veneration with which the father of our new country is cherished in this beautiful metropolis, one of the oldest communities in the Old World, directly under his silken picture are the following words woven in English, taken from one of Washington's public papers; they are significant at a time when the spirit of sceptical unbelief seems to have acquired a new force among the European people:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

But the pleasure of the visit did not stop here. "I have got something else to show you, my American friend," said the manager; upon which he unrolled an almost-speaking likeness of Abraham Lincoln. I thought I could do nothing better than to purchase three silken portraits of the same size—one of Washington, one of Lincoln, and one of Jacquard, and to preserve them as another humble deposit in the National Museum at Independence Hall.

The silk manufactures of Lyons were begun in 1450 by the Italian refugees who fled here from religious persecutions. They are claimed to be superior to the English

work, and are produced twenty-five per cent. cheaper ; but it is asserted that the house-loom weavers, of which there are thirty-one thousand in Lyons, are much worse off than the weavers of Spitalfields, in the east of London. There are really no great factories here. The work is done in humble homes and by individual looms. The employer simply buys the raw material, and gives it out to be woven by the weavers in their own rooms. He has one artist to produce the patterns, and another to lay them out and prepare them for the weaver. These poor people live in a very humble way, and get very poor wages. I could not collect the data to prove this assertion, but watched one workman at his loom weaving a piece of superb velvet, and saw how slowly and carefully he proceeded, and when the price of the fabric was given I could easily see how little was left for him.

Most of these people live in the suburb called the Croix Russe—the Faubourg St. Antoine of Lyons—in densely narrow streets, as many as twelve and twenty families being piled one above the other in the lofty houses. They are said to be always ready to break into revolution ; and so, of the eighteen heavy forts within a circle of twelve miles around the town, the guns of several bear directly down upon the quarters occupied by the workers in silk and velvet. It must be said to the credit of both sides that there is an organization in Lyons, composed half of masters and half of workmen, called the “*Concile des Prudhommes*,” which has done great good, and might be safely introduced into other countries. Its province is to settle all disputes between the employer and the employed on the subject of wages, and to promote a spirit of mutual conciliation and concession.

LYONS, January, 1875.

XXV.

Lyons to Marseilles.—The Château d'If.

FROM Lyons to Marseilles (two hundred and twenty miles) you traverse a region full of strange sights, history, and tradition. The whole route was instinct with ancient recollections and modern progress. At Vienne, twenty miles from Lyons, there is a depository of Roman ruins—the temple of Augustus—which has been “restored” and utilized as a museum, and other interesting antiquities. The Roman emperor banished Pontius Pilate to Vienne. Three-quarters of an hour ahead, “Hermitage,” the favorite wine of Napoleon I., and the best produced on the Rhone, is grown, and a few miles farther on the sparkling “St. Peray,” claimed to be “purer than champagne.” Mont Blanc is visible on a clear day, seventy-five miles distant. Beautiful and bizarre is the venerable city of Avignon, one hundred and forty miles from Lyons. How strange to read that it had a population in 1664 of 80,000, while in 1864 it had but 40,000! Here, from 1305 to 1370, seven Roman pontiffs lived; here Petrarch lived; here Rienzi was confined after his fall at Rome; and here the citizens shot by the revolutionists of 1789 were flung, some half slain and struggling, into its “Glaciers” and stifled with quick-lime. On the top of the palace there is a gilt statue of the Virgin.

At last, through one of the longest tunnels in France (three miles long; time of passage, six minutes), we emerge into a dazzling view of the Mediterranean and Marseilles. The outside view of Marseilles is Moorish and Italian; some of the houses partake of the Saracenic style, but Italy is evidently struggling with France.

Already, near the close of January, the vegetation in the gardens, the primroses in the windows, the violets everywhere offered for sale and grown in the open air show, indeed, that we are passing from "lands of snow to lands of sun."

There is as much difference between Lyons and Marseilles as between Manchester and Liverpool. The one is the seat of manufactures, the other of commerce, and, although I saw little of either, yet I think the advantage is in favor of Marseilles. In its broad streets, that afternoon, the populace seemed to be out in holiday attire. The evening was exquisite, and the peculiar odor of the sea and the strange multitude about us told us that we were on the shores of the blue Mediterranean and in another of those ancient cities subjected to the Roman rule half a century before the Christian era. On the Prado the people were out for the evening promenade, while on the boulevard by the sea we passed numbers of splendid equipages and light wagons carried along by fast horses. The sun was just descending, and we could see across the level waters numerous little boats, filled with gay pleasure-parties, and outgoing and incoming ships, which relieved the twilight hush; also the Château d'If, the scene of Dumas' "Monte Christo," the quarantine grounds, the prisons, while the dark mountain on which they are located grew darker and darker as the shades of night came on.

MARSEILLES, January, 1875.

XXVI.

Cannes.—Scenery and Climate.—Lord Brougham's Château and Tomb.

THE incomparable ride from Marseilles to Cannes deserves a more elaborate description than I can now write. Directly after leaving the beautiful Mediterranean metropolis the orange-trees, olives, palms, and cactus-plants began to appear; then came Toulon, the Plymouth of France, with its vast fortified dock-yards, fronting the sea, and Fort Napoleon, otherwise called Petit Gibraltar, which the young subaltern Bonaparte in 1793 compelled the English, who had been admitted into the town by the French loyalists, to evacuate, and so earned the first distinction which gave him final command of this great Empire, and made him the temporary master of Europe. Between Toulon and Hyeres the train passed through a country exquisitely cultivated. There were miles of olive vineyards, fig-trees, mulberries, and the luxuriant hills were clothed with pines. Here begins the splendid orange growth, and though we are in the month of January the golden fruit is already shining in the gardens and from the garden walls. All the intermediate stations were surrounded with the same characteristics, Roman remains, tropical flowers and fruits, and an equal and delightful climate. Cannes, however, seems to profit by the preference of foreigners.

Cannes has become a favorite winter sea-side resort, and may be said to have been discovered by the late Lord Brougham. On his way to Italy, in 1834, he was forced to stop here—a fatal epidemic preventing him from crossing the frontier, and he was so much pleased with the climate and the productions of the soil that he built a residence in

Cannes, which he visited in every succeeding winter, and here he died on the 7th of May, 1868. A massive stone cross, bearing his name, the date of his birth, and the day of his death, marks the grave of a statesman who united the rare qualities of orator, statesman, lawyer, historian, biographer, and essayist.

To an American a place like this, so lovely and so placid, is a novelty compared with the dash and heat of a watering-place at home. At night especially it is as silent as Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." There are few or no amusements, no drinking-houses, no balls or parties; but there is that admirable police which you find everywhere in these French towns. In a week or two the whole neighborhood will be in bloom, and the sky is so clear, the air is so pure, that I should think an invalid must soon recover his health after a few weeks' residence. Here, again, ancient and modern history teach us their double lessons. Near by are the Iles de Lerins, especially St. Marguerite, noted as once having been the prison of the Man in the Iron Mask, and lately of Marshal Bazaine; while a short distance from the town is the place where Napoleon Bonaparte landed from Elba in 1815.

Lord Brougham's residence, called the Château Eleonore Louise, after this daughter, who died in 1839, is a villa in the Italian style, the main building of two high stories, with two wings, the material of the peculiar French white and buff, the armorial bearings of his house in the broad front, and the whole spacious and commanding, yet unpretending and plain. We were admitted by the concierge, who told us that the house was unoccupied and *to let* for six weeks, and that Lord Brougham left no sons, but several daughters(!). The approach to the mansion was through a thick orange-grove, the fruit already half ripe, and the trees coming up to the broad, white steps leading to the main portico, whence you see the ocean, blue, calm, and

sparkling in the warm sunshine of a day like May in America ; the dark rocks projecting from the shore on the right, which half formed the bay of Napoule, rising in their respective ranges, each assuming a different shade in this delicious atmosphere, and the distant shore of the opposite curve, with its white houses glittering in the bright afternoon, made altogether a scene wondrous fair. In the right wing is the dining-room, in which, doubtless, the venerable master had often entertained his guests.

The sea, the air, the sky, the climate, and the scenery, existed long before Brougham came to enjoy them, but the influence of his name did much to attract attention to this place, and to make it the fashion among the multitudes always trying to escape the rigors of winter and to prolong their lives. Undoubtedly he did much to modernize, or rather to Anglicize, Cannes. There are four English churches (three Episcopalian and one Presbyterian) in this French town of ten thousand people. English newspapers are in all the hotels, and our hotel is occupied almost entirely by English and Americans. The shop-keepers are happiest when they can attract English and Americans by a clerk who can talk our language. The servants aspire to the same distinction, and there is an Anglo-American circus in the great square here on Sunday evening.

In the cemetery, the tomb of Henry Brougham towers kinglike among his dead countrypeople. His monument is a plain gray marble slab—broad and massive—surmounted by a heavy cross above six feet in height, upon which are cut only his name and the dates of his birth and death, all in Latin.

CANNES, January, 1875.

XXVII.

Nice.—Thronged with Citizens of the World.—Unforgetting Patriots.

It can readily be believed how bitterly Garibaldi, who was born in Nice, must have bewailed its surrender to France under the treaty of Villafranca in 1860, for a lovelier spot never came more fully finished from the hands of Nature, and never was more gracefully adorned by the genius of man. It has a settled population of sixty thousand, increased by annual visitors during the winter and early spring to eighty thousand; being situated on the Mediterranean, with a splendid background of hills, more than one hundred miles off, clearly visible on a cloudless day, it seems to lie in a crescent, unvisited by fogs and rarely by clouds, its valleys clothed with olive-, orange-, fig-, and lemon-trees, with here and there the palm and the pine. This is the 10th of February, but the flora is already exuberant.

Nice was an early and a principal Italian city, and bore alternate disaster and fortune. Its climate attracted the early Roman families, but imperial favor could not save it from successive centuries of barbarian invasions. To-day Nice is, in fact, the living evidence of English energy, French genius, and Italian co-operation—the robust result of all these elements. From 1815, when she was given to Austria, down to 1860, when she was taken from Austria and given back to France, her best capabilities were comparatively unutilized, but when Louis Napoleon got possession he introduced his wonderful modern inspiration into all her institutions, and attracted here that English element which, with its cultivated tastes and enormous wealth, is doing so much to bring into modern use and

pleasure the beautiful French and Italian cities of the Mediterranean.

Nowhere else is there to be found such a variety of physiognomies, and manners, and costumes. Foreign princes and potentates, now and then a king, or a queen; the versatile Frenchman, the olive Italian, the silent Turk, the blonde German, the picturesque Tyrolean, of course the American, but over all and beyond all, the Englishman. He runs from the London fog and damp early in November, and entrenches himself at Cannes and Nice, at Mentone and St. Reno, and among the old villas and palaces in and near Genoa, and Florence, and Naples, and Milan, and Turin, and Venice, and stays there until the season opens in London,—about May,—when he returns ready for the society of town and country, abundantly satisfied with his exertions during his Italian campaign. The English promenade in Nice is more than a mile in length. Its growth has been most considerable since 1862, after the annexation of Savoy to France. This boulevard is lined with a succession of beautiful villas and hotels, and from two o'clock in the afternoon to a little before sunset the drive is thronged with promenaders and carriages from every part of the world. It is very pleasant to meet in Nice many Americans who came here young and have grown old—some of them grandfathers and grandmothers, *and yet never forgetting their country*. As I have repeatedly said, there is no object more contemptible than a man or a woman ashamed of the place that gave him or her birth, and so it is something more than satisfying to meet the men and women who left the United States thirty and forty years ago—to marry in the Old World—and whose eyes glisten with pride as they say that they are coming to join us in celebrating the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876.

NICE, February, 1875.

XXVIII.

Gamblers at Monaco.—Genoa.—Relics of Columbus.—The Bank of St. George.

PUBLIC gambling, driven from Germany by Emperor William, has found a home in Monaco, within forty minutes' ride of Nice. This principality, one of the smallest in Europe, has been the property of the Grimaldi family since the year 968. Its Prince had permitted the professional gamblers to settle, on payment of a heavy rent, at Monte Carlo, the beautiful suburb of Monaco, its little capital, which seemed to crown the crest of a volcanic hill, the path to which was a broad easy granite stair. We followed the talking crowd, and soon reached the top, to find ourselves in the midst of a scene unspeakably enchanting. It seemed rather a paradise for the worship of the beautiful than a rendezvous for the gamester.

The burst of music attracts us to the Casino, and we follow the crowd into a large and highly ornamented building, with a classic exterior, an imposing entrance, broad high hall, with floors like glass, and an air of somewhat pretentious gentility. We enter, and find ourselves in a handsome and crowded concert-room, an orchestra of sixty performers playing the overture to "*La Prophete*." On presentation of a card, easily obtained at the bureau, on stating names and nation, we enter the gaming-house proper, consisting of two rooms, each almost as large as the foyer of the Academy of Music of Philadelphia. There are four tables, each about the size of a very large billiard-table, covered with green—two dedicated to roulette and two to cards. There is a crowd around them all, intense

and quiet. The men seem to prefer the game with cards, the women the hazard of the wheel.

I am glad to say that, with a few exceptions, only old women played at Monte Carlo when I was there. The younger females were evidently rather disposed for display than for success, but there were several desperate gamesters. One old man and one old woman, each with rouleaus of napoleons, risked them with a cool decision which proved them to be practiced hands. One young Frenchman literally poured his gold upon the table, and lost it, and a blue-eyed English boy got rid of his Bank-of-England notes with a rapidity that proved, I hope, either that he had come for a lesson and had got it, or that he had plenty of the same sort to throw away without injuring anybody but himself.

From Nice to Genoa, a distance of one hundred and twenty-three miles, over ten hours by the railway, through many tunnels. Very naturally, the first thing an American looks for in Genoa is something about Christopher Columbus, claimed to be native here, but believed to have been born at the little village of Cogoleto, which we pass about half an hour distant on our way from Nice. I have just inspected several interesting memorials of the great discoverer, the first being his portrait in Mosaic in the Municipal Palace. It faces an equally exquisite companion Mosaic portrait of Marco Polo, presented at the same time to Genoa in honor of the same event and by the same city. These splendid productions are about five feet square, and the delicate tracery of all the features, the colors of flesh and costume, the anatomy of the hands, and the easy pose of the figures, fairly rival the master-efforts of the great painters. It is, in fact, painting portraits with jewels, and these are specimens of modern Venetian genius. In another hall, the kind custodian was so good as to unlock a little brass door in a pedestal surmounted by a marble

bust of Columbus, from which he drew several manuscripts, one of them an autograph letter of Columbus to the Bank of St. George in relation to his deposits in that four-centuried institution. This letter was addressed to the protectors of the bank shortly after the discovery of America. In it he states that though absent in body he is present in spirit; that the Lord has conferred greater favor upon him than upon any one after David; that the King and Queen [Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain] wish to honor him more than ever, and that his undertakings are meeting with brilliant success; that he is about to embark for the Indies in the name of the Holy Trinity, with a view of returning immediately, but since he is mortal, he desires to make some disposition of his interest in the funds of the bank in favor of his son, D. Diego. Then follow his instructions to the directors—then a long list of his titles as admiral, viceroy, governor-general, captain-general, and then his simple signature, Christo-ferens (Christ-bearing). To this letter to the bank Columbus received no answer, and he addressed them another, to which the directors made a formal and most humble reply. Turning over the vellum pages of another sacred deposit, I found the commission of Ferdinand and Isabella to the great admiral, in ancient Spanish, and other curious contemporaneous documents written in imperishable characters with illuminated borders, one of them a Papal bull dividing the discovered regions of the earth, by an imaginary line across the ocean, between Spain and Portugal. How mysterious and yet how instructive these lessons, when Spain dominated the Western world and began that career of glory which may be said to close with the island of Cuba!

A few years ago an American Frenchman, Admiral David Farragut, steamed with his squadron into this very harbor of Genoa—*La Superba*—and was entertained by this municipality in the magnificent council-chamber to which I

have referred, between the two Mosaic pictures of Marco Polo and Christopher Columbus. Next day the Genoese authorities presented him with photographs of the original letters of Christopher Columbus, and I am not without hopes of being able to secure copies for the National Museum in Independence Hall.

Nothing in La Superba Genoa is a more valuable study than the old custom-house, or, as it is called, the Dogana. It is directly on the harbor, and the building was the old Bank of St. George, one of the most successful and singular moneyed institutions in human history. I visited it because I had read Macaulay's description of it. When we entered the porters were busy receiving boxes of goods and bales of merchandise, and the clerks, the majority of whom were of the fairer sex, were busy in making the entries. The great marble staircase leading to the grand council-chamber of the old bank is now worn into deep channels by busy merchants. Solemn, dark, and dusty are the crumbling relics of the past. A number of grimy statues look down from their gloomy niches, intended to represent the citizens who left legacies to the Genoese Republic or to benevolent enterprise in shares of the bank, for which every such benefactor was rewarded with a memorial in marble.

The powers wielded by this institution from 1345 to 1797, when the example of the French revolution roused the people of the whole Continent against all special privileges, and led to its overthrow, read just now like some fairy-tale. To use the words of Mr. O. M. Spencer, American consul here, "Foreign capitalists became its depositors, sovereign princes its creditors, moribund millionaires remembered it munificently in their legacies, while fire, plague, and pestilence, by diminishing its liabilities, augmented its resources. It was not then simply a banking-house, exercising the ordinary functions of a bank of

deposit, exchange, and circulation. It coined money, constructed dock-yards, improved harbors, built bonded warehouses, monasteries, churches, public bake-shops, and ducal palaces. It erected fortifications and manned them; it constructed galleys and equipped them; it acquired provinces and governed them. It was a savings bank, a sinking fund, a revenue office; and as a prototype of the East India Company, a politico-commercial oligarchy that made warlike merchants and engaged in commerce like sultans." Mr. Spencer goes on to describe the increasing influence of this mighty corporation, its successful management of the public debt of Genoa, its reduction of the public burdens, the economy and integrity of its management, its absorption of the duties and excises in return for the loan of its credit, its gradual possession of the colonies of the Republic, its perfect tranquillity in war. But the French revolution closed it out forever. The Government resumed its sovereignty, the bank lost its credit with its prerogatives, the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope had transferred the commercial supremacy of Europe to England, and the commerce of Genoa became the shadow of its former greatness.

GENOA, February, 1875.

XXIX.

Italian Railways.—American Artists in Florence.—Sculpture.

WINTER seems at last to have wrapped all Europe in its icy chains. After leaving the smiling and sunny fields of Southern France, and basking in the rich luxuriance of St. Remo, we met the cold blasts of Northern Italy, first at Genoa, where we took the train for Florence, two hundred and ninety miles distant, which we reach in a little more than thirteen hours. The skill and patience displayed in the construction of the three or four great Italian railways show that the Government and people, although immensely aided by French and English experience and money, are not unworthy descendants of the great men who built the splendid Roman roads centuries ago, the remains of which to-day excite our admiration and amazement. They seem to have been laid down as if to last forever; and the surprising smoothness and ease with which the carriages are run, the absence of all noise or confusion or rudeness in the management, are not the least among the pleasures of the traveller.

Modern art, after Rome, finds its best expression in Florence; and he must be dull indeed who, contrasting the past with the present, remains unaffected by the superb originals of the old masters and the ambitious efforts of their living successors. Very naturally, an American promptly seeks information in regard to the artists of his own country, sensible, and sometimes sensitive, that the United States are far in the rear in comparison with other nations.

It was very pleasant, in company with my friend, Mr. James L. Graham, American consul in Florence, to visit

most of the American studios. I do not wish to indulge in a wearying description of what I saw, and much less in extravagant praise of the artists, all of them already familiar by their works in their native country. Of one hundred and sixty painters, all are Italians with the exception of three Americans, Messrs. J. L. Craig, Walter Gould, and Edwin White, and a few Germans and Frenchmen. It is among the sculptors that the Americans take a leading part. The sculptors number about ninety. We have Thomas Ball of Boston, P. F. Connelly of Philadelphia, Thomas R. Gould of Boston, J. T. Hart of Kentucky, J. Jackson of Connecticut, Larkin G. Mead of Vermont, H. R. Park, Preston Powers, son of the late Hiram Powers, and William G. Turner. A visit to their respective studios strikingly revealed their genius and their energy.

In Mr. Ball's studio we saw the colossal model of his Edwin Forrest as *Coriolanus*, his statues of John A. Andrew of Massachusetts, Charles Sumner and Edward Everett, and the large group representing Lincoln Freeing the Slave, ordered and paid for by the colored people of the District of Columbia, and to be placed by them at or near the nation's capital. The studio of Mr. P. F. Connelly contained many exquisite pieces, and especially the models and finished busts of some of the English nobility, also the preliminaries of a magnificent fountain, which is to include specimens of the genius of several of the leading Italian artists, and is intended to be the crowning effort of his life. Mr. Connelly is the nephew of the late Mr. Harry Connelly, of Philadelphia. This promising artist is but thirty-three, and has not seen his native country for many years, yet has a most vivid recollection of his friends in Philadelphia. Mr. Hart's studio was interesting as a collection of the old statesmen of America—Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Wickliffe, and others. In Mr. Jackson's studio

we found several familiar faces, and an exquisite Eve, the original of which is now in possession of William G. Moorhead, Esq., West Philadelphia. Mr. Larkin G. Mead has a very large establishment, and was the successful competitor for the great Lincoln monument, with its numerous groups and devices, formally dedicated a few months ago at Springfield, Ill., and for which, it is said, he received two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Apart from the other subjects in these rooms, all of them exhibiting culture and originality, was a fine head of Justin S. Morrill, United States Senator from Vermont. The Powers' studio was singularly interesting, and the immense variety of models and copies of memorable statues and groups revived the love and veneration of our people for the famous founder, the late Hiram Powers. Here was the model of the original Greek Slave; also, a statue of Webster, full of expression and dignity, now in Boston; also, Edward Everett, General Jackson, copies of many well-known works now in America, and a successful bust of Sumner, modelled in the Capitol in Washington a few weeks after the death of the beloved tribune by Mr. Preston Powers, the successor of his father.

I do not pretend to convey more than an idea of the patient industry and honorable ambition of these our artists in Florence, nor to enumerate the manner in which they have perpetuated many famous characters in our history. Here were Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Webster, Whittier, Ethan Allen, Agassiz, Lincoln, Longfellow, Sumner, Bellows, Everett, Marshall, Clay, and H. W. Beecher. In the sphere of romance and tradition were many evidences of close study and brilliant imagination. Living as most of these men have lived for many years in Florence, some of them having grown gray here, they have gathered experience and learning, cultivated their tastes, and passed to the front rank in their pro-

fession, never ceasing to be passionately attached to their country.

There are many things in Florence to arouse our better nature. The eloquence of marble is something very strange. You go into one of the studios and stand before a face like that of Sumner, or of Garibaldi, or a figure of the Greek Slave, or Adonis, or Venus, and turn the sculpture on its pedestal, and it seems to talk to you in what I would call the grave silence of its features. It is not so with bronze. But the spotless marble of Carrara, produced within a few hours' distance, has a language of its own when translated into statuary. Every different position, as you move these figures, has a new expression, sometimes a smile and sometimes a frown, and, as you feel these emotions, you begin to understand why the world is so enthralled by Art. There are some pictures that follow you with their living eyes till you leave the room to avoid them, and if you look long into those of Vandyke and Raphael, painted by themselves, you almost think they are about to add a spoken welcome.

FLORENCE, March, 1875.

XXX.

Among American Artists in Rome.

IN company with the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Nevin, this morning I visited most of the American studios in Rome, and my only regret is that I have not the time to relate all the incidents of the occasion. There were enough to fill a small library; every studio was a book in itself, and every statue or picture a biography or a romance. Mr. Wm. W. Story, who, since the death of the lamented Powers, may

be called the dean of his guild, allowed us the full range of his magnificent collection, the ripe fruits of years of high culture and congenial toil. Mr. Story is the son of the late illustrious Joseph Story, of Massachusetts, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and outside his high position as a sculptor is also a profound lawyer and a successful poet. It is difficult to say whether his fame rests most upon the offspring of his chisel or the products of his pen. It was natural, therefore (as I looked into the face of the statue of his father standing near those of Shakspeare and Peabody, and in close proximity to the venerable Josiah Quincy and Edward Everett, of Boston, and from these turned to his superb Cleopatra, a more than full-length reclining figure, with her Egyptian visage, voluptuous form, and marvellously Oriental ornaments and robes, and then followed the line of glittering marble, including Beethoven, Saul, Sappho, Salome, Judith, and many more idealisms of Scripture and mythology, ending with a fine realistic statuette of himself, by an Italian brother, leaning against a column upon which were engraved a partial list of his sculptures), that from this study I remembered the catalogue of his printed poetry. I could not help saying that the gifted son was worthy of the great father.

In Mr. St. Gandeus' studio there is a colossal "Hiawatha," of much merit, and another of "Silence," of equal proportions, intended, I am told, for the new Masonic Hall of Philadelphia. Mr. St. Gandeus was absent in America, but his janitor informed me that he contemplated an appropriate contribution to our Exposition. Mr. Franklin Simmons, of Maine, showed us the model of his great "Naval Group," ordered by Admiral Porter, according to an act of Congress, and to be placed, I hope, not at Annapolis, but in one of the fine spaces in the city of Washington. The whole composition is to be forty-five

feet high, including two female figures representing "Grief" and "History," eight and a half feet high, while the base is covered with ideals of exquisite grace and significance. Here also was a fine model of William King, the first Governor of Maine, larger than life, and the cast of the celebrated Roger Williams for the art gallery in the old hall of the House of Representatives in our National Capitol.

It was a rare pleasure to ascend to the saloons of Mr. Tilton, the favorite American painter, overlooking the gardens of the Capucin Convent, and to enjoy some of his latest Egyptian and Roman subjects. He had just returned from the Nile, and was full of his theme. One of them just completed for that generous patron of art, Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, was especially beautiful. We then called in succession upon Mr. Yedder, born in New York, whose specialty is a marvellous combination of sympathy with the atmosphere, and water, and trees, added to a weird imagination; upon Mr. Montalant, well known in Philadelphia, the artist who completed the noble picture of the Palatine owned by Mr. J. Gillingham Fell; upon Mr. Haseltine, landscape painter, in his gorgeous saloons in the Palazzo Alteria; upon Mr. Geo. H. Yerrell, of Maryland; upon Miss Lewis, the young colored sculptress, who had just sold one of her pieces for eight hundred dollars; upon Mr. Albert Harnisch, of Philadelphia, sculptor, ambitious and successful, and finally upon Miss Harriet Hosmer, in her bower of a studio, and had a good word from each and all. I cannot designate the many beautiful things in these several collections, and therefore avoid invidious distinctions, as I save time and space. I leave Randolph Rogers until the last, because he is so essentially a Philadelphian and an American, and has done so much by his works for our State and the nation that it would be idle to speak of his deep interest in the Centennial. His studio is the resort of our countrymen, and you feel singu-

larly at home in the midst of his works. It was pleasant to see the models of the bronze doors which he had made for the Capitol at Washington, and through which I had passed so many, many times while I was Clerk of the House and Secretary of the Senate.

ROME, March, 1875.

XXXI.

American Church in Rome.

PASSING from art to religion, I have to mention a work rising in all its fine proportions directly in the vicinity of the Hotel Quirinal, where I am stopping. I refer to the American church begun not long ago,—after Victor Emanuel had become the monarch of United Italy,—chiefly through the exertions of the Rev. Dr. Nevin, for several years rector of Grace Church, in Rome, when that church (the Protestant population being refused any house of worship within the Roman walls) was an old granary outside the gates, approached through filthy streets and in the direct vicinity of the hog-market. First, a word about Dr. Nevin, the son of the distinguished clergyman, Rev. Dr. John W. Nevin, head of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and the brother of Mr. William Wilberforce Nevin, of the *Philadelphia Press*. He was born in Lancaster County, like his brother, and like him fought all through the war as an artillery officer, on the Union side. I found him, on my arrival here, busily at work in the double relation of pastor of a very large congregation and superintendent of the splendid church now going up in the handsomest portion of modern Rome. Crowded though he be by these heavy duties, I soon realized that he had time enough to spare for the

Centennial. Accepting that memorial event as alike a patriotic and a moral manifestation, he helps it forward also as a native Pennsylvanian. And in his constant intercourse with society in Rome, where he is a deserved favorite, and among the most prominent of the Papal Monsignori, by whom he is sincerely respected, however dreaded for his Protestant perseverance, he never fails to present the truly cosmopolitan design of the International Exposition as worthy of the support of every party and of every sect.

When the Americans in Rome found that the Imperial City was to be thrown open for free worship, one of their number called upon Prince Humbert, the heir-apparent, and informed him that if their purpose of erecting an appropriate edifice in which to worship within the walls would in any way interfere with the mission of Victor Emanuel by arousing still more the angry enmity of the Vatican, it would be postponed to a more opportune period. The reply was that they should go on with their project; that, although, like his father, he was a good Catholic, yet the day of religious intolerance had gone by, and that, in the new order of things, nothing was more essential to Italy than that this truth should be practically enforced; and he hoped it would finally be realized and obeyed by the Vatican. "Your American Protestant church," he said, "steadily going up under the eyes of the Vatican and under the auspices of the Government, will be at once the sign that you are in earnest and the pledge that we mean to support you."

Now for the dimensions of the American church in the new Roman quarter, which Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, the leading English correspondent at the Italian capital, has called "the most beautiful ecclesiastical building in the city, and, even including the great Basilicas, altogether the best in ecclesiastical feeling and architectural taste."

The exact dimensions are: Length, one hundred and thirty-six feet; width, sixty-four feet; height, sixty-six feet; tower, twenty feet square, one hundred and thirty-six feet high (gift from clere-story up of Miss Catharine Wolfe, of New York, with a full chime of bells, from Belgian foundries, presented by Henry Messenger, Esq., of Brooklyn). The style, Italian Gothic; the architect, G. E. Street, R.A. Material,—outside, travertine from near Tivoli, brick from Farina; inside, ashy stone, richer in color and of a larger grain than the Paris stone; side-aisle roof of vaulted brick and stone; nave roof, timber,—chestnut and fir; pillars that support clere-story, of granite, surrounded by columns of bluish Carrara marble; bases of red marble from Perrugia; cellars sixteen feet deep to prevent dampness; double floors for same reason.

As I walked around the building in company with Dr. Nevin, and heard his interesting narrative of the efforts made in America to raise the money to finish it, I appreciated the justice of Mr. Trollope's praise. When completed, this church will indeed be very beautiful. Placed as it is, fronting a new avenue so different from the narrow streets of the old city, and on a corner, with its main front facing another wide street, it will always be a most impressive monument. Its general characteristics are reality and solidity; no imitative work is admitted, and this is much in modern Rome, where there are many shams, I regret to say, both spiritual and material. As I recollected that Rome, under the improved system of travel and steadily-increasing railroads, is certain to become more and more a great school of art for the Americans, and art not as the mere agent of a single denomination, but the teacher of people of every belief, and that it will be no longer simply accessible to the rich and luxurious, but also to the poor and ambitious, I could not doubt that my countrymen would make the completion of Dr. Nevin's church a matter

of earnest determination. The English are amazed at his progress ; they have a national church, the Americans have none. Their rich men of the Established Church, their prelates and their nobility, are always in Rome in great numbers. London is only three days distant, with its countless millions of money, and yet, far-off America, by voluntary contributions collected by this young soldier-priest, who has given to his mission the same energy and self-sacrifice which carried him to the war for liberty, has nearly finished this magnificent Protestant temple.* Perhaps it is because our people have entered more deeply into the true significance of this practical expression of free worship and genuine toleration. But Dr. Nevin must not be allowed to pause for the want of funds to close out what he has so splendidly begun. He needs thirteen thousand dollars in gold at once, and if he gets it his church will be open on next Christmas. He has raised the most of the money, over seventy thousand dollars, by persistent effort, and his friends at home, indeed all liberal men, should give him the benefit of prompt generosity. He is no more interested than thousands of others, and no money can ever control his unselfish labors. He received a subscription a few days ago of two thousand dollars from a Boston gentleman, who had heard his sermons and watched his able and unwearied exertions to complete his beautiful church. Will not the people of the United States take the matter in hand, and send forth the requisite amount at the earliest moment? I could name a dozen men who could supply the deficit in as many minutes, if they would only look into the issues involved in Dr. Nevin's movement.

ROME, March, 1875.

* It was opened for divine worship in March, 1876.

XXXII.

The Three Powers in Rome.—Garibaldi at Home.

THERE are many conspicuous characters now in Rome—princes of the blood from all the nations, great scholars and antiquarians, a perfect college of artists of every degree, and eminent strangers from the Occident to the Orient—but the three men most sought and most discussed are Guiseppe Garibaldi, Victor Emanuel II., and Pope Pius IX. The great age of the latter seriously complicates the political position, while the vigor of the King and the solid popularity of Garibaldi increase the solicitude of the adherents of the Vatican and the Quirinal, the first representing the Papal authority and the second Imperial power. Between these two influences Garibaldi in his individual isolation is a curious study. No such personage has ever before figured in Italian history. If you look over the long line of Pagan and Christian rulers, whether Popes or Princes, you seek in vain for a type so peculiar as the sailor, the mechanic, the soldier, and the philosopher of Caprera. His life has been the romance of fact and the fact of romance. Precisely as he won a great empire in 1860 only to refuse supreme civil command, so he comes as a member of Parliament to take his stand by the side of Victor Emanuel as the best embodiment of United Italy. He now devotes his time to a great scheme of internal improvement, by which the capital of his beloved country may, if possible, be restored to its ancient commercial supremacy. Reflecting upon this wonderful record, and upon the fact that I had personally met General Garibaldi nearly thirty years ago at the Astor House, New York, when he was an

humble candle-maker at Staten Island, I resolved to seek an interview with him. Garibaldi lives at the Villa Casalinni, outside the Porta Pia, a twenty minutes' drive from Rome. Our party consisted of Mr. M. D. Eyre, the banker; Mrs. Eyre, and their interesting little boy, Arthur; Mr. Carter, Mr. Sherrod, Mr. Forney and Mrs. Weigley of Philadelphia; Randolph Rogers, the artist; Mr. Washburne, of New York, and two English gentlemen, Mr. Wm. Porter and Mr. F. D. Finley, correspondent of the *Belfast Northern Whig*.

When we reached the closed gate of the villa and rang the bell, the old servant shook his head and said that the General was too ill to see company, but Mr. Eyre, a native Philadelphian, who has lived in Italy for the last seventeen years, gathered our cards (among which was a large photograph, with an engraving of the Centennial Art Gallery, which I had brought with me to present to Garibaldi), and told him that the General's son, Minotti, had assured us that we could see his father that day, upon which the old man carried in our names, and soon returned with a smiling welcome. We passed the Italian garden and ascended the usual Italian stone stairs, and without the slightest ceremony were ushered into a long, unfurnished, half-frescoed room on the second floor.

There was a common mahogany table in the middle of the room, a cabinet with writing materials, a few chairs, no pictures on the walls, and, sitting in a large arm-chair, Garibaldi himself, in gray clothes, with the inevitable red shirt, which has been the uniform of hundreds of thousands of his followers, and is still the badge of the Liberals of Italy. We were duly presented by Mr. Eyre, and when it came to my turn he said, "I am proud to call myself a citizen of the United States." I answered, "I thank you, General, for this compliment to my country, but you are also the republican citizen of the world." His hands and

feet are gnarled and knotted like the great live oak or ilex tree, which he has survived so many years, but his eye shone like a star, and he had an unwrinkled face. He is strikingly like his photographs.

I conversed freely with him for some minutes, and as we turned to leave I saw Minotti Garibaldi carefully examining the engraving of the Centennial Art Gallery. He is a very interesting man, with all the amiability of his father, and he turned to me and said, "I remember this picture well from the description in our Roman newspaper." Then, after we had said good-by to the quiet General, who talked to us in the most gracious English, Minotti descended the same stone stairs, at the foot of which a little pamphlet was placed in the hands of each of us explaining General Garibaldi's great scheme to make Rome a port of entry. It is handsomely printed in Italian, and has been circulated very widely.

The General proposes so to direct the course of the Tiber as it flows toward the sea as not only to promote the commercial prosperity of Rome, but to prevent the annual inundations which have inflicted so much misery upon the people of the capital. The drainage of the Campagna (the great outlying desert district adjoining Rome in sublime and heretofore insoluble sterility and periodical contagion) can then be carried on by improving the current of the Tiber. This is his general view, and he demands for it the consideration of the scientific men of the civilized world. It has already excited much discussion among the French and English engineers, and I have had sent to me a large number of documents on the subject. The vitality of Garibaldi in his old age is not less remarkable than his republicanism, and it is strange how his example is felt all over conservative France and England, and how this single proposition attracts and fascinates the capitalists of the world. In his quiet and unfurnished chamber he

preserves that undaunted devotion to the people, that untempted love for his race, which make him the living contrast to all precedents.

ROME, March, 1875.

XXXIII.

Lafayette's Grandson.—His American and Family Surroundings.—Enthusiasm for the Centennial.

OSCAR DE LAFAYETTE, grandson of the illustrious Marquis de Lafayette, and Deputy from the Seine-et-Marne in the National Assembly, is the president of the National Committee to secure an appropriation for the Centennial. He lives in plain apartments, No. 70 Rue de Bac, Paris, and yesterday Mr. Gratiot Washburne, of the American legation, Mr. Clement M. Biddle, member of the Centennial Finance Committee, Mr. A. Canbert, a Paris lawyer of eminence, and myself, paid him a visit and received a genial welcome. The room in which he received us was adorned with engravings of his ancestral and living relatives. A fine likeness of Washington, after Stuart, hung on the left of the mantel, with the standing figure of Lafayette, so well known in America, on the right, near an excellent print of the heroic Madame Lafayette, hardly less celebrated than her illustrious husband. There were others, among them George Washington Lafayette, the father of our host, in his beautiful uniform as captain of the French cavalry. M. Oscar de Lafayette is about sixty-five. He speaks English rapidly and reasonably well, and desires a proper representation of France at the Centennial. I had sent him a copy of the last pamphlet of the Philadelphia Commission, with engravings of the five great

buildings and the details of their progress, and he was much gratified. Mr. Biddle said that his presence in America next year would be hailed by a grateful people with universal enthusiasm. "It is impossible; it is impossible!" was his reply. "I am too old for the journey; but I could not love America more than I do. These are my idols," as he turned to the historic pictures in his room. He made many suggestions, and is evidently deeply in earnest. M. Lafayette is a profound republican,—that I was glad to know,—and by no means anxious to be considered of consequence as one of a noble family. He was, however, proud of his relationship to the great Frenchman who was the first in France, in Europe, to come forward to help the infant Colonies in the darkest hour of the American Revolution. That it is which makes him eager that France shall have a prominent place in the Centennial. He has a distinct recollection of his grandfather, the great Marquis, who died forty-one years ago, and converses with French fervor of the wonderful growth of the United States. I felt quite near to the Past when I saw this active representative of the man who came at the right moment to save our infant Colonies, and I could well anticipate his welcome in Philadelphia should he be induced to visit us next year.

Intelligence from all the French departments indicates increasing desire to visit Philadelphia in 1876. We are the second best customer of this great nation, a point well made by Consul-General Torbert at the Hoffman dinner in Paris last January. The silk men of Lyons, the wine-growers of Bordeaux, the sardine-packers of Marseilles, the iron, steel, glass, cotton, wood, and wool manufacturers, the jewellers and weavers, the paper- and book-makers, and the indescribable variety of inventors and producers of all sorts of material for show and substance, in this vast hive of industry and genius, are impatient to move. There is

no political feeling in regard to the Centennial in France, although there is much about almost everything else. It is true the Republicans in the Assembly have taken the initiative, but there is an outspoken sentiment in the other parties. The Orleans Princes, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, are as deeply interested as the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial at Chiselhurst, and the several members of Marshal MacMahon's Cabinet respect the popular feeling as daily reflected in the public journals of all opinions.

Much of this widespread solicitude is to be traced to the quiet and sympathetic suggestions of our minister, Mr. Washburne, who moves in all circles, official and unofficial, including those who produce and those who consume. The repeated admonitions of Mr. Secretary Fish to our ministers and consuls in foreign States, not to be "officious" in regard to the Centennial, have been carefully obeyed; but now that the Governments of all the civilized nations have, with one or two possible exceptions, taken up the invitation from America, and acted upon the ample explanations of the Centennial Commissioners, our representatives abroad would be cold indeed, if not culpable, if they did not respond to an enthusiasm so natural and wholesome.

France has a peculiar reason for taking a forward place at Philadelphia next year. With her enormous and diversified capabilities, she has not sought purchasers like England and Germany. She has not been a successful colonizer, nor have her people been eager and steady emigrants. She has contrived and invented, and waited for her customers to come to her. Her fabrics of inconceivable splendor and novelty; her gold, silver, brass, iron, steel, stone, wood, silk, wool, cotton, hemp, paper; her art; her literature; her science; her agriculture have been subjected to what we call middlemen, so that the original article is

handed down with extra charges or commissions before it reaches the buyer, whom she ought to have captured by going directly to him. The Centennial offers her an opportunity to change this localism by opening a market where she can meet her competitors face to face, and, while helping herself to new customers, help to cheapen a thousand articles of use and ornament to the benefit of mankind.

PARIS, April, 1875.

XXXIV.

Captain Paul Boyton.—Swims across the English Channel.—Queen Victoria's Telegraph.

WE are at Boulogne-on-the-Sea, where, 55 years B.C., Julius Cæsar embarked for the invasion of Britain, a feat Napoleon I. threatened, but did not execute, some seventy-one years ago. We came hither to receive a now very noted American, Captain Paul Boyton, of the Life-saving Service at Atlantic City, who, backed with the personal good wishes of Queen Victoria, who had witnessed many of his bold and skilful performances in the harbor of Cowes, now proposed to swim across the English Channel, and arrived at Dover, accompanied by several newspaper reporters, and made his final preparations to drop into the ocean at three o'clock on Saturday morning, April 10, 1875.

Having resolved to witness the issue of this bold venture, we left Paris that morning for Boulogne, which we reached at half-past two o'clock P.M., and found unusually alive. The people crowded along the piers and on the hills, and small boats were skimming the tranquil waters. The French, American, and English flags were flying from the public places, and there was a general air of expectancy.

The project of the gallant Captain was regarded as in the last degree dangerous, and the Englishmen, always prone to make wagers on any trial of skill, were actively betting among themselves.

About six o'clock in the afternoon a steamer from Dover came in with the news that it had passed the Captain about twelve miles off, and that he was doing bravely. As the evening advanced the people left the hills and crowded into the streets, and about half-past seven Boyton's well-known rockets were seen at a distance of several miles, signalling his approach. A little after eight he landed at the pier, amidst an immense crowd of people, who greeted him with prolonged cheering. He was immediately conveyed to the quarters of the Boulogne Humane Society, where, after removing his life-preserver, he retired to rest, and was quietly resting when his brother introduced my friends and myself. He received our sincere welcome with much emotion. This was about nine o'clock in the evening.

At six o'clock the next morning (Sunday) he rose much refreshed and proceeded to the Hôtel Christol, where, at eleven o'clock, I met him, surrounded by the reporters of the London and Paris press, looking as strong and bright as if he had just come from a bath. "Well, you see, my good friend," was his first greeting, "if you have kept your promise, made to me last December in London, to meet me on the French coast after I had crossed the British Channel, I have kept mine by carrying the Centennial flag during the fifteen hours I have buffeted the stormy waves and contended with fifty miles of the cross-currents between here and Dover; and there the flag hangs from the window." Outside the hotel had gathered, Sunday morning though it was, a great throng of people, eager to catch a glimpse of the young swimmer, while over their heads floated the Centennial banner. "This flag," con-

tinued the Captain, "is yours to hand over to the Centennial Commission, as a pledge of my devotion to my country, and my earnest wishes for the success of the great Exposition in my cherished home, the city of Philadelphia." [I hope to forward this precious memento by one of our American steamers that will leave Liverpool on the 28th of April or 10th of May.] In consideration of the gracious favor extended to Captain Boyton by Queen Victoria, and in fulfilment of a promise he had made to her, immediately after his arrival at Boulogne he sent forward the following telegram:

To General Ponsonby, Osborne, for her Majesty the Queen :

According to her Majesty's gracious desire, I have the honor to announce to your Majesty the success of my attempt to cross the Channel, over fifty miles in fifteen hours. The kind interest of her Majesty nerved me in my long and arduous struggle in the cause of science and humanity. God save the Queen!

While I was speaking to him in the Hôtel Christol, he opened and read to me the following answer :

FROM THE QUEEN.

OSBORNE, April 11—10.17 A.M.—1875.

To Captain Boyton, Boulogne.

The Queen has received the news of your safe arrival at Boulogne with much pleasure, and commands me to congratulate you on the success of your expedition.

GENERAL PONSONBY, OSBORNE.

This was immediately succeeded by one from the Lord Mayor of London, viz. :

Captain Paul Boyton, Boulogne :

I congratulate you upon the success you have achieved so gallantly in the interest of humanity.

A splendid public demonstration from the authorities of Boulogne greeted Captain Boyton, next day.

BOULOGNE, April, 1875.

XXXV.

Chantilly Races.—The Courses and Stands.—Colonel Bridgland on American-French Stock.

THE old adage, profane as it is extravagant, that this great metropolis is “Heaven for men, Paradise for women, and Hell for horses,” is certainly untrue as to the horses, if we may judge by the care with which they are reared and the prices which are paid for them. The collection of horses in the later days of the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 is remembered among the most valuable features of that great display, and there is no doubt that the noble expanses of Fairmount Park, in 1876, apart from the special accommodations in the Centennial grounds, will attract the best specimens from all the American States, and perhaps from Europe. The horse-show now open at the Palace of Industry is crowded daily, and is certainly an extraordinary affair. The presence of buyers from every corner of Europe, and of the English, French, and Italian nobility, adds to the interest of the show. When you are told that the French cavalry and artillery employ from seventy thousand to eighty thousand horses, that there are nine thousand in the omnibus lines of Paris, five thousand absorbed by the cabs and public coaches, you can form some idea of the private stables and the studs of the various racing men, and so estimate the steady demand upon the supply.

Chantilly, the property of the Duke d’Aumale, fourth son of Louis Philippe (of Orleans), is about an hour’s ride by rail from Paris. Its château, park, gardens, fountains, and drives, with its forest of six thousand seven hundred acres, are admirable. It is also curious from the historic

stables of the Duke, capable of holding one hundred and eighty horses. In May the Derby cups and in October the St. Leger prizes are contended for at Chantilly. Many valuable horses are kept and trained in the vicinity, in readiness for the semi-annual sport. Government provides some of the stakes, and outside organizations contribute to the competition.

Last Sunday I attended the course at Longchamps, close to Paris, and witnessed six magnificent races, for sums of from three thousand to ten thousand francs. All the horses advertised in these six races appeared except five. The Marquis of Rothschild had an entry in five; the other owners were noblemen and men of fortune, several having three and four in one race. The time was excellent, close, compact, and evidently honest. The order on the ground was not less marked than the punctuality. They began at two P.M., and finished the whole programme before six. The crowd was immense, but not a drunken man, nor a riot, nor a dispute. The excitement was French and harmlessly fervid.

The scene was altogether new to me. The course was green turf, not like ours—made ground; the horses shod lightly only on the hind feet; the riders in the colors of the owners; the horses distinguished by white numbers on numerous black boards, and the winner seen at once as the only white figure left on the black boards. The course is one hundred and fifty-three acres; there are four great stands, two on each side of the president's pavilion. The roofs have seats for eight hundred persons. In all there are places for eight thousand persons. There are three courses—one one thousand nine hundred metres, one two thousand three hundred, and one two thousand nine hundred—a metre being a little more than an American or English yard. The broad view from the stand is very beautiful, not unlike the look-out from George's Hill, in our

Park, east and west. In the noble space between the tracks there are frequent military displays, and in the distance you have the Bois de Boulogne, many elegant villas, the hills of St. Cloud, Mt. Valérien, and the river Seine. It is a gorgeous panorama on a race-day, when the stands are crowded with spectators, and the intervening expanse packed with carriages, filled with people watching the horses.

On Sunday last there were many eminent and curious characters in the throng—sportsmen from all the nations, a long array of notables, and facing us the Count de Paris and his family, with Madame Erlanger, formerly Miss Slidell; they held a gay court of their own. Among other men, the American consul-general for France, General Torbert, and Colonel Bridgland, the American consul at Havre. Conversing with them I gathered some valuable information in regard to French horses. General Torbert was a distinguished cavalry officer during the war, and his tastes naturally inclined him to a careful examination of the subject. About a year ago he purchased a valuable Normandy stallion, now on his farm, near Milford, Delaware, and he speaks highly of his qualities.

I asked Colonel Bridgland for his experience, and, as he comes from another part of France, I took down his words almost literally in answer to my questions.

“What shall I say to our American horse-dealers and raisers, Colonel, who expect to be in great force at the Centennial, about the French breeds of this noble animal?”

Colonel Bridgland;—“I will tell you with pleasure. Soon after my induction into office at Havre my attention was called to the legalization of invoices of horses. Knowing that we were capable of producing horses at home cheaper than they can be produced here, in consequence of the low price of land and feed, I at once set about to

ascertain for what purpose these horses were being shipped to the United States, and what were their grade and character. I visited several lots that were in stables at Havre for export, and found them to be in most instances the descendants of the original Percheron, a horse of great size and endurance, weighing anywhere from one to three thousand pounds, with almost the action of an Arabian thoroughbred in many instances, and at the same time possessing the comparative strength of an elephant. Many of them are at work in the drays and truck-wagons in the French and other cities of Europe, where one of them of good average size, and in good condition, will haul with apparent ease twenty-five bales of American cotton, which is equal to two loads of cotton hauled in New York by two horses, or, in other words, is the work of four of our American truck-horses.

“The pure-blooded ‘Percheron horse’ is a cross between the thoroughbred Arabian and the original ‘Norman draft horse,’—the first possessed of great fleetness and delicacy of form, the latter of great size and strength,—which constituted the ‘stage stock’ of France before the introduction of railroads. I can say, with positive certainty, having had some experience as a stock-raiser, that these horses, now being largely imported into our Western States, if properly bred and the crosses properly made, will do more in the next ten years to give the United States a high order of general-purpose horses, or horses of all work, than all the horse importations that have hitherto been made, as nearly all of our importations hitherto have been racing running horses, which are worthless except for gambling purposes. We have bred that class of stock, and another class much more useful, the trotter, whose perfection as such has been unequalled by any other part of the world, until we have bred our stock down so small that we have but few general-purpose or business horses that are fit

for the common work of our country. These Percheron stallions, crossed with our small trotting and running mares, must produce very much the same kind of stock in our country that the Norman draft horse and the thoroughbred Arabian mare produced in France many years ago, which constitutes the present Percheron stock that I have referred to, and of which our farmers and stock-raisers imported last year from Havre alone more than one hundred. The prospect up to this time this year is that our importations will double.

“Our importers and dealers are now charging too much for them, but, as all new enterprises of this kind are experiments, the prices obtained at first are much larger than when the people have become familiar with the article they deal in. A good Percheron stallion can be delivered in New York for from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, and pay a reasonable profit to the importer, while the same are now selling in Illinois at from two to three thousand dollars!

“I have just returned from one of the great annual horse fairs in France, that of Bernay, in the department of the Eure, within my consular district, where there were more than three hundred of them, mares and horses, brought in by the farmers and dealers for sale. They were exhibited and sold by their owners, not at auction. Many of them were purchased by English dealers for the London and other English markets. Russia is becoming quite interested in this class of horse-raising, and the French Government was a buyer of several at this fair for the purpose of sending them to the Government herds in Algeria, there to be crossed with the Arabian thoroughbreds.

“There were three or four American buyers, who, I think, made the very best selections, but, of course, as is usual for Americans over here, paid the biggest prices. Among them, Mr. Cicero Brown, a merchant and a long

resident of Havre, shipped per steamer Canada, which left on March 3, some six Percheron horses, addressed to Mr. John Virgin, at Fairbury, Ill. Of these was a beautiful bay colt, three years old, of rare beauty of form and bearing for a large horse; also, a coal-black horse, four years old, very stylish, and of great size and power. Mr. B. H. Campbell, of Batavia, Kane County, Ill., was likewise present at this fair, and made, I think, as excellent a selection as I have seen anywhere. I feel confident there is no part of our stock-raising in America that has been so neglected during the past twenty years as the business horse or horse of all work. I think, however, it would be better for our importers to import some Percheron mares as well as stallions, as upon our cheap food we can breed and raise a four-year-old stallion in any of our Middle or Western States at a cost to the farmer of not more than two hundred dollars, whilst the same animal, bred and raised on this side, would cost one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, as I have already mentioned, to import.

“On this trip I visited many large woollen and cotton manufactories, and am glad to say that in every instance the proprietors seemed not only willing, but anxious, to send specimens of their wares to our Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. I believe that my consular district will be a liberal contributor to that great enterprise.”

PARIS, April, 1875.

XXXVI.

Bartholdi, the French Sculptor.—Scope of his Work.

FOUR years ago a French sculptor, Auguste Bartholdi, visited Philadelphia, bearing letters from that good friend of America, M. Laboulaye, to several persons, myself among the rest, and remained long enough to attract special confidence by his modesty and ability. He saw some of the members of the Fairmount Park Commission, among others Theodore Cuyler and Henry M. Phillips, and he impressed them favorably by his several studies of the capacity of that spacious breathing-place of our city. One of these was a superb gate to the main entrance at the foot of Green Street, a combination of Revolutionary history and municipal development. He also made drawings showing the necessities and capabilities of Philadelphia in the matter of fountains in her various squares and spaces. There was something in the manner and in the experience of the young Frenchman that soon made him a favorite. He had fought under Garibaldi in the legion raised by the Italian hero during the Franco-German war, and he came to America after the German conquest to find a home and a republic for himself. He was in no sense a Communist, but believed, like his friend Laboulaye, that there could be no real rescue for France unless in a pure, representative democracy. I hoped he would have remained in America after having seen the Pacific coast, including the Yosemite, after visiting Chicago, Washington City, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and I had hopes that he would make Philadelphia his chosen residence. But he had a

mother whom he loved better than life, and a country not yet given over to despotism, and so he returned to France.

Visiting him here, I found him in his studio, No. 40 Rue Vavin, on the other side of the Seine, and spent a delightful hour with him, and this evening I have had a long talk with him in my little parlor at the Hôtel Castiglione. The recent declaration of France in favor of a Republic has lifted him out of his gloom, and the approach of the celebration of the first century of American Independence—an independence saved and sealed by French valor—gives eloquent confidence to his deportment. The example of a spirit as noble as Bartholdi's proves that the love of liberty is not dead in Europe. It is wonderful how his ideal pervades all his works; how an elevated religion and a cosmopolitan humanity soften and strengthen them. While at Marseilles, in February, I saw his magnificent fountain before the new Museum, near the railroad station, with its four mighty lions couchant, the bright waters foaming into the beautiful marble basin, and the two shining temples, right and left, of science and education completing and fronting the splendid square; and though the guide could not remember the artist, I knew it was Bartholdi by the model he had shown me in Philadelphia nearly four years ago. Yesterday I saw the group in his studio, and recognized it at once.

The next object belongs to our Centennial: also a fountain, to be cast in iron, and placed, as a specimen of his work, I trust, in one of the spaces in the American division. It embodies Light and Water, the twin goddesses of a great city. Three colossal nymphs of exquisite form upbear a wide circular shield into which the water falls from other figures, while ten lamps held up by as many beautiful arms shed light at night from their gas-globes, as they inspire harmony in the day; but the water is to flow forever. This rich and delicate group would cover some twenty

feet, and rise about forty. All he asks is that our authorities should supply the water and the light. It is the joint production of M. Bartholdi and a Paris moulder of distinction, and I have no doubt it will find a ready sale, and lead to many orders from our cities, too sadly in need of such lovely objects in their squares and parks. His next work is his colossal figure of Lafayette on his way to America in early youth. He stands on the prow of the ship that bears him, his right hand holding his sword to his breast and his left opened, while a serene expression lights his countenance, as he may be imagined to exclaim, "The moment I read the Declaration of Independence I offered my services to America," or words to that effect. This masterly conception is to be placed in Central Park, New York, by the French residents of that city.

Here are the four models of the four famous bas-reliefs on the Brattlestreet Church, Boston, in red stone, over the front of that historic temple, and pronounced to be perfect. They are called the "four steps of Christian life"—Marriage, Baptism, Communion, and Death. In one of the groups he has introduced the whole family of Laboulaye, and in another an accurate likeness of Charles Sumner. The figures in the photographs, with the angels at the pillars, alike those who typify of life and those who idealize death, are singularly faithful in expression and in pose and drapery, making of each bas-relief a study full of pathos and beauty.

For the French frontier town of Belfort he has just finished a gigantic lion to face the great rock upon which the battlement stands, illustrating the heroism of the men of 1871 who defended that post and saved it to France. The huge king of the forest, seated on the pedestal, yet rising on his front feet, glares over the border in stern defiance at the foes of France. I should think it at least thirty-five feet high.

Some of my readers perhaps may recollect that in 1871-2 I attempted to describe, in *The Press*, M. Bartholdi's idea of a massive lighthouse, one hundred feet high, on Bedloe's Island, in the approach to the harbor of New York, to be constructed of copper, and to stand on a broad granite base: a female figure, with a tiara round her brow, to be composed of lights that might be seen for fifty miles at night. This is to be the contribution of the French Republicans to America, and all they will ask is that their compatriots in the United States shall see it well placed and kept in order. Till the French Republicans felt that they had a Government in accord with their sentiments, this colossal work could not be pushed; but now that they can speak, and write, and paint, and carve their sentiments, though not with the full freedom they might desire, the grand project is renewed and will be carried forward. The artist's thought is that all the nations may see by day the figure of Liberty welcoming them to the United States, and follow her shining welcome in the darkest hours of their despair. He made a survey of the outer waters of New York harbor before he began his sketches and finished his model. It is a conception worthy of Michael Angelo.

This rapid sketch is not "a business notice" of M. Bartholdi. He requires no such advertisement. His hands are full of orders. His models on competitive occasions are generally successful, especially for fountains for towns and cities. I do not, indeed, conceal my personal attachment to this gifted young Republican, but I think I do other people quite as much good as himself when I attempt to describe his character and his productions. But he will be in Philadelphia in 1876, to speak for himself.

PARIS, April, 1875.

XXXVII.

Art Sales in London.—Plethora of Wealth.—Bank Deposits.

NOTHING would be more useful than a faithful statement of the individual and collective wealth of Great Britain. The income of the estates of the leading families of the nobility, and especially of the persons engaged in manufactures of cotton, iron, ale, glass, porcelain, silk, and the leading ship-builders and shippers, including the endless revenues of the various mines, and the returns of persons engaged in the wine and tea trades, would in the aggregate startle the world. We can approximate the national wealth by noting the growth of exports and imports from 1859 to 1870, and the increase of the national indebtedness from 1688 to 1871.

Every week the newspapers contain a list of wills and bequests, and I have often thought of digesting these disclosures to illustrate the almost incalculable riches of thousands who are never heard of till they die; not the least suggestive feature being the way in which they finally distribute their money.

A specimen of the manner in which a good deal of money is spent in high life was furnished in the recent sales of pictures, two at the Manley Hall Gallery, on the 23d and 24th of April, and the other on May 1, when the celebrated Brioul collection was put up at auction. I will not run through the whole catalogue. On the first day, "The Night Before Naseby," a picture forty inches by fifty, was sold for nearly one thousand five hundred dollars; another, Marsand's "Venus," thirty-seven by twenty-five inches, was sold for two thousand six hun-

dred and twenty-five dollars; another, "Hermione, in the 'Winter's Tale,'" for over two thousand seven hundred dollars. An unfinished picture by J. Philip, "Winnowing Corn," thirty-seven by thirty inches, for two thousand five hundred dollars; a painting by Leslie, twenty-three by thirty-four inches, from "Henry VIII.," being the King unmasking to Cardinal Wolsey (sold a few years ago for nine hundred and sixty guineas), now brought one thousand three hundred and sixty-five pounds, or nearly seven thousand dollars. A picture by L. Gallait, forty-four inches by sixty, was started at one thousand six hundred guineas and sold for two thousand six hundred and seventy-seven pounds, nearly fourteen thousand dollars. All these sums are in gold, and this one day's sale realized more than one hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

At these auctions you notice all sorts of characters, the rooms are always crammed, there are agents from most of the nations, and there is a Babel of tongues. The aristocracy are present in person or by their representatives. Next day (April 24, 1875) the sale was dramatic in its numerous living characters and the almost speaking pictures, and in the great excitement of the rival bidders and buyers. The experience proves one thing conclusively,—the vast amount of money in England ready to be paid for good objects of art, pictures, statuary, plate, engravings, and, very naturally, old wines. In this day's sale there was a famous water-color by Turner, known as "Venice—the Grand Canal." This fine picture, thirty-six by forty-eight inches, was painted by the artist for three hundred guineas, and fourteen years ago was sold for two thousand four hundred guineas. It was now started at a bid of four thousand guineas, and went up in two bids, one of which came from the rich Earl of Dudley, to six thousand guineas; but here the struggle for this small painting really began. It was as good as a play to watch the audience as the contest for

this water-color painting deepened, and when finally the hammer fell, and Mr. Agnew, the daring dealer in these expensive works of art, finally secured it, the cheering was loud and long. His bid was seven thousand guineas, or over thirty-six thousand five hundred dollars. It is believed that Mr. Agnew bought it for the Earl of Dudley, who had just previously paid fifteen thousand dollars for an oil painting by Landseer, called "The Deer Family." Much enthusiasm was created by a work of P. Frith, R.A., entitled "Before Dinner at Boswell's Lodgings in Bond Street, in 1769," thirty-eight inches by sixty-three. The characters in the picture are Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Murphy, Bickerstaff, Janes, and Boswell. It started at two thousand guineas, and was struck down to Mr. Agnew at four thousand five hundred and sixty-seven pounds, or about twenty-four thousand dollars. A picture of J. Millais was sold for about sixteen thousand dollars, and others in almost equal proportion; as both Millais and Frith are living, they ought to feel highly complimented by these tremendous prices for their work. This day's sale amounted to sixty-five thousand five hundred and ninety-three pounds, which, with that of the day before, makes the total sum paid for pictures ninety-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-two pounds, and adding this to the sums received for plate and porcelain, for wines and engravings, the two days' auction netted one hundred and fifty thousand one hundred and forty-seven pounds, or, in round numbers, over seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On Saturday, the 1st of May, forty-eight thousand three hundred and ninety-three pounds, or nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, were paid for one hundred and sixty-five pictures at the same rooms belonging to the so-called "Bedel" collection, so that you will see that in little more than a week about one million dollars have been expended by a few persons almost entirely

for pictures. As other sales are to be held during the present week, including English and foreign porcelain, water-colors, and sculpture, what I have here described will be somewhat, no doubt, repeated. Such is the record of expenditure in one department of taste alone.

Let me now call attention to a fact which bears somewhat significantly upon the general desire in England for safe investments in good paying securities. In conversation a few evenings ago with a gentleman well versed in finance, he referred to the plethora of money in London, and confidently asserted that most of it was not drawing more than from two to three per cent. per annum, and he added that he had no doubt that the moment the United States recovered from their panic, so as to be able to convince the moneyed interests of Europe that they could and would pay all their suspended interests, and be strong enough to make good all their obligations in the future, that capital would rush irresistibly to our side of the Atlantic. "There is a natural desire to invest in America," he said, "and I beg of you to impress the lesson upon your people that nothing is needed on their part but good faith to absorb all our dead capital;" and he then handed me the following account of deposits in the public banks of London at midsummer last year, 1874. No mention is made in this list of the Bank of England, inasmuch as the private deposits there are chiefly bankers' balances, nor does he take into account the Indian, Australian, Canadian, and Cape banks, which all receive deposits more or less. There are in addition thirty-one private bankers, who make no return of their deposits, one of them, in fact, having larger deposits on hand than any of the public banks named. In fact, my information leads me to believe that the private banks of London are holding as much money in their vaults as are the public banks, and I think it is a safe assertion that there are at least three hun-

dred millions of pounds sterling on deposit in London, or fifteen hundred millions of dollars, which, with anything like common sense and fair dealing, we could in great part attract to the United States. I now submit the interesting table of my financial friend:

DEPOSITS JUNE 30, 1874.

London and Westminster Bank	£31,243,608
National Provincial Bank	21,822,175
London Joint Stock Bank	21,870,615
London and County Bank	18,928,918
Union Bank	13,918,162
City Bank	3,206,086
Consolidated Bank	2,929,492
Imperial Bank	1,976,266
Alliance Bank	1,722,739
London and Provincial Bank	1,319,098
National Discount Company	9,568,718
Standard Discount Company	3,997,286
United Discount Company	2,272,733
Total	£134,775,896

LONDON, May, 1875.

XXXVIII.

American and British Hotels.

IN the matter of hotels, by almost universal consent, especially on the part of the strangers who have tried those in the United States, we are far ahead of the Europeans. Edmund Yates, who visited our country a few years ago, returned with such an appreciation of the Continental, in Philadelphia; the Brevoort, in New York; the Revere, in Boston; Welker's and the Arlington, in Washington, that it is a treat to hear him talk about them; and I have previously

referred to the experience of Rev. Llewellyn Bevan, detailed to his London congregation, in regard to his own experiences of American hotels. My own judgment concurs in this verdict, not only in point of comfort, but in point of expense. I aver that you can live cheaper at any of our great hotels than you can in the same class in London or in Paris. Of course, there are boarding-houses in all the English and Continental cities where, with ordinary economy, you can get on with very little expense, but there is such an infinitude of small charges everywhere that, do what you may, you find yourself at the end of the week considerably out of pocket. For instance, if you try to send the waiter off on an errand he takes your message to a Commissionaire, who charges you a shilling. It is sixpence here and sixpence there, and the accumulated items in one of the bills of the Langham, or the Midland, or the Charing Cross, or the Westminster, would make you stare. You pay extra for lights, for fire, for attendance, for "Boots"; all outside of fees extra to a legion of servants, and with all the talk about cheap fares you must be on the *qui vive* to avoid swindling hackmen and drivers. An experienced Londoner gives it as his opinion that if the great hotels in this metropolis were half as good as they are in America, the system of clubs would not have grown as it has into the present colossal organization.

LONDON, May, 1875.

XXXIX.

A "Blue Law" revived.—Sunday in London.—The People and the Sabbath.—Sunday Newspapers.

THERE are some aspects of Sunday in England which have just received a curious illustration. About two weeks ago an old law, passed a hundred years ago, was revived, providing that any place of amusement opened on Sunday for which a price of admission is charged shall be fined two hundred pounds for every such offence. The fanatic who did this work brought the case before one of the Courts, but the terms of the statute were so clear that the learned judge, while not failing to denounce the motive which induced the resurrection of the law, was compelled to decide that it must be enforced. The special object was to deprive the laboring classes, who have for many years been able to enjoy themselves at the Brighton Aquarium on Sunday, by means of low railroad fares and cheap tickets of admission, of this method of rational relaxation; and if the decree of the judge is permitted to stand, by allowing the old statute to remain unrepealed they will be excluded from the few other places of amusement accessible to them the first day of the week. It will require little ingenuity on the part of any narrow bigot to compel the closing of the Zoological Gardens and of the Alexandria Palace on Sunday. Of course there is considerable excitement, and, although there is a general belief that Parliament will sweep away the ordinance which, until now, has remained a dead letter, the work will not be accomplished without much angry discussion. In connection with this event the directors of the London, Brighton, and South

Coast Railway Company have suppressed all Sunday excursions by abolishing cheap fares on that day. In contrast with this is the liberal action of our Park Commissioners, who allow the multitudes of Philadelphia the free range of Fairmount on Sunday, and the humane policy of the managers of our Zoological Garden.

To-day, which is Sunday, as I again strolled past the closed shops and taverns of London, and noted the universal cessation of business, the dead calm of the mighty ocean of trade, which to-morrow will roar with the rush of the tempest of traffic, I did not forget that there were many noble parks and spaces in London in which the people may always roam at pleasure on the Sabbath day. These glorious expanses, already bright in the heavy verdure of May, and soon to be garlanded with the flowers of this moist and moderate climate, are the special charms of London, and it is to the enduring honor of Government that they are jealously guarded among the precious privileges of the people.

William Penn, when he founded Philadelphia, 1682, kept in view the many gardens and parks of London, and to his wise forecast we are indebted for those we now have, including the additions inspired by his example. In his "Instructions for Settling the Colony," dated September 30, 1681, he directed for Philadelphia "that each house should be in the middle of the breadth of the ground, so as to give place to gardens, that it might be a green country-towne which might never be burnt and always wholesome." And I gather from documents in the British Museum that when Penn reached Philadelphia in November of 1682 he changed the names and location of some of the streets. "Many had been named after prominent colonists. For instance, what is now Walnut was first called Pool Street; Mulberry was Holmes Street; Chestnut was Union Street, which was not satisfactory to the proprietor. He gave the name of High Street to the wide

central avenue from river to river, and the other main streets parallel with it he called after the forest-trees found there. The cross streets were named according to their numbers, as Front, Second, Third, etc., beginning at each river, and counting to Broad Street. He reserved in the middle of the city, at the intersection of High (now Market) and Broad Streets, a large square for public buildings and for health and recreation; in each of the four divisions of the city was a square for public walks. It was his intention and original plan not to permit buildings to be erected on the river banks, but to have there a wide promenade the whole length of the city. This beautiful and salutary arrangement was in after-years allowed to be infringed upon." And then mark this paragraph from the same authority: "Broad Street, which is parallel with the Delaware, and lies nearly midway between that river and the Schuylkill, had not been located on the highest ground, and the Governor had it changed to the top of the ridge, though nearer to the Schuylkill, *so that the public buildings intended to be placed there should overlook the whole city.*" I have had much satisfaction in showing the beautiful photograph of the new Philadelphia city buildings, and the fine descriptive pamphlet of the president, Mr. Perkins, to our friends abroad, and the ancient document is a full confirmation of the policy which dictated their erection on the present site.

You can thus see where our founder obtained his model nearly two hundred years ago, when he established Philadelphia, as you saunter through the numerous parks—"the lungs of London." There are fourteen of these parks or pleasure-grounds open to the people every day in the week, including the magnificent expanses of Hampton Court and Kew. It is interesting to notice how these magnificent spaces are made tributary to the comfort of the people. The troops are drilled in some of them. Portions are set

apart for trap-ball, rounders, cricket, and other games. The lakes are used for bathing and boating. Excursion parties are permitted and encouraged, and in Hyde Park, while the aristocracy drive and ride in all their splendor, the people by thousands enjoy the beautiful sight as they walk through the grounds. Romance and history are combined. On the sides of most of these parks lines of noble mansions are built, and you recall the past in the midst of the royal expanses of the present. Statues, arches, and gates add to their superb adornment. If the population of London should prefer to go farther, they have the outlying country and the cheap steam excursions on the Thames, from all of which you will see that notwithstanding the vigor with which the great city itself is kept in order on the Sabbath, plenty of opportunities for rational enjoyment have been provided by this watchful and considerate Government.

As I am writing about Sunday in London, let me say a word about the weekly papers most largely read by the people on that day. The principal are the *Observer*, the Court organ; the *Sunday Times* (not connected with the daily *Times*, as it is a fact that no daily paper here has a Sunday edition); *Lloyd's Newspaper*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, the *Weekly Times*, and *Reynolds' Newspaper*. With the exception of the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, these are badly written, and filled with the scandals of the week past, especially murders, seductions, and divorces. *Reynolds'* does not hesitate to speak of the nobility, and even of the Royal Family, in the most offensive terms. It is positively asserted that *Reynolds'* is read by five hundred thousand persons, and the other penny weeklies have a large circulation also. I cannot help thinking, as I contrast the learning, ability, and courteous impersonality of the London daily papers with the unconstrained and indecent material of the London Sunday papers, that the chasm between the

two is appallingly wide, and that, until what are called the lower classes are supplied with a purer popular literature, there must always be discontent, and the requirements of the law must be severely enforced.

The other weeklies, æsthetic, art, religious, sporting, critical, illustrated, and scientific, most of which are very large fortunes in themselves, are published for cultivated reading. For all classes are comic journals,—*Figaro*, *Punch*, *Punch and Judy*, and *Vanity Fair*. There is nothing in this mighty metropolis more worthy of careful study than its ephemeral literature of the day.

LONDON, May, 1875.

XL.

The Heralds' College in London.

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry the Fifth, in his often quoted soliloquy before the battle of St. Crispin, and after his interview with two of his private soldiers, Bates and Williams, as a stranger knight, uses the following language :

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
 What is thy soul of adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery! Oh! be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Such seems to be the general idea of the forms and fashions of State, and, in fact, such has been my own judgment; but a recent visit to what is called the *Heralds' College*, on the east side of *Bennet's Hill*, *Doctors' Commons*, largely modified this impression. It is a perfect repository of the pedigrees of the nobility and of all persons of rank, including the old families, commoners as well. Here you realize that what we know of England is, in fact, the history of its great houses, beginning with the original founders, and running through the ages down to the present time. In our country such a thing as an old family thus preserving itself through the generations is uncommon. Here, many a person may look back over his ancestry for a thousand years, tracing his own name and lineage through long periods, by means of printed and written documents carefully laid away.

With us (where we have no such system as that of entail or primogeniture) the man alone is considered, not the family; and while many of our most distinguished persons have attempted to transmit their greatness through their children, it seems as if by some Providential ordinance that each should have been the sole conspicuous instance of his name.

The province of the *Heralds' College* is to preserve the pedigrees of the nobility and gentry. It also forms a tribunal by which spurious aspirants for arms are detected and punished. It gives elaborate details of coronations, royal marriages, christenings, funerals, visits of kings and princes, cavalcades, jousts, tournaments, and combats. The funerals of the kings and princes fill sixty-five folio volumes, in which a representation of the royal body and the procession, with every pennon and hatchment that was used, is quaintly and beautifully executed; also lists of all the noble and official persons present. It is, in fact, an immense library, entirely dedicated to the one object of keeping

alive that respect for Rank which is, after all, one of the strong fortresses of English power. Nor are these forms, as we examine them in the light of this old establishment, insubstantial things. They frequently decide not only legal questions, but are often produced in Parliament to determine the claims to peerages, or to verify some point in diplomacy or statecraft.

The present College was built in 1683, from the design of Sir Christopher Wren, upon the site of the former college, destroyed in the great fire of London, in 1666; but fortunately the valuable collection of books and documents was saved. It is of brick, and, like all these ancient edifices, discolored by time and the climate. The main building stands back from the highway, two projecting wings forming a square or court in front. It is a noteworthy fact that even Cromwell had his King-of-Arms.

The College itself was incorporated by Richard the Third, in 1484, and is composed of an Earl Marshal (the Duke of Norfolk, one of the leading Roman Catholic noblemen of England), three kings-of-arms, six heralds, and four pursuivants. The office of Earl Marshal is hereditary in the house of Norfolk, and the other members hold by appointment of the Queen. The heralds, as the officers of the College except the Earl Marshal are generally termed, attend at court on formal State occasions, especially at the opening and closing of the House of Lords by the Queen, and the royal ceremonies above alluded to. Their dress is singularly rich, quaint and ornamental. Mr. Stephen I. Tucker, the *Rouge Croix* pursuivant, who kindly accompanied us over the College, showed us his Court dress,—a scarlet coat richly embroidered in gold, with buttons of the royal household, a cocked hat, with cockade of the House of Hanover, dark pantaloons with a broad golden stripe, and a small sword.

The first records of the College were obtained by visi-

tations into the counties of England in 1530, the last visitation in 1687, the object being to secure authentic lists of the title and pedigree of the gentry, not only in justice to the rightful claimants but to avoid imposition. The heralds cited all parties wearing or claiming the right to wear armorial bearings before them in the King's name to show their right to "bear arms," which means the privilege of wearing upon their persons and equipages the badge or order of their respective families. This power is still lodged in the College, and the records constitute a perfect and authorized catalogue of all the nobility and titled commoners of England since the time of the first visitation. Every successor to the privilege of bearing arms must attest his family record in the presence of two of the Queen's heralds, as follows: "We certify that the above account of our family is true to the best of our knowledge and belief." We saw a very recent attestation of the present Duke of Bedford, and were also shown, among others, the signature of Sir Isaac Newton, certifying to his pedigree.

Passing into another room we found ourselves in the old Court of Chivalry and Honor, which was adorned with portraits of the whole succession of Earls Marshal from the time of the Conquest, and contained the throne in which the Earl Marshal used to sit and adjudge all matters connected with honor and arms. This court, which has been abolished, became nearly as oppressive and almost as detestable as the Star Chamber. At one time it imprisoned and ruined a merchant citizen for calling a swan a goose, and at another fined Sir George Markham ten thousand pounds for saying, after he had horsewhipped the saucy huntsman of Lord Darcey, that if his master justified the insolence which he had punished he would horsewhip him.

When a person desires to obtain what is called a grant of arms, he employs one of the heralds, and through him

presents a memorial to the Earl Marshal, praying "that his Grace will issue his warrant to the king-of-arms authorizing and confirming to him proper armorial ensigns to be borne according to the laws of heraldry by him and his descendants." If on examination the claimant proves his right, this patent is registered in the books of the College, and receives the signatures of the Garter king-of-arms and of one of the provincial kings-of-arms. The fees for such a grant amount to seventy-five guineas, about four hundred dollars. An ordinary search of the records costs five shillings, and a general search one guinea (twenty-one shillings).

Besides the original grant, the arms are sometimes augmented for meritorious service, whether in battle, in science, in art, or in statesmanship. When Sir William Gull, the eminent physician, was made a baronet, the Heralds' College made him a grant of arms representing the serpent of *Æsculapius* and three gulls, surmounted by a crest, with two hands upholding the torch of life, with the motto *Sine Deo frustra* (unless God prevents). After he had rescued the Prince of Wales from his late dangerous illness, the Queen, to signalize her gratitude, sent to the College a special order for an augmentation of his arms, and this was effected by adding to his arms one of the feathers of the Prince of Wales's plume and the lion of England on an escutcheon. All these things may seem absurd to Americans, but there is a certain value attached to this recognition of distinguished ability higher in fact than any pecuniary compensation, inasmuch as such tokens are transmitted from generation to generation and rank among the imperishable memorials of the name. With all our republicanism we must not forget our pride in the men of the Revolution and in those great characters who have reflected honor upon our country, and the care with which we pay all respect to their memorials, which is really an unconscious imitation of British custom.

Another instance shown us of the minuteness with which family honors are preserved was a document containing a full statement of the seven marriages of Sir Gervase Clifton, who was a widower six times; and the pedigree of his descendants through these seven marriages, apparently complicated, is here clearly unravelled. A curious family history contained the petition of Thomas Greenhill in 1698 to the Earl Marshal humbly praying that "in consideration of your petitioner being the seventh son and thirty-ninth child of one father and mother, your Grace will please to signalize it by some particular mark or augmentation in his coat-of-arms to transmit to posterity so uncommon a thing." This odd petition was granted by the Earl Marshal and a warrant was issued to the heralds authorizing them to distinguish the arms of the petitioner, which they *differenced* by adding thirty-nine mullets or spur-rowels to his bearings.

A strange old vellum volume, beautifully written and decorated, the work of a monk of the fourteenth century, professes to be "The Pedigree from Adam, to the Saxon Kings;" but not content with beginning with Adam, the skilful genealogist commenced with the three persons of the Trinity as the founders of the family of the Saxon kings. Nothing could be more ingenious than the highly-decorated pages of this wonderful book, displaying a skill equal to that of Albert Durer. A picture of the Trinity is followed by one of Adam and Eve in the Garden, with their memoirs, as well as the history of the leading members of the family. His sketch of the life of Adam concludes in these words: "And when he had lived 930 years he died, and is buried at Ebron, and he died of the gout." This laborious and artistic work is further embellished with pictures of the ark, the tower of Babel, Jacob wrestling with the Angel, etc.

We were shown a fine manuscript, said to have been

compiled to teach heraldry to Prince Arthur, the elder brother of Henry VIII., who died young, and whose widow, Catharine of Aragon, was the first of Henry's six wives. It begins with the arms of Prince Arthur impaled with Aragon, and contains the arms of that period, the royal badges, the size and importance given to crests, how standards were borne by one supporter of the house, and many other illustrations magnificently illuminated on vellum.

Another volume contained a history of the College, the lives of the heralds, their portraits, signatures, arms, pedigrees, and what they had done and written. Our courteous conductor, Mr. Tucker, showed us an interesting scrap of his own family history. His ancestor, Stephen Tucker, had the high honor conferred upon him by Henry VIII. of being permitted to sit covered in the royal presence, a privilege accorded to but six families. The deed, dated July 2, 1519, is a curious study of the time, and is a license to the said Tucker "to use and weare his bonnet upon his hede as well in our presence as elsewhere at his libertie; wherefore we will and command you and every of you to permit and suffer him so to doe without any your challenges, lets, or interruptions to the contrary."

A remarkable vellum roll gave the pedigree of the Earls of Warwick down to the Kingmaker of Edward the Fourth, beginning with Guitheln, King of Britain, who founded the town of Warwick about the period of the birth of Alexander the Great, B.C. 356. The portraits were quaintly and artistically executed, showing the memoir and full achievement of arms. If the ancestor was represented holding a house, it signified that he had acquired lands; if with a sword, that he was a warrior; a church, that he founded an abbey; a child, that his son and heir had died in the lifetime of the father.

We were shown the ring, sword, and dagger taken from

the body of James the Fourth, the grandfather of Mary Queen of Scots, at Flodden, as trophies of the victory by the Earl of Surrey, who commanded the British forces and was of the Duke of Norfolk's family, and therefore Earl Marshal of the Heralds' College. The ring, which is set in turquoise, had been sent by the Queen of France to poor James the Fourth on the eve of the battle of Flodden, telling him to break a lance for her, and the gallant Prince put it on his finger as a *gage d'amitié*.

We next entered a room the walls of which were adorned with portraits of eminent heralds in their tabards. Here were shoals of pedigree, the Gloucester pedigree alone filling eleven large volumes, and the indexes to wills comprising about a hundred volumes. One of the most interesting collections was the Talbot Papers, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, being mainly correspondence with the Earls of Shrewsbury, particularly the Earl who had the custody of Mary Queen of Scots in his castle in Sheffield Park. I was struck with a postscript in the handwriting of Queen Elizabeth to a letter written to the Earl of Shrewsbury by her secretary, Sir Francis Walsingham. The Queen at this time had just recovered from the smallpox, and such was her vanity that she imagined the Earl, then at a great distance from her, would think she was disfigured; therefore she added the following postscript in her own hand:

MY FAITHFUL SHREWSBURY: Let no grief touche your harte for feare of my disease for I assure you if my creadit were not greater than my shoue ther is no beholdar wold beleve that ever I had bin touched with suche a maladie.

Your faitheful lovinge soveraine,

ELIZABETH R.

But to speak in detail of the beautiful illuminated collections, of the quaint chronicles and vellum rolls, of arms of abbeys and priories, arms of Knights of the Bath, arms

of Esquires of the Bath, baronets' patents, summonses, ceremonials, royal grants and appointments, is beyond the compass of a letter; a volume could be filled with what we saw in one afternoon.

LONDON, May, 1875.

XLI.

London Newspaper Press Fund Dinner.

VENERABLE in years and eminent in all the higher, and perhaps in many of the lower attributes of our nature, nothing captivates the stranger half so completely as the numerous benevolent institutions of London. They are difficult to count—remedies as they are for almost every degree of human want and suffering. Thus we have from thirty to fifty different leading hospitals, a long catalogue of Freemasons' lodges, with the organizations of the Foresters and Odd-Fellows; also, what are called the Funds of the different trades, many institutions connected with the Establishment, the Roman Catholic, and Nonconformist Churches, and a great list of societies containing provision for their aged and poor; but until within the last few years there was no such care for the necessitous members of the literary departments of the newspaper press and for their widows and orphan children. While the press was successfully advocating the claims of institutions founded for the benefit of unfortunate members of other classes, there was nothing for similar cases connected with its own body. Some twelve years ago it was resolved to establish the present organization. I have just "assisted" at the twelfth anniversary, celebrated at Willis's Rooms,—

historic quarters opened February 12, 1765, by a great ball, at which the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, was present. From that time they have been used for many celebrated meetings, dramatic readings, lectures, concerts, public gatherings, religious or political. The large ball-room is about one hundred feet in length by forty feet in width, chastely decorated with gilt columns and pilasters, classic medallions, mirrors, etc., lit with gas in cut-glass lustres. Seventeen hundred persons have more than once gathered under its fretted ceilings. Here Mr. Peabody gave a memorable entertainment, while Abbott Lawrence was American minister in London, at which the Duke of Wellington attended, only a few months before his death, and had a royal greeting from the American ladies and gentlemen who clustered to take the illustrious hero by the hand; and here I saw the twelfth anniversary of the Newspaper Press Fund celebrated under very interesting auspices. It was beautiful to see the whole space covered with tables, glittering with flowers and plate, with the company over two hundred in number, not including the ladies who came in after dinner to enjoy the music and the speeches.

To me the Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, who took the chair about the centre of the table, was the most interesting person. Not only among the adherents of the Established Church, but among all intelligent thinkers and readers, the venerable Dean may be said to have attained universal respect and admiration, as well because of his polemic writings as of his literary accomplishments. Nothing gave him a warmer, stronger hold upon the American mind than his unique and striking sermon over the grave of Charles Dickens in Westminster Abbey. He was born in 1815, and is, therefore, about sixty years old. Educated under Dr. Arnold at Rugby, and finishing his collegiate career at Oxford, he passed

through the highest degrees. He was twelve years tutor of his college, Canon of Canterbury from 1851 to 1858, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, Canon of Christ Church, and chaplain to the Bishop of London from 1858 to 1863, when he became Dean of Westminster. To such a mind Westminster Abbey is in itself an endless and eloquent text in stone, and therefore what he has spoken and written upon that prolific subject adds, if possible, new value to the treasure-stores within its antiquated walls. How inspiring the enthusiasm with which he describes the old abbey: "There is no other church in the world," he says, "except perhaps the Kremlin, at Moscow, with which royalty is so intimately associated. Here, however, sovereigns are crowned and buried under the same roof, whereas in Russia the coronation takes place in one church, the marriage in another, and a third is reserved for the reception of the dead." As the Dean entered the outer room in which the guests were received at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner, in formal but not ungraceful clerical costume, with the scarlet ribbon and jewel of the order of the Bath, of which he is *ex-officio* Dean, he seemed like a figure from some antique picture. Quiet, graceful, gentle, with almost feminine manners, he was the object of respectful attention. Something like Mr. William M. Evarts, of New York, though not so tall, and older, his diminutive stature did not detract from his natural dignity, and his speech on taking the chair was a model of composition, difficult to hear as he spoke it, and yet delightful to read as it is printed in the newspapers.

Lord Houghton, the president of the Fund Association, was also conspicuous. Everybody in America has heard of Richard Monckton Milnes and his marked liberality of opinion, his high literary attainments, social talents, and warm attachment to the United States. Born in 1809, twenty-seven years in the House of Commons, created Lord

Houghton, and raised to the dignity of a peer by Lord Palmerston, as well for his support of the policy of Lord Palmerston as for his literary merits, he has nevertheless always been what is called an independent man, and seems to have thrown his whole soul into this Newspaper Press Fund organization.

Among this brilliant coterie I met my friend, William Howard Russell, LL.D., the famous correspondent of the *London Times*, who will accompany the Prince of Wales to India and is exceedingly anxious to visit America during our Exposition next year. There were also present Sir Joseph Whitworth, the celebrated ordnance inventor; Justin McCarthy, the rising novelist of the day and one of the editors of the *London News*; Count Beust, the Austro-Hungarian minister; our old friend the Chevalier Wikoff, as fresh, genial, and sympathetic as he was forty years ago, the same keen observer of men and things, and the same kindly and ubiquitous man of the world; Monsignor Capel, the great Roman Catholic pulpit orator, the original of a leading character in "Lothair," and many more scarcely less known.

The progress of this Fund is worth noting if only as an example for American editors and their friends. There are now nearly fifty thousand dollars safely invested in the best securities, and every annual dinner adds to the sum. Among the honorary members are the Prince of Wales and many other public men of note. The special object is to raise, by subscriptions and bequests from persons connected with the press and general literature, and others disposed to assist the society, a fund for the relief of journalists in want or distress, and for the widows, families, parents, or other near relatives of deceased members. Editors, proprietors, managers, sub-editors, reviewers, musical, art, and dramatic critics, correspondents, and reporters are eligible to membership. Ten guineas, equivalent to fifty dollars in

gold, creates an honorary membership. The annual subscription of a regularly-elected member is one guinea, or five dollars and twenty-five cents in gold. There is no publication of those who receive assistance from this fund. Judging from the deep interest taken in the work of the society by many noble persons not connected with newspapers, it is quite certain that a large and active co-operation has been secured, and that the aid afforded to aged and unfortunate newspaper men is already very substantial. Lord Houghton has entered into the work with characteristic enthusiasm, and I find his name down for several large contributions. Charles Dickens, before his death, spoke of this Fund as follows: "I verily believe that if I had never quitted my old calling [that of a newspaper reporter] I should have been foremost and zealous in the interests of this institution, believing it to be a sound, wholesome, and good one."

The only difficulty in our country in organizing such a charity is the danger of its lapsing into disuse; but the peculiar element of the English character is to persevere and to maintain a good thing to the end, which is done not only by obtaining the names of prominent persons, but by gathering into the treasury generous donations from the aged rich and frequently by securing liberal bequests.

LONDON, June, 1875.

XLII.

The Record Office in London.

IN a late visit to that famous institution, "The Record Office," between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane, where Great Britain has collected all her public papers, the Domesday Book, which is there preserved, at once attracted my attention. It was made by order of William the Conqueror, nearly eight hundred years ago, and consists of two great volumes, kept in the library in glass cases, under lock and key, and wrapped in rich velvet coverings. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle explains the purport of this strange book in the following quaint language:

"At midwinter the King [William] was at Gloucester with his Witan [or Parliament], and there held his court five days, and afterwards the Archbishop and clergy had a synod three days. . . . After this the King had a great council and very deep speech with his Witan about this land, how it was peopled, or by what men; then sent his men over all England, into every shire, and caused to be ascertained how many hides [one hundred and twenty acres] were in the shire, or what land the King himself had, and cattle within the land, or what dues he ought to have, in twelve months, from the shire. Also, he caused to be written how much land his archbishops had, and his suffragan bishops, and his abbots, and his earls; and what or how much each man had, who was a holder of land in England, in land or in cattle, and how much money it might be worth. So very narrowly he caused it to be traced out that there was not one single hide, nor one yard of land, nor even an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine, was left that was not set down in his writ."

A photograph of that part of the Domesday Book devoted to Berkshire,—called the Royal County, because Windsor Castle is situated in it,—I destine for and shall immediately send to the National Museum in our Independence Hall. This national work is not only a monu-

ment of the sagacity and statesmanship of William the Conqueror, but a valuable memorial of many families, extant and extinct; yet some survive who may proudly claim it as the authentic proof of their direct lineage. During the ministry of Mr. Gladstone, arrangements were made to photograph these two ancient tomes, and in 1863 Sir H. James applied the photo-zinco-graphic process and produced the fac-similes, a limited number of which are now offered for sale. In making these copies the original document was not even handled or touched. Each leaf of the book was placed in succession before the camera by the officer of the Public Record Office, in whose charge it constantly remains.

The public records of England are now gathered in two hundred and twenty-eight rooms, two hundred of which can accommodate nearly half a million cubic feet of records! The charge and superintendence of these invaluable documents is vested in the Master of Rolls, Sir George Jessel, a Jewish lawyer of very great ability, who was Mr. Gladstone's Solicitor-General in 1871. All records that have accumulated for twenty years in the counties or towns are delivered for safe-keeping to him. Searches and extracts are made on the payment of a small fee, but any literary inquirer is permitted to make searches without payment. In this overwhelming repository, Lord Macaulay obtained much information for his history of England, and in 1852 one laborious scholar consulted nearly seven thousand documents in preparing the history of a single English township.

In one of these rooms is a long parchment roll, composed of nearly sixty membranes, or sections, being the deeds of the Palatinate of Durham. The *Fœdera*, the publication of the diplomatic documents of the country, is very rare. The royal autograph book contains the earliest written treaty known in Europe, which is the treaty of

peace between Richard I. of England and Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, A.D. 1197. This unique book contains one of the letters of King Edward IV. and his Council, with the signatures of the great men of the time, Richard Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Northampton, Lord Pembroke, Lord Dorset, and others. Here is the first example of a royal signature ever known, that of Richard II., before whose time no King of England could write his name. Another exceedingly rare autograph is that of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, wife of Dudley, who was Queen of England only ten days. There is a recipe for making "hynke" (ink) about the time of Edward IV., and the deputy keeper, Mr. Burt, informed us that the ink in those olden times was far superior to our modern preparation. But nothing was more impressive than the letter of Richard III. to the Lord Chancellor, with the famous postscript in his own handwriting denouncing the treason of Buckingham. It is printed in "Ellis's Letters," and has been fac-similed. Another celebrated signature is that of Lord Hastings, who appears in Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," while a very extraordinary specimen of pen-flourishes is the autograph of Queen Elizabeth, which shows a skilled hand. There are fine examples of the neat, straightforward writing of the time of Edward I., in the bastard French of that time.

In a number of thin quarto volumes are preserved the treaties of peace between Henry VIII. and Francis II. The pages are beautifully illuminated. One illustration represents the celebrated meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Here is the Book of Indentures between Henry VII. and the Abbots of Westminster and other parties to build what is now known as Henry VII.'s Chapel, the most beautiful part of Westminster Abbey, for the performance of services for the repose of his soul; and this work exhibits every element of pomp and style that could be in-

vented, from its inception to its completion in the building. This chapel is perhaps the most magnificent in England. The Book of Identures is wrapped in rich velvet and enclosed in a strong box with the seal of the King upon the lock, and is said to have cost at least five thousand dollars, a great sum in those days.

The National Museum shall also receive a copy of the Great Seal of England, a fine head of Queen Victoria forming one impression, sent by Lord Chancellor Cairns to General Schenck, the United States minister in London, in response to his request.

An original portrait of Charles II. is lent to the National Museum by Mr. William Thompson, the accomplished American consul at Southampton, and a native of Philadelphia. This is a bust-portrait, originally in the collection of the late Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe, and recently came into the possession of Mr. Thompson.

As an appropriate pendant to the gift of the British Lord Chancellor to the Exhibition, I take from an ancient volume now before me a letter from William Penn, in which he announced that the Great Seal of England had that day been affixed to the royal patent or charter of Pennsylvania, under date 4th of March, A.D. 1681. This venerable document, which is still preserved, and now hangs in the office of the Secretary of State at Harrisburg, is written on strong parchment in the old English handwriting, each line underscored with red ink and the borders gorgeously decorated with heraldic devices. The satisfaction of Penn on this occasion, and the delicacy of his feelings with regard to the name bestowed on the province, may be seen in the following letter to his friend, Robert Turner :

5th of 1st Mo., 1681.

DEAR FRIEND: My true love in the Lord salutes thee and dear friends that love the Lord's precious truth in those parts. Thine I have, and for my business here, know that after many waitings, watchings, solicitings,

and disputes in Council, this day my country was confirmed to me under the Great Seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania: *a name the King would give it in honor of my father.* I chose New Wales, being, as this, a pretty hilly country, but Penn being Welsh for *a head*, as Penmanmoire in Wales, and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England, called this Pennsylvania, which is the *high or head woodlands*; for I proposed, when the Secretary, a Welshman, refused to have it called New Wales, *Sylvania*, and they added *Penn* to it; and though I much opposed it, and went to the King to have it struck out and altered, he said it was past, and would take it upon him; nor could twenty guineas move the Under Secretary to vary the name, for I feared lest it should be looked on as a vanity in me, and not as a respect in the King, as it truly was to my father, whom he often mentions with praise. Thou mayest communicate my grant to Friends and expect shortly my proposals.

It is a clear and just thing, and my God that has given it me through many difficulties, will, I believe, *bless and make it the seed of a nation.* I shall have a tender care to the government, that it be well laid at first. No more now, but dear love in the truth. Thy true friend,

WILLIAM PENN.

The royal patent or charter of Pennsylvania consists of twenty-three articles, and is too long for insertion here, but the short preamble is worth transcribing. It declares that William Penn's application for the territory arose out of "a commendable desire to enlarge the British Empire, and promote such useful commodities as may be a benefit to the King and his dominions; and also to reduce the savage nations by just and gentle manners to the love of civil society and the Christian religion."

Nor would this triple chapter of history be complete without the letter of William Penn to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, dated "London, 8th of the month called April, 1681:"

MY FRIENDS: I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to let you know that it hath pleased God, in His providence, to cast you within my lot and care. It is a business that, though I never undertook before, yet God hath given me an understanding of my duty, and an honest mind to do it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your change, and the King's choice, for you are now fixed at the mercy of no governor

that comes to make his fortune great; you shall be *governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people*. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnished me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with, and in five months resolve, if it please God, to see you. In the mean time, pray submit to the commands of my deputy, so far as they are consistent with the law, and pay him those dues (that formerly you paid to the order of the Governor of New York) for my use and benefit; and so I wish God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you.

I am your true friend,

WILLIAM PENN.

History, which teaches by example, as the philosopher tells us, has never had a field, at least in modern days, like that opening before us next year, and whether we look back or forecast the future with the aid of such lights as these three mementos, we shall write a page in the great volume of human experience in 1876 that will surprise and elevate the world.

LONDON, June, 1875.

XLIII.

The Peabody Buildings.

I HAVE visited the new Peabody Buildings in company with Sir Curtis Lampson, one of the original trustees. On the 25th of May, 1867, I saw, under the guidance of this same gentleman, the first of these splendid edifices for the accommodation of the industrious poor of London, and the difference of eight years was a very great surprise. For order, cleanliness, and beauty of the several squares that have since grown up, the happiness and comfort of the inmates prove that the munificent plan of Mr. Peabody has

been faithfully carried out by the trustees. I cannot better illustrate the amazing growth of this almost royal benevolence than by the "Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Donation Fund for 1874." Ponder these figures carefully, and you realize the unspeakable benefaction that an American citizen has conferred upon the poor of London :

The trustees of the Peabody Donation Fund submit to the public a report of their proceedings and financial statement for the year ending the 31st of December, 1874.

As stated in the last report, the amount of the fund on the 31st of December, 1873, was £578,059 9s. 5d. To this sum has been added, from rents and interest on investments during the past year, £15,568 8s. 2d., making the total fund on the 31st of December last, £593,627 17s. 7d., as shown in the annexed statements of accounts.

During the year the trustees have spent in the purchase of land and the erection of buildings the sum of £80,223 7s. 3d., and the whole amount thus expended since the creation of the trust has been £380,284 19s. 7d., leaving £213,342 18s. available for future operations.

The two new blocks of buildings at Blackfriars, alluded to in the report for 1873, are now occupied by forty-four families.

The new buildings in Duke Street and Stamford Street, with accommodation for three hundred and fifty-two families, are completed, and will be ready for occupation in April next; and the six new blocks in East Lane, Bermondsey, for seventy-two families, will be opened during the summer. Before the close of the year the trustees will have accommodation for thirteen hundred and seventy-six families.

Considerable progress has been made in the erection of twelve new blocks of buildings on the Southwark Street site, which will contain two hundred and sixty-four separate tenements, but these will not be ready for occupation until 1876.

The number of families in residence at the end of the year was nine hundred and fifty-four, consisting of three thousand eight hundred and fifteen individuals—an average of four persons to each family. The average weekly wages of the head of each family was £1 3s. 5d., varying from £1 0s. 6d. at Chelsea, to £1 4s. 2d. at Spitalfields and Blackfriars. The average rent of each dwelling was 3s. 11d. per week, and that of each room 1s. 10d. No charge is made for water; and the weekly rent includes the use of bath-room and laundry.

The net returns from all the buildings now opened show an income of £6426 12s. 8d. per annum, being at the rate of 2½ per cent. upon the capital expended.

The trustees have pleasure in stating that the buildings last erected not only give to the tenants greater conveniences and larger rooms, but return a higher percentage upon the outlay than those first built.

In consequence of scarlet fever having been so extensively prevalent during a portion of the past year in the east of London, the number of deaths in the buildings at Shadwell was beyond that of any previous year; but notwithstanding this the death-rate in the whole of the buildings taken together was only 23 per 1000; but omitting Shadwell, the death-rate in the other buildings was as low as 17.4 per 1000.

LONDON, June, 1875.

XLIV.

Visit to the Empress Eugénie.

CHISELHURST (Kent) is a lovely village, with a population of three thousand three hundred, about forty minutes by rail from Charing Cross. You can walk from the station, if the weather is fine, to Camden House, the English residence of Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French; but as the day was gloomy we drove over in a fly, and reached the outer gate in about twenty minutes. As we were expected, we had not long to wait before our presentation. Camden House, the residence of her Majesty, was chosen after she had landed at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, on the 9th of September, 1870, having escaped from Paris in the midst of the Revolution on the 4th of the same month. Her passage over the Channel was in itself a romance. The mansion is of three stories, built of dark stone beautifully inlaid with white, with two wings, and is handsomely located in a fine park.

We were conducted by a chamberlain from the anteroom into the drawing-room, where the Empress received us, and I was immediately impressed by her exceeding grace and beauty. Time has dealt very gently with her. Born

May 5, 1826, she lately entered into her fiftieth year, but does not look forty, and she seemed in better health and wore a brighter aspect than when I saw her in the Paris Palace of Industry on the 2d of July, 1867, when the Emperor Napoleon distributed the prizes to the successful competitors at the Universal Exposition of that year. She was dressed in deep mourning, without the slightest ornament, and, speaking English perfectly, she opened the conversation and asked questions without reserve in regard to our International Centennial Exhibition. I described the extent of Fairmount Park, the several groups of buildings now in course of construction, the amount of money raised, the action of the National Government, and the visit of the President of the United States. Here she quietly interrupted me by stating that she had read with great pleasure the statement of his visit and of his satisfaction at the progress of the work. She seemed to be anxious to know whether any of the French princes had been invited, and I told her Majesty that the President of the United States had simply invited existing governments, and that none of the royal princes of any country had been specially asked. To her question whether I thought the Prince Imperial would be well received, I ventured to express the opinion that his welcome would be most cordial, and that our people held the fact in grateful remembrance that to the statesmanship and liberality of the First Napoleon we were indebted for the acquisition of the valuable territory of Louisiana, and that this, together with the recollection of French sympathy during our struggle for independence, was one of the most cherished of our national reminiscences. I ran over the list of the governments that had made preparations to be present next year. Alluding to the subject of free-trade, which she said she did not feel herself competent to discuss, she gracefully intimated that she thought some provision should be made by which the delicate fab-

rics of France might have a partial drawback, when sold in America, on account of the necessary deterioration of the goods from exposure in a sea-voyage, and the changes constantly taking place in fashionable attire.

The gentleman who kindly accompanied and introduced me, our good friend, the Chevalier Wikoff, inquired for the Prince Imperial, when we were informed that he was with his battery at the military camp at Aldershot, and she regretted that he was not present in order that he might participate in the conversation. Before retiring I expressed the hope that her Majesty would send us some token of the interest she manifested in the Exhibition, to which she responded by saying, "Ah! what have I to send? What can I send? I am here simply the tenant of another's house; all you see about me I have no control over." But I am not without hope that the suggestion will bear good fruit; and on renewing the request that she might consent to let her son come to America next year she said, "I fear that is impossible. I should like myself to be present in Philadelphia; I have always felt the greatest interest in the United States. But we are the creatures of circumstances; we cannot tell what may transpire to-day, or to-morrow, or a few months hence"—evidently referring to political contingencies. Just as she was bidding us adieu I placed in her hand one of the large lithographs of the Main Exposition Building, and since my return to London have forwarded her the last publication by the Centennial Commissioners containing engravings of the other edifices.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the winning grace and candor of this lovely lady; I should rather say cordiality than candor; nor would the word "dignity" fairly typify the peculiar charm alike of her manner and her conversation. She talks fluently, articulates her words clearly, and surprised me by her stores of information, showing

that she was a close reader and thinker. Others were waiting in the anteroom as we passed out into the park, and on our road to the station I did not hesitate to give utterance to my satisfaction at one of the most delightful interviews of my life. A republican myself, more so now than ever, I could easily perceive the great influence she exercised over her husband.

The Empress Eugénie continues to enjoy in her exile the warm friendship of Queen Victoria, with whom she frequently interchanges visits. She is everywhere called the Empress, not the ex-Empress, and receives royal honors. Within the last two weeks she visited, in company with the royal family, the camp at Aldershot, and saw her son taking part in the great review which attracted so much attention. Whatever may be her fate hereafter, she will ever be an object of deep interest, as she has always enjoyed unbounded popularity for the purity of her life, her charity, and munificence. It will never be forgotten that during the prevalence of the cholera in France, she everywhere visited the hospitals, utterly regardless of danger. Her name will live in history as one of the most successful and accomplished women of her age. France is, I think, at this moment, passing under the republican form of government. The moderation of the Republican leaders is not less apparent than their unity and determination, and while the Empress Eugénie would undoubtedly add new lustre to the position of Dowager Empress of France should her son ascend the throne of his father, yet I think a safer, if not a more brilliant, destiny would be that retirement in private life in which, while she may not be surrounded by as many flatterers as she would find in Paris, she would certainly escape the always present danger that hedges around the occupant of imperial power among that changeful and volatile people.

LONDON, July, 1875.

X L V.

Chatham Dock-yard.—British Iron-clads.

IN company with Messrs. Cramp, the well-known ship-builders of Philadelphia, I have paid a long-desired visit to the celebrated Chatham Dock-yard and work-shops, distant about an hour and thirty minutes from London. It is not easy to secure admission to this famous institution, England is not one of the Powers that publish their inventions in gunnery and preparations for war, and for the obvious reason that they do not desire to be copied or to be advertised. When the hour of conflict comes she is always "ready." These great docks, so called, and the shops with which they are connected, now entirely devoted to the construction of the iron-clad navy of England, are admitted to be the most extensive in the world. They are situated near the town of Chatham, on the Medway, a tidal river.

There are four wet-docks, built out of solid stone, massive and grand indeed; the tidal basin, the largest, being four hundred by ninety-six feet. The *Rupert*, an iron ram, was in dock as we passed, a magnificent and colossal mass of guns and armor-plates, looking a true thunder-bearer. It belongs to the second class; its armor is twelve inches thick on the breastwork and twelve to fourteen inches on the turret; its armament is two eighteen-ton guns. The ram, its main feature, has its sharp point eight feet below the water-line and twelve feet in advance of the upright portion of the stem. It makes fifteen knots an hour, and is intended for quick work, like the ram which played such havoc with the Union fleet at Hampton Roads in 1862.

The Temeraire, another of these fast rams, was still on the stocks; horse-power, nine thousand; eight guns, four of them of twenty-five tons; nine-inch armor—a terrible machine. The Alexandra, also in the dock; horse-power, nine thousand; armament, like the Temeraire; recently launched by the Princess of Wales, after whom she is named. Two other high-speeded vessels were finishing, each with eighteen sixty-four-pounders.

Standing on the main deck of the Alexandra, we looked out upon the busy scene—in one respect at least not unlike the sight that met my eyes two years ago, when I visited League Island, near Philadelphia, the iron-clad navy depot of our own country; only this was the work of years, begun in the reign of Elizabeth, when the “wooden walls” of England terrified the world and swept the seas; now, wholly given up to iron-clad monitors and rams. The outlook was wonderful. The ships in ordinary, in dock, and in repair; the mighty ship-houses; the rope-house, eleven hundred and forty feet long and fifty feet wide, where cables two feet in girth and seven hundred feet in length are made; the mammoth saw-mills, erected by the elder Brunel, with eight saw-frames, for one to thirty saws, impelled by a mammoth engine, capable of eighty revolutions of the saws in a minute, and slicing and shaping the giant trees of Norway with lightning quickness; the smith-shops, with forty forges, where anchors are made; the mast-house, two hundred feet long; then the rolling-mills, where iron plates twelve inches thick are made for these grim monsters; the engine-house, etc.

So vast is this depository that the men are conveyed to and from work by rail, and the officers visit and superintend their post in dummies, which skim along the level roads with the silent velocity of fireflies. The Royal Marine Barracks are here, and officers and men were on parade as we passed in and out. I did not stop to ask how many

workmen were employed in the docks, and shops, and ships—that might have seemed impertinent.

The present iron-clad navy of Great Britain, used for the defence of her own coast and colonies, and for visiting different portions of the globe, consists of sixty-two vessels, divided into seven classes, viz. : Four first class,—the *Devastation*, two hundred and eighty-six feet long, sixty-two feet in extreme breadth; the *Thunderer*, about the same size; the *Inflexible* and *Fury*, fourteen hundred tons larger; all nearly iron-clad, capable of immense resistance and of throwing metal of enormous weight to a great distance. Second class,—the rams *Rupert* and *Hotspur*. Third class,—nine mastless turret-ships for coast defence, heavily armored, and armed with twelve-ton guns. Fourth class,—five first-rate iron ships for cruising, of the *Temeraire* and *Alexandra* style. Fifth class,—ten second-rate iron ships, with twelve-ton guns behind six-inch armor. Sixth class,—seventeen third-class, same armor and armament, and capable of great speed. Seventh class,—eleven iron-clads for coast defence. I have not deemed it necessary to add the numerous iron-armored and wooden vessels to this list, nor several floating batteries. This naval force is continually being added to, and it is estimated that from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars in gold are annually spent in keeping this vast iron fleet in repair. Of course an emergency will increase this outlay. Much may be said for such busy and expensive preparations by the English. Apart from the plea that they must not be caught napping, the fact that hundreds of thousands of persons are kept employed in the various establishments, military and naval, who must otherwise be without work, and therefore full of idle mischief, is a great point. Whatever may be said of our own country, Europe is not in a condition to disarm. On all sides we read of new inventions in gunnery, new experiments in firing, new

torpedoes, massive armies, and powerful navies. A spark may explode the magazine, and Great Britain had far better be in a situation to defend herself and to protect others than to be found a prey to neglect in the hour of revolution from within or invasion from without.

LONDON, June, 1875.

XLVI.

Relics of Early London.

THE National Safe Deposit building, at the Mansion House, London, was lately opened, with fitting ceremonial, in the presence of a distinguished party, by Mr. Puleston, M.P., chairman of the Company which owns and has had it constructed. The Safe Deposit Company was organized upon the idea of the "Fidelity" in Philadelphia, and the vast building is an elaborated extension of the noble structures of the same class of which several are now in Philadelphia. Nowhere in the world is such a place of security so needed as in London. The things lost or stolen in this human hive are countless. A few months ago jewels worth a quarter of a million of dollars were stolen from Lord Dudley at one of the railroad stations, and our countrywoman, Mrs. Paran Stevens, has just been robbed, by her French maid, of diamonds and valuables estimated at seventy-five thousand dollars.

In the heavy excavations necessary to establish the foundations of this massive edifice, the Company's workmen came upon a perfect mine of Roman antiquities. It is a strange fact that as modern enterprise was preparing to preserve the wealth of the present age, deep down in the earth were discovered the proofs of the riches of London nineteen hundred years ago. The Romans remained

masters of England for over four hundred years, and the grandeur of Britain began with their occupation. Those who trod the Old World twenty centuries since lie in dust, but many of their works and weapons of war survive in the midst of their own ashes, and modern London overlays a perfect storehouse of antique mementos. Mr. Puleston found these eloquent revelations of the past so many and so valuable that he has based an essay upon them crowded with useful information. What his workmen threw up has been utilized wonderfully by his graceful pen, so that in his Report you fairly see the Romans in their London homes, and it is with an odd feeling that you find the likeness between their ways and ours. Nearly twenty centuries have elapsed since they lived and died like us; not, indeed, with all our conveniences and comforts, but in many things using the exact originals from which we have copied in England and America. There are no signs of steam and electricity and the wonders born of these twin genii, but there is enough to show that we have not risen too high or gone too fast to discard the experience of these men of the vanished centuries. Among the relics discovered in the excavations prior to laying the foundations of the splendid edifice were the following:

Red glazed pottery, of beautiful forms, mostly in bowl shape, beautifully decorated with figures of birds and animals and foliage. The variety seems to be very large.

Roman-British specimens, chiefly urns, exactly like those now in use.

An immense quantity of *styli*, the instruments with which the Romans wrote on their tablets.

A variety of knives and daggers, with handles and rings to hold or hang up by.

Keys and bolts of every description, made different from those in modern use, but very like in form.

Bronze ornaments for the person, brooches, and toilette

bijouterie ; some are enameled. Also the pins for fastening garments, now in use ; seals, locket, tweezers, hair-pins, etc.

Bronze egg-spoons, chain-work, etc.

Coins, brass and copper, of which there are seventy specimens, proving the other discoveries by their dates and vignettes.

Many miscellaneous objects,—fragments of glass, wooden spindles, horse gear, chisels and other tools of iron, and a lot of leather work, with sandals and shoes resembling what we wear to-day.

Mr. Puleston closes his sketch as follows: "If in the small area occupied by the premises of the National Safety Deposit Company it has been possible to bring together so many illustrations of the early occupation of our city, who can say what yet remains beneath the surface of adjacent sites to corroborate or correct opinions which have been expressed by past and present writers on the history of Roman London?"

LONDON, July, 1875.

XLVII.

Canine Exhibition.—Home for Dogs.—Edwin Forrest's "Dog of Montargis."

THE apparent scarcity of wandering dogs in the streets of London surprises many an American. Constantinople is said to be the dog-heaven, and there is no feature in the towns of the United States more unpleasant than the multitudinous canine population, and the consequent hydrophobic panic every summer. In England, however, there is a systematic effort to improve the canine species, and the result is their marked absence from the highways. There

is not quite as much care taken, perhaps, in the rearing of dogs as in the breeding of horses, cows, sheep, and other valuable animals, but when you are told that an exhibition of dogs at the Crystal Palace is one of the most attractive of the present attractions of that brilliant resort, you will understand that the system has become a sort of commerce, and that large sums of money are paid for the different varieties. The published report of the grand national exhibition of sporting and other dogs at the Crystal Palace on the first four days of June of this year is a singular document.

Among the bloodhounds which belong to the first class the price of the dog called "Rival," three years and nine months old, was five hundred pounds, and that of "Rolla," one year and eleven months old, five hundred guineas. Among the mastiffs, the price of the "Champion Turk," seven years and three months old, the dog that has won more than thirty first prizes and cups and is of immense size, is five thousand pounds (twenty-five thousand dollars), while that of the mastiff named "Granby," which won the first medals for 1874 at the Crystal Palace, for the same year at Northampton, and for the years 1873-74 at Portsmouth, an animal nearly as large as a lion, is ten thousand pounds sterling or fifty thousand dollars! The price of the mastiff known as "Duchess" is one thousand pounds sterling, while in a list of one hundred and seventy-one of the same breed there are four at one thousand pounds, six at five hundred pounds, two at three hundred pounds, six at two hundred and fifty pounds, nine at one hundred pounds, ten at fifty pounds, and the remainder varying in price from twenty pounds to five pounds. Some of the mastiff puppies commanded prices ranging from one hundred pounds to twenty-five pounds. Several of the St. Bernard rough-coat dogs were held at two thousand pounds apiece, one at one thousand pounds, and a number more from three

hundred to twenty pounds. The St. Bernard puppies brought from twenty guineas down to ten. One Newfoundland dog brought one thousand pounds, one five hundred pounds, some one hundred pounds, and several as low as twenty pounds. The prices of the deerhounds ranged from five hundred pounds to one hundred pounds. Of the greyhounds, "St. Patrick" and "Warwick" were each held at five thousand pounds, and "Lauderdale," "Queen Bertha," and "Bit of Fun" at one thousand pounds each; "Black Beauty" at five hundred pounds. Ten of the pointers brought one thousand pounds each, a number five hundred pounds, and others one hundred pounds and fifty pounds. Among the setters I counted a large number held at one thousand pounds each, and one, aged five years, was labelled ten thousand pounds sterling. I counted six retrievers at one thousand pounds each, and very many from five hundred pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds. Among the Irish water-spaniels, "Shamrock" was held at one thousand pounds, the others at prices ranging from one hundred pounds to fifty pounds. Six of the spaniels were labelled for sale at one thousand pounds each, two or three five hundred pounds, and a large variety from five hundred pounds to two hundred pounds. Ten pounds was regarded as a very reasonable charge. There were two hounds at five hundred pounds each. The beagles, not exceeding fifteen inches high, ranged from one hundred pounds to twenty pounds. There were nearly two hundred fox-terriers, held at extraordinary rates, at least half a dozen at one thousand pounds, and about twenty at five hundred pounds, the others ranging from one hundred pounds to fifty pounds, twenty pounds, ten pounds, and five pounds. The sheep-dogs were also very high, a dozen commanding one thousand pounds each, and others five hundred pounds, very few running as low as twenty pounds. A Dalmatian, known as "Crib," nine years old, was held at ten thou-

sand pounds sterling! Another, called "Sancho," three years and five months old, price six hundred pounds. The bull-dogs ranged from two hundred and fifty pounds to twenty-five pounds. One bull-terrier, "Young Puss," was held at one thousand pounds sterling; another, belonging to the same owner, at the same price. This seemed to be a favorite breed. Many commanded one hundred pounds each, and a few ran as low as five pounds. Black-and-tan terriers exceeding fourteen pounds weight commanded one hundred pounds each, very few as low as five pounds. One of the drop-eared blue Skye terriers, named "Sam," was held at ten thousand pounds sterling! There was a Dandy Dinmont terrier, called "Toper," price one thousand pounds, and another called "Macbeth," price five hundred pounds—general rates from fifty pounds to five pounds. A Yorkshire terrier called "Mozart," price one thousand pounds. The Bedlington terriers commanded from one hundred pounds to five pounds; of one species called "Dachshund," black and tan, three commanded one thousand pounds, and the rest rated from one hundred pounds down to five pounds. There was a white Pomeranian, six months old, named "Tory," price one thousand pounds. The pug dogs were held at from one thousand pounds; "Tomahawk," at five hundred pounds; several at one hundred pounds, and a number at from sixty pounds to ten pounds. One of these pugs, named "Chung," six years and eight months old, was held at ten thousand pounds sterling. Maltese dogs, several at one hundred pounds, two at fifty pounds, three at twenty pounds. King Charles spaniels, from one hundred pounds to ten pounds. Italian greyhounds, two hundred pounds, one hundred and fifteen pounds, and fifty pounds each. Toy terriers, smooth-haired, not exceeding five pounds weight, commanded as high as from three hundred pounds to two hundred pounds apiece, some one hundred pounds, and a large number fifty

pounds, thirty pounds, and twenty pounds. The sporting puppies were held at a charge of about five pounds each ; non-sporting puppies, twenty guineas, ten guineas, and five guineas. An immense assortment of harriers was exhibited, but they were so valuable as not to be offered for sale. Many of these were owned by clergymen. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and most of the nobility, figured largely in the catalogue as owners. There have also been dog-shows in Ireland, the west of England, and other places, very attractive and successful.

If the aggregate of money spent upon pet dogs could be faithfully set forth, it would startle many. As you walk the streets of London you see hundreds of thousands of these little animals carried or led by ladies, and it is a common thing, as the nobility and gentry ride along in their splendid equipages, to see a variety of spaniels and poodles resting on the costly cushions. Some of these pets are not much larger than a cotton- or snow-ball, and with their fine, fleecy covering, nothing else visible save their black, piercing eyes, they present a laughable appearance.

In this connection the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, in Battersea Park, is worthy of notice. A humane nobleman, the Marquis Townshend, is President of this organization ; and the treasurer's report shows an annual expenditure of over two thousand pounds (ten thousand dollars) for wages, food, medicine, printing, and interest on mortgage. In order to remove any inducement for dog-stealing no fee is paid on the delivery of lost or starving canines at the Home, the chief reliance being upon the duty and humanity of the police. There is a large list of donations and legacies, many of the former being from anonymous hands. This establishment was established in 1860 by the late Mrs. Tealby, who, although not possessed of large means, was its unwearied benefactress. The late Mrs. John Hamilton left a legacy to the

institution of a thousand pounds, and others are following her example. Thirty-two hundred dogs were last year either restored to their former owners or sent to new homes, being an increase of ten hundred and ninety-four over the previous year. After being kept for three days the keeper is empowered to dispose of inmates of the Home either by death or sale, but they are usually kept in their pens for a week, and sometimes much longer. Prussic acid is used to poison them, which by its almost instantaneous effect is considered the most humane method. The Home affords accommodation for six hundred dogs, although there are not usually more than half that number. All brought in during one day are put into a double pen, with a yard for exercise, and small cells are provided for special cases, such as quarrelsome or afflicted dogs. It is a singular fact that among thousands of dogs brought into the Home there has been no case of hydrophobia, which is attributable, no doubt, to the absence of excessive heat in this moderate climate.

A dog-show during our Centennial Exhibition would be an attractive feature. Our Western and Southern people might teach their British cousins some new things in canine culture. The dog has been the subject of prose and poetry, of the pencil of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor, from Walter Scott to Byron, and from Landseer to Foley. Gradually these English habits are creeping into our American civilization, and I have known men to become as excited over a good hunter and women to fall into as many ecstasies over a beautiful poodle in Philadelphia and New York, as the descendants of their more ancient ancestors in London. Edwin Forrest had a peculiar fondness for this animal. As you ascended the main stairway of his residence in Philadelphia, you faced on the first landing the painting of the "Dog of Montargis," which he habitually characterized to his visitors as a portrait of the best

friend he ever had in the world—the friend which had followed him in the varying and trying fortunes of his early life, and more than once played with him on the boards of the Western towns when he acted the character in that now almost forgotten melodrama. He has gone to his long home, and yet I have no doubt that this expression of a brilliant but not happy life will often be recalled by men who have passed through the same sad experience.

LONDON, July, 1875.

XLVIII.

Fourth of July in London.—Journalism.—Political Aspect.

FAR and wide the proceedings of a great American *fête* at the Crystal Palace, in honor of “Independence Day,” have been published in Europe. Even the most critical and sardonic journals have not found fault. All the London dailies made full and favorable reports. The discretion of our chairman, the American minister, General Schenck—the genial welcome of Mr. McCullagh Torrens, M.P. from Pimlico, in his reply to “Great Britain and the United States”—the manly *impromptu* answer of General Lucius Fairchild to “Concord at home and abroad”—have touched the English tortoise with a coal of living fire. Many prominent English people were present, and delighted. I sat near a bevy of British cousins, and noted their surprised pleasure. Brother Jonathan has a character here for gush and brag which he does not deserve. He is advertised as a loud fellow, clad in a coat of stars, striped breeches, and an American eagle for a hat; and when he gets up to speak our quiet relations generally expect an explosion. At the Crystal Palace dinner there was every

possible temptation to do his worst. He did not yield to it, but did his best. Easy, natural, unaffected, and candid, without rudeness, Jonathan captured all hands and disarmed criticism. There was no sensibility, and no boasting, and the result is a harvest of the kindest memories.

I have seen a good many of the English country papers since our Independence *fête*, and they all speak in one kindly tone. Have you any idea of the number of British newspapers and periodicals? Let me tell you that there are in London alone twenty-four dailies, two hundred and ninety weeklies, fourteen fortnightlies, and four hundred and sixty-four monthlies. From this one fact you can realize the character of a metropolis which compresses within twenty miles about four millions of people, almost the population of Pennsylvania. These various papers serve to illustrate the ideas at work in these four millions of minds. There are four American papers: the *Anglo-American Times*, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *American Traveller*, and the *American Press*. Then we have at least one hundred and fifty religious, twenty devoted to sports of all kinds, twenty-five to finance, eighteen to children, twenty to science, five to architecture, four to the army and the navy, thirteen to farming and horticulture, ten to art, eighteen to law and medicine, five to ultra-liberal or republican ideas, one to matrimony, eight to foreign affairs, three to butchers, five to fashion, six to temperance, ten illustrated, five to Jews, one to tailors, two to homœopathy, besides a number devoted to every sort of scheme and theme. I should say there are hundreds of papers printed in London not included in this list.

You will observe the large proportion of religious publications. Here you have the better inner view of England. It is an intensely Biblical country. Divided into many sects, each with its peculiar tenet, there is a constant reaching for theological literature, especially among the

Protestants. The Established Church prints enormously, but the Dissenters literally devour religious books and newspapers. When you recollect that there are eleven millions who do not belong to the Established Church in England and Wales alone, and that the adhering membership of the Established Church in England and Wales is not thirteen millions, you will see that this dissenting element is something of a power in itself.

Many people distress themselves about a "certain war" in Europe, and even in Parliament the declaration is common that the Continent is "an armed camp." The shadow of a religious conflict, growing out of the supposed pretensions of the Catholics and their eagerness to recover their lost temporalities, is offensively pushed into the foreground of this discussion. I do not know—I cannot forecast a future which disturbs so many strong minds; which has enchained Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning; which commands the attention of Bismarck in Germany, absorbs Gambetta and Buffet and Rouher in France. These are serious and sincere men, who have no motive but justice to their several constituencies. Yet all of them anticipate a religious war in Europe. Mr. Gladstone and his party evidently think the Pope stands ready to embroil Europe in a deadly struggle to recover his lost political prestige. Bismarck denounces the German Catholics as the enemies of Germanic order. The Cardinals at Rome appear to think that the world is given over to Satan, because they have been forced to part with political authority.

Admitting the perfect candor of these learned pundits, what remains? What remains to the American who sits in the upper tier of this vast world's theatre and calmly watches the actors below? He may feel deeply mortified at many things in his own country. He may see that while the United States is only too glad to wash its daily dirty linen in public, England takes care to push hers into the

closets of her confidential loyalty. He can take to himself a supreme and sufficient compensation. His own country does not sleep on its arms, fearing a sudden surprise from ambitious neighbors. The Pope could proclaim infallibility from Washington without harm. Our people would greet his Eminence with a politic enthusiasm only less than that they would extend to Garibaldi. The exiled Prince Imperial of France would be as welcome as the Liberal leader Gambetta; and the Prince of Wales would be hailed with an outburst as expressive as that which would be extended to John Bright. We may not, perhaps, be as courtly as our friends abroad, but we need no armies to keep the peace with our neighbors, no navies to protect our waters from suppositious foes, nor censor to correct the press. This is a great deal to say. I confess I am not quite so sure about the way we shall manage our millions next year. Whether we shall be able to feed and house them as they will deserve and desire, and whether we shall be altogether adjusted for our general obligation and opportunity, I trust to that same good Providence that has carried us through so far. Henry V. said to the French Princess Katharine, after he had captured the French provinces, while he was laying siege to her heart, that "Nice customs courtesy to great Kings." So, perhaps, our plain American sovereigns may make a new road for us through our next year's difficulties. At least we can imitate the best which ancient nations have learned through their centuries. What, indeed, would the world be without the great right of copying after those who have gone before us?

LONDON, July, 1875.

XLIX.

The Streets of London.—Ancient and Modern Lighting of a City.

PHILADELPHIA is peculiarly fortified in her eight hundred miles of city railroads, notwithstanding the objections that have been raised to the increase of these modern highways; and yet this fact, however consoling, must be discounted by the condition of many of the streets through which they run. So much has been lately done by Philadelphia, burdened though she has been by business perplexities and heavy taxes, that the hope may be fondly cherished that she will not neglect the supreme duty of repairing and improving her public roads. The streets of London, their cost and their management, their durability and cleanliness, are endless objects of interest for the stranger. When you recollect that the area traversed by the metropolitan police is five hundred and seventy-six square miles in extent, and is occupied by a population nearly as large as that of Pennsylvania, crowded within a diameter of about thirty miles, you may have some idea of the London streets, avenues, and highways. Six hundred and thirty-five miles were added to these streets between 1861 and 1871, and it is estimated that there are at least four thousand miles of them. Within this area it is estimated that a birth takes place every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes. London covers seventy-five thousand three hundred and thirteen acres, and of its four million inhabitants the last complete return shows that one hundred and thirty-nine thousand are paupers. The total annual expenditure for poor-relief, including poor rates and workhouses, orphan asylums, roads, watering, lighting, sewerage, public works

and police, is four million six hundred and sixty-seven thousand nine hundred and forty-seven pounds,—over twenty-three million dollars,—for the district of London alone.

There are several wooden pavements in London, all of which seem to wear well, owing, doubtless, to the moderation of the climate and the absence of severe cold in winter or extreme warmth in summer. The main thoroughfares are composed of sand and rubble, laid in deep foundations, and then pressed and levelled by heavy steam rollers, which as you pass along you find busily engaged repairing old and forming new streets. The system of London sewerage appears to be perfect. The sidewalks are all laid with broad stone slabs, and such a thing as a rough or uneven or dislocated pavement I have not seen since I have resided in London. No matter how steadily and long it rains, the streets are almost instantly dried by the first burst of sunshine. Early in the morning the scavengers remove whatever offal has accumulated during the night, and even in the busiest hours of the day boys are employed to collect the casual manure, which is instantly carted away.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of this vast metropolitan government, but it is just to say that all these stupendous works are conducted with rigid economy, and made at comparatively low rates. Such a thing as a dishonest official is unknown. As a distinguished gentleman told me in Manchester, in answer to my inquiry as to the fidelity of the public servants, “any man holding a responsible office in England would as soon think of putting his hand into the fire as of using the public money for his own purposes.”

Of course, this wonderful system is the result of years, though the present splendor of London is in a large degree the growth of the last half-century. We read in old books that an order of Council was promulgated during the threatened approach of the Spanish Armada, in which every

London householder was enjoined, under penalty of death at the hands of the common hangman, to suspend a lighted lamp before his door after sundown, and before the days of Elizabeth the only lights in London streets on moonless nights were supplied by cressets and lanterns hung by long poles carried by the night watch ; and there are those living who will tell you that they recollect the period when the streets of London were deplorable sinks of filth and wretchedness. Now the broad blaze of gas at night improves, as it were, these thousands of miles of smooth and solid streets, making them pleasant to the pedestrian and a special comfort to the horses.

There has been much complaint about the streets of Philadelphia, and yet I learn from many of our friends who frequently call to see me, and who rapturously describe the Centennial work in Fairmount Park, that there is everywhere a determination to put our house in order for the coming international gathering. Individuals can do much to help the city government. Indeed, there is hardly a man, woman, or child that cannot in some way contribute to this desideratum ; and now that 1876 is everywhere discussed as the great event of the close of the century, now that I can fearlessly say to our English and foreign friends that the movement will be one worthy of our country and of the time, and now that thousands who have never visited us will pour into Philadelphia to take part in that historic event, no words of mine are needed to inspire our people to the discharge of this eminent obligation.

LONDON, July, 1875.

L.

Centennial Feeling in France.—Diorama of the Siege of Paris.—American Products and Securities.

ON my way to Berlin I remained over two days in Paris, to gather some data in regard to the American International Exhibition. The result is most satisfactory. The details would fill many pages. I supply only the general facts.

The six hundred thousand francs voted by the French Chamber in June will be wisely distributed by M. Léon Say, the Minister of Finance, and by M. De Someraud, the head of the Department of International Exhibitions. The work of the Government is largely aided by outside voluntary effort. In such an exceptional case as the American Centennial, local American sympathy is indispensable. Left to themselves, foreign nations might conclude that our countrymen abroad are indifferent to the novel memorial event; but when these latter take an active interest in the work the energy of the accepting Governments is correspondingly increased. We are especially fortunate in Paris, as we are in London and Rome. Apart from the earnest example of the American minister, Mr. Washburne, and the American consul-general, Mr. Torbert, there is a working committee, of which General Sickles is the chairman, which promotes careful organization of American influence in France. This committee devotes itself to the circulation of information, the encouragement of the American artists to be ready for the United States vessel that is to take forward their pictures and statuary to the Exhibition next winter, and to the answering of all questions not in the exact province of the French authorities. Among the

members of the committee are Dr. Evans, Mr. E. Detmold, of New York; Mr. Stebbins, and Mr. Anderson. From the speech of General Sickles at the last meeting, held at the banking-house of Drexel, Harjes & Co., I take the following significant extract :

"The history of the world may be read in vain for a like occasion to celebrate the marvellous progress of a nation. From small beginnings our foreign trade now amounts to more than a thousand millions of dollars a year. We have created a literature rich in many branches of knowledge. We have a standing army of school-teachers preparing the coming generation for their great heritage of liberty, prosperity, and power. In the useful arts we are already rivals of the foremost nations; and what we have done in sculpture, painting, and architecture shows that we have not neglected these essential types of culture.

"Our territory spans a continent, from ocean to ocean, embracing many varieties of climate, many products, a population not inferior in number to some of the most important European Commonwealths, and more cosmopolitan than that of any other nation. Forty millions of freemen, enjoying equal civil and political rights, obedient to the law, kneeling to their Divine Master in their chosen places of worship, illustrate their fitness for self-government; an imperial domain, and not an acre of it gained by conquest; at peace with all the world, and offering in the Tribunal of Geneva a sublime example of power doing homage to justice.

"Our form of government is established. Under Providence, it has survived every peril and defied all evil predictions. It has fulfilled all that Hamilton and Madison and Adams and Morris foretold of its adaptation to our situation. And our Centennial anniversary will afford a happy opportunity to bury all that is painful in the past and to inaugurate a new and grander epoch in our history. We have seen in the judicious action of the Commissioners the best proof that all sectional and party feeling is merged in the more elevated purpose of a national solemnity. The distinguished men chosen from all parts of the Union as managers of the Exposition, as orators, marshals, and committees, all give evidence of the broad patriotism which inspires and directs this great undertaking.

"We have, indeed, achieved quite enough as a nation to justify our proposed celebration. It is not merely that we have numbered a hundred years, but that we have accomplished more, much more, in that period than has ever been done in the same time by any other country. In mere antiquity the Asiatic and European States may look down upon us as *parvenu*; but in much that constitutes the true glory of an empire we are to-day the teacher of older nations.

"I am told there is a disinclination in certain quarters in Europe to take

part in our Exposition of the progress of the arts, because we adhere to a protective tariff. This policy of ours has either retarded or promoted our advancement. If other countries have surpassed us, let their products prove it when compared with ours, and we shall not be slow to profit by the lesson. If, on the other hand, we have done well, it should not move others to wonder or cavil if we follow a path that seems to be approved by our experience and success. In any event, if the free-traders in Europe decline competition with us at Philadelphia, their absence will not be attributed to their notions of political economy."

Many of the French have responded to this appeal, but none have been so useful as M. Caubert, the gentleman who spent a few weeks in America last spring, and who is kindly remembered by our people of Philadelphia for his enthusiastic friendship. His time and means have been freely and constantly given, and in connection with Mr. Gratiot Washburne, son of the minister, he is doing great good. He is in correspondence with the leading manufacturers and artists, and sees daily the leading men of the French Chambers and the editors of the most prominent papers.

A visit to the new Diorama of the Siege of Paris, now being rapidly executed for the company organized to place it on exhibition in Philadelphia before and during the Centennial year, was extremely gratifying. The preparations convinced me that it is to be a magnificent addition to the great commemoration and a rich reward to the originators. The building in which the diorama is being painted is about as large as the new Adams Express office, corner of Market and Sixteenth Streets, Philadelphia, well lighted from a glass roof, and when we came in the artists were busy on the gigantic picture, part of which was spread out upon the spacious floor. The director of the work, Lieutenant-Colonel Luinnard, an officer of the Army of the Loire in the late war, was giving his orders to his brother-artists. A man of splendid proportions, about forty years of age, and over six feet in height, he is evidently the very

person to conduct and manage such a project. He received us with true French courtesy, and showed us over the place as he illustrated the comprehensive programme. It is about the size of the "Siege of Paris" in the Champs Elysées, one of the most attractive spectacles in that brilliant metropolis. The view is taken from the south side of Paris, from the elevation known as Mont Châtillon, and is different, more original, and more grand than the outlook of that superb *chef-d'œuvre*. You are brought face to face with the real features of the fight—those nearest to you, horses and men, being life-size, and, at a certain stage of the exhibition, batteries will be exploded to add to the fidelity of the description. The optical illusion is so perfect that you pass from these objects, and from trees and houses the natural or usual size, and follow the city and the conflict till the vision is as realistic as if you looked down upon Philadelphia from the top of the State-House. The Tuileries, the Madeleine, the Palais d'Industrie, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Place Vendôme, the Place de la Concorde, the new Opera-House, Notre Dame, the river Seine, in fact the streets of Paris in that dread hour, with a resolute people behind its walls and a determined foe without, are seen.

Colonel Luinnard has left nothing to conjecture. He has reduced his picture to a system, and paints the battlefield which he saw as he portrays the city in which he was born. His many lay figures are dressed in the original uniforms, whether French or German. Here is a dead *Landwehr*; here a writhing *Zouave*. We have the war-horse in his agony of death; the shell bursting within a German fort, and all so drawn and done as to make you feel that you are in the presence of a genius such as you see only in these ripe schools. Of the thirty artists at work when we came in we secured the names following, pleased as they were of the justice of my statement and of

the rare enjoyment in store for the American people. Colonel Luinnard is at once soldier, sculptor, painter, and anatomist. He applies mathematical rules to his distances, and judges of perspective as he does of figures and colors. His associates have all been selected for excellence in their special schools. There is Lehnert, the celebrated figure-painter, some of whose perfected soldiers, whether they fired standing or kneeling, or lying on the ground, were marvels of life and force ; Betseller, who executed the celebrated picture of the Marshal-President, MacMahon ; Plonsey, the sculptor ; Greux, the painter of cannons, caissons, etc. ; Brancous and Leprince, famous *figurantes* ; Grandchamps, portraits ; together with familiar names like Barnard, Desbrosses, Bonton, etc. All these artists have noble works admitted to the annual French Exhibition for 1875, Betseller's picture of MacMahon having just been sold for thirty thousand francs. Colonel Luinnard speaks of the new diorama with the quiet confidence of certain success. He, as well as his distinguished assistants, declare that it will be the most effective work of the kind yet seen. It was easy to understand that their hearts were in it, and I shall be surprised if this experiment does not attract them to the United States, where the diorama, apart from its novelty and the courage of the men who began it, may create a school of art worthy of the French masters and American pupils.

The diorama is to be sent from Havre to New York in September, and Colonel Luinnard will accompany his own work with assistants to see that it is properly placed, explained, and launched before the public. I described to him our city, its resources and population, and the object of our Centennial ; and it gratifies me to find that the suggestion I threw out in July of 1867, when I saw the diorama of the Battle of Solferino, that it should be imitated in another of equal magnificence, has now been utilized by

Mr. Dobbins, who was my fellow-passenger on the Illinois to England just one year ago. He and his comrades will be repaid for their gallant venture. Millions of people visited the "Battle of Solferino" during the Paris Exposition of 1867, and five thousand a day crowd to see its successor, the "Siege of Paris," now—a sure sign of the mass that will come from town and country to study the new splendor in course of completion. But their profits in money will be nothing to the good they will accomplish in setting before our youth a new world of art. That will be a better sequel to their manly public spirit.

A word on the commercial aspects of the hour may be permitted here. This is the beginning of the European fall, or autumn as it is invariably called in Europe. I have made inquiry about the failure of the crops on the European Continent. It seems to be general; and one American gentleman, partner in a house for the sale of agricultural implements, is so impressed with the fact that he has concluded to return to America, convinced that the trade will not pay him to remain. The following note, just received from him, is worth quoting:

"Enclosed I have the advantage to hand you a report of the wheat crop of France up to the 19th instant, by sections—north, south, east, and west. Since then the time has not been favorable at all for the ripening of grain. The price of bread has changed as follows: In Paris, from September, 1874, to June 1, 1875, 65c. per two kils.; June 1 to July 18, 70c.; since July 18, 75c. In some sections I learn this morning that they are asking another advance of .05, or 80c."

After all, if from our full granaries we can supply the demands of stricken Europe, the good end will equalize the bad loss. When European gold comes to the United States to pay for our breadstuffs, the very first result will be the appreciation of the very securities which our British cousins have bought so freely and think they have lost entirely. Put our American industries to work by moving

our crops at good prices to foreign markets, and there will not be a State, or county, or railroad security that has passed its interest or suspended its dividend, with a few exceptions, that will not rise and repay the original investors. The fact will then be again vindicated that the United States is now the best country in the world for the profitable investment of foreign capital. It is also the safest, clear as it is of war and the fear of war, of the dangerous accumulation of land and money in a few hands, of the evils of unpaid labor, of the perils of a State religion, and of that growing and grievous problem, an overcrowded population fighting for a livelihood, without a hope for individual ambition.

BERLIN, July, 1875.

LI.

Belgium and Germany.—The Centennial in Berlin.

BERLIN, now the capital of the great German Empire, is about as distant from Paris as Philadelphia is from Chicago,—say eight hundred miles,—and you reach it from the French capital almost as rapidly and comfortably as you travel between the two chief cities of Pennsylvania and Illinois. The ride from Cologne, four hundred and three English miles, was by express. I left that Catholic centre at 9.30 A.M., and got here before eight in the evening. There was dust enough, in all conscience, but the carriages, or cars, were comfortable, the fare reasonable, the attendants silent and courteous, and the weather superb. Twenty-five dollars is the price for these accommodations between Paris

and Berlin; and if you take "a sleeper," which I did not, you pay about double the rate charged for that luxury in the United States. The German railways are better than the French, but even they lack the superior personal accommodations found on all American trains. There are no water-closets or lavatories, no checking of baggage, and the absence of these conveniences leads to many painful embarrassments to travellers, and especially to strangers. The fact is, the American railroads at home have so spoiled our people that even the critical American, who is always ready to fall in love with European habits at first sight, is glad to express his grateful recollection of and preference for his national railway luxuries.

I would that I had time to describe the other impressions of this rapid jaunt through the three countries—France, Belgium, and Germany—so close to one another, and yet so different. You are hardly over the frontier before you realize the contrast in language, dress, and architecture. The French houses and roads shine in their ghastly white, and the French people prove their industry and thrift; but how much superior are their Flemish neighbors, especially those of the country watered by the river Meuse! An aggregate population of seven millions swarms over this kingdom among endless fields of grain, clover, potatoes, hops, vines, interspersed with coal, iron, limestone, marble, rivers abounding in delicious fish and forests with game. The banks of the Meuse between Namur and Liege may be said to form and frame a gorgeous picture of varied scenery. Indeed, the whole ride in Belgium was through an almost continual town. You are never out of sight of human habitations, workshops, foundries, factories, villas, thriving fields, and a happy people. The architecture has lost the French whiteness, and there are a vigor and a variety in the work alike of man and nature that tell their own story. This one valley is a vast granary and factory

combined, and you can easily realize why the great Powers long for the possession of this beautiful country, and why, left alone in its isolation, it grows so strong and so lovely. Lying between France and Germany (both preparing for a new conflict, however it may be denied), Belgium, so often "the cock-pit of Europe," may again become the theatre of a quarrel not of her own making, and to gratify a stranger's ambition may be torn into fragments simply because of her geographical position. When will the trade of the man-killer be ended?

From Belgium you may pass into Germany, with instant notice of the fact. Here are the black eagle, the military guard, the Teutonic language, the signs of Germany, and all the marks and memorials of authority and vigilance. As we flew along between Cologne and Berlin I saw much to impress this fact on my mind. A long, level country without tunnels and few hills, yet what a flash of force in man and fruitfulness in nature! The elements of aggression lie all around you. The small fields, full-cropped even after the late rains; the gardens and orchards of vegetables and fruits, every field and garden with its men and women workers; the lordly stations, the vast iron, coal, and granite beds; the red-bricked houses, gleaming crimson against the green landscape, were not more persuasive of German power than the colossal iron-works of Krupp, covering four hundred and fifty acres, with its eight thousand employés and one hundred and ninety-five steam-engines. Along this flat prairie, that nearest Berlin being alone apparently sterile, you find chapters full of warning, and which may be read with curious and profitable emotions by the great Powers. A few days ago I saw new forts rising round Paris, and I did not need ask why; if I had waited for the solution, I should have found it in the no less manifest preparations of the Germans. What adds to the strength of this chapter is the fact that both

sides are eager and intent for the crash :—Germany in the belief that she cannot be entirely safe until her neighbor meets a third Sedan or Waterloo, and France that her *prestige* demands a giant effort for the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, and for the vindication of the fame she won under the first and lost under the third Napoleon. However faulty the logic of both, it becomes the philosopher to accept the fact that each side believes its own argument. No third party can arbitrate between such foes. France is “spoiling for a fight,” and Germany is quietly putting on her gauntlets. Both profit by the events of 1870 and '71, but it remains to be seen which has gained the most experience. Nations are like individuals—they rarely learn the value of a good example till it is too late. France may precipitate a fight with Germany a second or third time, and if so, she may be crushed ; but even as a victor, will Germany be the lasting gainer? It is a dark outlook, and we may thank our stars that the bloody wave of this impending conflict cannot redden our shores.

But I have no time for the politics of war, nor even for the healthier topic of the peaceful productions of these great peoples. Therefore, let me tell you of the German position in regard to our International Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. There has been some doubt and delay in regard to Germany. Many causes operated, not only the mistakes at Vienna, the hard times, the cost of the late war, and the belief that the American Government was hostile to the Philadelphia Exposition—there were others, but these were chief. My experience convinces me that the German Government has never allowed any one of these causes to dampen its own determination to be well represented at the Centennial. Hesitation was natural under the circumstances, but now the aspect is one of hope and energy. The Parliament voted five hundred thousand “marks,”—a mark is equal to an English shilling,—and

the Commission, of which Mr. Jacobi is the chief, is in active operation. I have had two long interviews with him and his executive assistant, a gentleman of much intelligence, and find that the organization is almost complete. In company with the American consul-general, Mr. Hermann Kreisemann, I have conferred with the German Commission, and while none of the obstacles I have enumerated were denied, they have all been modified or removed. Mr. Kreisemann himself, like Mr. Bancroft Davis, the American minister at Berlin (now on a summer leave on the Rhine), has been most useful within the lines of his office and the instructions of Mr. Fish, and I have been specially aided by him. His thorough knowledge of the German language and people, and his long experience in America, have made him a most valuable adviser. The necessity of some friendly voice at these foreign courts was never more apparent than now. We cannot convince them that we are in earnest if we remain absent or indifferent, and our warm words add much to their efforts.

Germany will be represented at Philadelphia next year in her art and manufactures as follows: Mr. Krupp, the great iron-manufacturer, has asked for a large space, and one of his specialties will be a mammoth gun capable of throwing a thousand-pound ball. The laces, silks, and textiles will need a space of at least ten thousand feet; the books, engravings, especially chromos and illustrated works, and typography of Berlin and Leipsic, at least four thousand feet; Stuttgart and Berlin, Dresden and Munich, will send paintings; there are already forty exhibitors of wines from the Rhine and forty from the Palatinate. Wurtemberg, Alsace and Lorraine, the Grand Duchy of Baden, and other provinces, will be well represented. One of the advantages in the German machinery for the Centennial is the fact that its home agents are detailed from other bureaus, and so cost nothing extra. Most of its exhibitors

are men quite competent to expend money for the purpose of showing their own goods. It gave me pleasure to say to Mr. Jacobi that such was the case with the gentlemen appointed to manage the Government part of the Philadelphia Exhibition, and that nearly all the active men in the Home Commission not only gave their time and labor gratuitously, but also their money. I am well satisfied with my visit to Berlin. The authorities were most interested to hear my plain statement of the progress of things at home and abroad, and I return to London armed with a budget of useful facts. The editorial article in the *London Times* of Saturday, July 24, embracing the elaborate history of the Philadelphia Exposition and the progress of the work up to date, from the pen of the Philadelphia correspondent of that paper, came in good time to Berlin, and shall be duly translated for the German public.

Our International Exhibition grows apace upon foreigners and ourselves. They take in its vast dimensions with a surprise not less novel than the sensation of our own increasing obligations to it. A gentleman writes me from London : "The article in the *Times* is a marvellous lift to the Centennial cause. I pray you will all be equal to the work laid upon you." I am sure of it. The opportunity is one that comes only once in a hundred years, and this is the first of the procession of centuries. All interests look to it, and there is no longer indifference or doubt. It has ceased to be a local affair. It is no longer even national. Cosmopolitan in all its details, with every civilized people to help it forward, it would be very sad if the good men who began the work when it had no friends should fail now when everybody is in its favor.

BERLIN, July, 1875.

LII.

Frankfort-on-the-Main.

FROM Berlin to Frankfort-on-the-Main in twelve hours, in the first sleeping-carriage I have seen in Europe—proprietor, Colonel Mann, an American, owner of the *Mobile Register*, of which John Forsyth is still the editor. Mann is a dashing fellow, full of grit, and considerably cosmopolized by his foreign success. His carriages are like ours, with more conveniences, such as separate apartments, and electric bells for each, which are instantly and politely answered by the German “kellner” (servant). Commend me to the Swiss and German attendants, and to the Swiss and German hotels—the former attentive and kind, and the latter almost invariably clean, cheap, and quiet.

The Frankfort people are awake to the Centennial, especially when I reported the vigorous co-operation of the Government at Berlin. Here are collected for sale the exquisite Bohemian and Bavarian glass so much in vogue, and the delicate and costly varieties of table service so much affected by our rich families. I have always held one language to “intending” foreign exhibitors, and I think I have met a thousand: “The American International of 1876 is your opportunity as well as ours. We invite you cordially, but do not come reluctantly. Your American customers are among the best. In Rome and in Florence Americans are spending vast sums for pictures and statuary, among their own and Italian artists. In Venice it is the same. And I would not speak of the money laid out for all manner of objects by my countrymen in Paris, Dresden, Munich, and London. All this expenditure does

not include what is known as the bulkier articles of commerce. Much as you have seen of American liberality in Europe, recollect there are thousands of rich men in the United States who have never seen Europe, and who will see it for the first time in its various exhibits in the Philadelphia Exhibition. They will assuredly buy if you will send over your best; but you must take some risks. I know how you feel about free trade, and I have experienced the necessities that have compelled us to protection. Come over to us, and test your system by comparison with ours. We are not afraid. We offer you a new market, and we challenge you to a free competition. Our Government has offered you very liberal terms, and our people will give you a hearty greeting; but, I repeat, do not come grudgingly. It costs as little to take goods from London and Paris to Philadelphia as it did to Vienna in 1873; and then you have a new and vast country to see, full of curious and profitable studies. You now send a letter from any part of Europe, except France, to any part of America for one-fourth as much as it cost twenty years ago to send a letter from Edinburgh to London, and competition has reduced the rate of travel to a mere trifle. The telegraph enables you to talk to your American friends several times a day, and you are neighbors of the most distant nations by railroads and steamships."

It is very interesting to watch this process of assimilation. You reach Frankfort-on-the-Main (having left Berlin the night before at eight) at eight in the morning, and you stop at the West End Hall, the hotel where all the railroads are combined. Here passengers come from and go to Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and to all the intermediate places along the Rhine. The trains are constantly arriving and departing, and from the porch of the West End Hall, which stands between three stations, and receives many travellers for rest and refreshment, I have

studied the diversified throng passing to and fro. It is a sort of human kaleidoscope. Aided by a German friend, I disentangled the different characters in the unceasing procession. First the Englishman and his family, with a red book,—Murray or Budeker,—a bundle of canes and umbrellas, and a roll of wraps; they stop for cold roast beef and pale ale. A German, with a long pipe, and his wife with a poodle-dog; they stop for Sweitzer cheese and a huge pitcher of beer. A company of marksmen, each with his wife, at least fifty in all, on the way to the Schuetzenfest at Darmstadt to-morrow (Sunday). A platoon of German soldiers, fully equipped, in marching order, with carbine, sword, tin cup, a roll of water-proof, and strong shoes; half a dozen working people from the fields, with their wooden pattens over their shoulders—men and women, sad and worn; a party of Americans on the way to Homburg, keen young men, bright, small-footed girls, a mother in black silk, with anxious eyes, and a well-satisfied father; now a bevy of young Germans from the University, their faces literally embroidered with gashes received in sword fights,—a hideous custom, not yet extinct, worthy only of savages. Then we have the inevitable Hebrew, the impassive Turk, the jaunty Frenchman, well-dressed women with advertising eyes, artists with their “traps,” on their way to Wiesbaden and Cologne, invalids *en route* for the baths, officers in full uniform, quiet scholars in search of repose, and London clerks out for their autumn vacation. I have watched this tide of humanity from my quiet perch for hours, and no point of view is more instructive than the little notice each takes of the other, and the pervading tone of separate individuality. It is the world in miniature.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, July, 1875.

LIII.

Spa.—Gaming-Houses Suppressed.—Friends Abroad.

I HAVE reached Spa, in Belgium, formerly one of the most celebrated fashionable watering-places in Europe, but latterly mostly frequented by those who woo Fortune at that “Board of Green Cloth,” the gaming-table. On the 1st of January, 1873, the whole of the real estate of the gamblers of Germany was declared public property; the Government allowing them to play only until December 31, 1872, on the payment of a million of thalers (each two-thirds of our dollar) for the improvement of the towns in which they “plied their vocation.” In addition to this, the gamblers paid over one hundred thousand thalers for the same purpose. These towns know them no more, and yet crowds gather every season at such resorts as Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, and Ems. Hundreds who avoided them when public gambling was the fashion visit them now, and, as I have already described, “the black sheep” find occupation at Monaco, near Nice, and a little village in Switzerland. Spa, where I am now writing, is in Belgium, about midway between Cologne and Brussels. It is among the oldest and brightest of its sanitary schools. For two centuries Spa was the favorite retreat of the titled and the rich; it now is full of them again. The population is eight thousand, and the visitors amount annually to about sixteen thousand. Up to within a short time its gambling-rooms cleared easily two hundred thousand dollars a year after paying for the public balls, music, and theatres, and giving large sums for the improvement of the roads and the town. In early days these gaming-houses were the property of the Prince-Bishop

of Liege, who divided the profits of the gaming tables, and no new table could be erected without his authority.

Like Homburg and Wiesbaden, this gay place is very beautiful. It lies in a sort of semi-basin in the midst of the Ardennes, and its healthy and airy walks, its noble avenues and alleys of lime-trees, its bath-houses, numerous springs, and fine houses, attract crowds. There are nine chalybeate springs, all cold and sparkling, in a circuit of six miles, and you reach them by agreeable roads and paths bordered by fragrant trees. The excursions in the vicinity are full of historic interest. Spa is also famous for a peculiar manufacture of toys, made of wood stained by the mineral waters, and many artists are employed in decorating them with paintings and flowers. The interest of the Belgians in our Exposition shows itself plainly in this romantic spot. Not only was it the theme of conversation, but photographs of the Exposition Buildings were suspended in the public places. The progressive and liberal monarch of this workshop and granary of a Kingdom, Leopold II., is personally active in urging contributions to Philadelphia in 1876.

An amusing incident marked my visit to Spa. Although only four hours from Cologne, where I put to good use my small stock of German, I found that I could not make myself sufficiently intelligible to ask for a cold lunch at the Spa station, where all was French; not a word of German spoken or understood! There were three boys and a girl, and they listened to me in open-eyed wonder. But a happy relief was at hand in two young Philadelphia gentlemen, temporarily resident here, aged respectively ten and twelve, who had just put on trousers for the first time, and whose father is my valued friend. They came in opportunely, supplied me with all the language I wanted, and brightened my short stay. How strange, that a few hours should so completely change the habits and language of a people!

You realize this, singularly, in the difference between the English at Dover and Folkestone and the French at Calais and Boulogne, after you cross the Channel. In two hours you pass from one world to another. In our own country we travel three and four thousand miles through the same people and language, and yet these changeful idioms promote and create a genuine cosmopolitanism.

Some of the habits of the Germans are primitive enough. Even in the best hotels dinner is often served at one o'clock p.m., and the fashionable stranger falls into it by making that meal his breakfast! The Germans go to the theatre and opera at six o'clock in the evening, and most of them are in bed at ten. In England the men go into the streets or gardens to smoke; in Germany they smoke over the whole house, and light their cigars and pipes at your side in the dining-room; and, truth to add, they are just as clean and polite as the English for all that. I notice, too, that the ladies never object to these masculine indulgences. In all the German towns the dogs are made to work, and not left, as in England, to play. Hitched to little carts, either in the shafts or under the wagon, they supplement the man or woman who owns the barrow, and pull by ones or twos with a surprising fidelity; and, better than all, they seem to be proud of their service. You get so used to all these things, and now a hay or grain field without women at work seems almost an offence. The rural gentle sex like it, I should think from the eager energy of their labors. Nothing in these Germans and French is so wholesome as their almost universal temperance. Living among wines, and making the wines of and for the world, they are nearly as sober as the Turks. Take the lowest of the men and the most degraded of the women, and the especial vice they avoid is that of drunkenness. It ought to be easy to govern multitudes who possess this one great virtue of governing themselves.

It is a great satisfaction to me to meet everywhere my country-people, and to find them so wide-awake about our International Exhibition. There has been such a constant crusade upon our credit and character in late years, in many cases without cause—and I insist, in no one case which I could not match in other countries, placed under the same fierce light of outside criticism and inside exposure—that a noble mission like our Centennial was needed to lift us from our demoralization at home and our despondency abroad. You see and feel this now as you travel in Europe. It is like a new and a better atmosphere. I am met every day by congratulations upon the growing promise of the Centennial, and uplifted by the pride of our countrymen in Europe over the magnificent preparations of the great Powers who are to sit as guests at our international love-feast. Let me name among those who have been most useful in their voluntary and unpaid exertions Hon. E. P. Carpenter, of Scarborough, Massachusetts, who, after a long sojourn in London, returned in a late steamer, and is now at his home. Equally earnest and generous are ex-Governor Claflin, of the same State, now in Dresden, and ex-Governor Clifford, also of Massachusetts, at present in Switzerland. I spent an evening lately with my old friend, Hon. Robert M. McLane, of Maryland, and found him as fresh as when I first saw him in Washington, thirty years ago. A Southern man heart and soul, a ripe statesman, having filled high stations at home and abroad with vast ability, it was cheering to mark his enthusiasm over the Centennial as the era of international and internal reconciliation. Mr. Henry D. Moore, of Philadelphia, is working for the good cause in Russia, and we owe much to General Daniel E. Sickles, in Paris, where he improves his rare opportunity to aid us among his large circle of friends. I can with equal justice speak of the valuable and substantial sympathy of Dr. Evans, of the

American Register in Paris, and the steady aid given by its able editor, Dr. Crane. Nor forget, in this connection, Mr. J. C. Mackenzie, in *Galignani*, who almost daily discusses the International, and Dr. Ryan, the new Paris editor of the *New York Herald*. In Rome we have W. W. Story and Randolph Rogers and their brother-artists, with William Hooker, the banker; in Florence, M. D. Eyre, the American banker, and a long array of American painters and sculptors; and, indeed, I have yet to hear of an American, from whatever State, who is not doing his best for the Centennial abroad. The Philadelphians are, of course, foremost in their appeals.

Nobody has done more generous and practical good than Thomas H. Dudley, of New Jersey, elected a Centennial Commissioner about a year ago. I saw him in London in July, and he is now in Paris. I wish we had a dozen such men in every European capital. It is the perfect ignoring of self, the utter abnegation of party, the generosity that gives time and money with equal munificence, the magnanimity that goes more than half way to forgive an enemy, and the broad catholic spirit that soars above creeds and critics—it is all these that constitute the platform and the purpose of those who are pushing the work of the Centennial at home and abroad. Mr. Dudley will show on his return how well he has used his time since he left the United States last June. He comes armed with many valuable suggestions, the result of his own experience as American consul for ten years at Liverpool, of his fresh knowledge of the new work at home, of his recent interviews with many of the ablest men in Europe, and of his own native enthusiasm. I will not anticipate his recommendations, save in so far as I may generally refer them to the favorable consideration of Congress and the country. They are all practicable and necessary.

SFA, August, 1875.

L I V.

Wiesbaden.—German Universities.—Champagne Manufacture.

IN Wiesbaden, the capital of Nassau, a lovely resort, and a short ride from the classic Rhine, I find much worthy of comment apart from its natural beauty, pure atmosphere, and healing waters. In this month of August the absence of heat, of flies, and of mosquitoes, the exquisite temperature, the glorious old trees in the old public grounds, the fountains and public buildings, invite to rest and reflection, and I do not wonder that thousands flock to the retreats along this storied river in search of health and repose. Yet there is material for a more active life, especially to those who, like myself, travel for an object, and keep their eyes open and their hearts steadily fixed upon their home beyond the seas. Indeed, such an object is the real flavor of experience; without it, without occupation, or the sense of service in a good cause, absence would be a pain and travel a labor, but now every mile opens a new thought, and every hour offers a useful opportunity.

Sitting alone and unknown last evening in the beautiful grounds of the Kursaal, the former gambling-house of Wiesbaden, now a library and reading-room under the reforming rule of the German Emperor, who celebrated the union of his Empire by closing all these haunts of dissipation, I spoke in very bad German to a very young man on one of the chairs at my side, and received a polite reply. He was a Norwegian, attending a chemical laboratory at Wiesbaden preparatory to his admission into one of the great German universities. After asking him some questions he found that I was an American, and at once

informed me that there were several of my young country people among his associates. "One of them is here," he added, calling out from a group near by a bright-faced young fellow, who came eagerly forward to meet me. His name is Henry C. Steifel, he lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and he was sent to Germany by his father to finish his chemical studies. Thus began a very pleasant acquaintance. Next morning, in company with young Steifel, I visited the laboratory and obtained some insight into one of the educational institutions of this great country, and especially into the extraordinary interest taken in chemistry.

Germany has twenty-one universities, the principal being Leipzig, Berlin, and Heidelberg. Leipzig has always between two thousand and two thousand five hundred students, about two hundred or three hundred studying chemistry. Berlin has between one thousand five hundred and two thousand students, about two hundred studying chemistry. Heidelberg has about one thousand students, of whom about one hundred study chemistry. There are also nine large polytechnic schools, the two largest being at Munich and Stuttgart; many private laboratories, the largest in Germany being at Wiesbaden, with about ninety students, under Professor Frisenius. There are many celebrated chemists at German universities: Hoffman at Berlin, Kolbe at Leipzig, Bunsen at Heidelberg, Kekule at Bonn, Wohler at Göttingen, etc. Many of these universities are very ancient, Heidelberg being about three hundred years old. Many Americans study in the German universities, Heidelberg alone having about fifteen each season.

Here, as in other places, I found the International Exposition the prevailing topic; and more than one of the young men spoke of coming over to see it. Indeed, the number of visitors to America in 1876, estimated by the

information I receive, will be very great. Our country is exciting various sensations abroad. Many are curious, many are surprised at our growth, many doubt our ability to endure, a very few fear or dislike us, but the great body of the people everywhere look to the United States as their ever-ready and safe reserve. Among these must be classed the young scholars who, finding no reward for their talents in the Old World, will crowd eagerly to the New.

Science figures largely in all the productive arts, and chemistry in the lead. You find the evidences in all nations, and these German statistics show how it enters into the practical operations of the world. The cultivation of the soil, not alone for what that soil will grow, but for that which remains undeveloped, is a chief mission of the chemist; and in our own country, where nature is so generous, the field is almost boundless. Here the earth is made to give forth streams of wealth in wondrous and varied profusion. The valleys and hills of the Rhine are converted into gardens. Every few miles a different grape is seen, although the soil seems to be the same, while from the rocks rise springs filled with medicinal waters. After I had visited the laboratory in Wiesbaden, I rode out to see a champagne factory, a few miles distant on the Rhine. One of the proprietors, Mr. Frederick Poths, of the Hotel Rhiers, accompanied us and explained the process of preparation from the grape. A million of bottles of sparkling champagne, made at this establishment, were all ready for market. The demand is constant and increasing. The process is the same as it is in France. When the wine is young and has not yet finished fermentation it is mixed with older wine which has finished its fermentation, immediately bottled off, put into a room heated to thirty degrees, where it remains and ferments for one month. Sometimes the wine is too strong for the bottles, but it is astonishing how few are lost. All the bottles are then

placed, end up, in vaults, where they remain for one year, during which interval the sediment of the wine settles on the corks (the wine being turned up), and when the wine is recorked the sediment escapes and the bottle is filled with old Rhine wine and sugar. The champagne is then ready for the market. You will realize what an immense trade there is in champagne when I tell you not only that I saw one million of bottles in the vaults of Mr. Poths, but that he informed me that Moët & Chandon manufacture annually at their French establishment about a million and a half dozen bottles. I told you from Berlin that the wine-makers of the Rhine had resolved to send forty varieties to our Exhibition next year.

Plans of the International buildings have been circulated all through this valley. Our people must learn much from the presence of the growers of the grape and the makers of the wine, which contributes so much to the health, wealth, and power of France and Germany. While they cannot forget that the light wines of these countries have only reached present perfection by the long trials of centuries, improved by the discoveries of modern science, including the chemical analysis and cultivation of the various soils, they should also remember that the United States offers a thousand inducements for the growth of the grape, which gives the juice for almost the same varieties. Our experiments have been most successful. It is true the foreign products still rule our market. The consumption of French champagnes and red wines, of German Johannisberg, Rudisheim, Cabinet, Moselle, and other sparkling hocks, still draws from us millions of our gold every year, but time will put us far on the way of a reasonable independence, and 1876 will be the opportunity for contrast and observation. Once we have reached a fair, practical sense of this new source of wealth, whisky and brandy, with all "hot and rebellious liquors," will disappear.

A city railroad in Wiesbaden, projected by an American, my friend W. T. Valentine, now and for many years a resident of London, is rapidly approaching completion, and will be opened in a few days. Aided by some English capitalists, he will soon have it in profitable operation. I found this American institution in London, Antwerp, Brussels, and Paris, rapidly growing into favor. What would Philadelphia be during the Centennial year without her eight hundred miles of city iron roads? This single fact goes far to add to the magnitude of the Exhibition in foreign eyes, even as the answer to my question disposes of the complaints so common a few years ago, when our Legislature granted the charters to our city railroad companies. A question as easily and as forcibly answered, in view of the same period, is: What would Philadelphia be without the American line of steamships between her own wharves and the great British port of Liverpool? An International Exhibition in America without direct steam communication with Europe would dwarf into a mere provincial fair.

WIESBADEN, August, 1875.

L V.

Brussels.—Enthusiasm for the Centennial.—What Belgium has done.

BRUSSELS, on my arrival from Spa, was under a copious rain. The streets were flooded and desolate, yet the next morning a bright sun showed this beautiful capital of Belgium washed bright and clean, her great parks glittering in their summer robes. Another city of the centuries, with an aggregate population of about one hundred and seventy-five thousand, the commercial metropolis of a kingdom of six millions of people, the seat of the ancient nobility and

kings, the centre of alternate war and revolution, the best part of Brussels looked as new and as freshly painted this lovely August morning as if it had just come into being full fledged and perfect. Here again we meet the light and graceful architecture of the French, with French dress and living, French music, French in the theatres, the Court, and the streets. But with all the perils of its intermediate position—lying, as it were, in the road between the Gallic and the German giants—Belgium may well boast (monarchy though it is) of being a purer republic than France, and a more tranquil and popular government than Germany. Protected, let us hope, by the last treaty of the Five Powers against the danger of encroachment from either of the still hostile Empires, Belgium will flourish as a significant example of the value of successful industry, thorough education, and enlightened legislation. Leopold II. is a ruler of excellent qualities, and seems to deserve the title of the People's King. Their institutions are, in some respects, highly democratic, especially the feature of primary or communal control, and their devotion to manufacture, commerce, and art is a better sign of progress than are huge preparations for war. No act of Parliament can become a law in Belgium, even after its approval by the King, until it has been sanctioned by the Ministry. There is a freer press in Belgium than in Germany, and evidently a more settled and satisfied populace.

My first visit, in company with Mr. A. J. Drexel, was to the American consul, Dr. John Wilson, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, now, in the absence of any diplomatic representative from the United States, the sole medium of American communication with the Belgian Government. I found him sympathetic and earnest in regard to the Philadelphia Exhibition, and he gave us full and interesting details. At a later hour he kindly accompanied me to the Bureau of the "*Exposition Internationale de Philadelphie*," and

presented me to Mr. J. Clerfeyt, member and secretary of the Belgian Commission to Philadelphia. I found the latter deeply immersed in his work, which seemed to be a real labor of love to him. He had just received a London letter from our constant friend P. Cunliffe Owen, Esq., appointed to systematize the business of his department. I found—

First. Duplicates in French of all the American regulations and statistics issued by the Philadelphia Commission and Government of the United States.

Second. Elaborate descriptions, in French, of the five great Exhibition Buildings in the Centennial Grounds; the dimensions of Fairmount Park; the approaches by land and sea.

Third. A list of the accepting Governments, a circular describing Mr. Owen's visit to Philadelphia and descriptive of the progress of the British preparations.

Fourth. A copious and well-displayed advertisement of the Red Star line of steamers between the Belgian port of Antwerp and that of Philadelphia, in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, with minute details as to accommodation, fares, etc.

Fifth. The corrected list of the Belgian Commission to Philadelphia; it being intended that a full quorum of this body shall be present during the Exhibition. Mr. Clerfeyt will be there as the executive and resident secretary.

Sixth. The letters of the Belgian Commission, signed by the president, Baron G. de Woelmont, and countersigned by Mr. Clerfeyt, to the agriculturists, artists, manufacturers, and scholars of Belgium.

Seventh. Full lists of the Belgian exhibits, which include all varieties of productions, and these varieties are beyond conception: Paintings, sculptures, bronzes, engravings, books, glass, wood, marble, steel, iron, cotton, linen, wares, laces, metallurgy, grains, chocolate, coffee, cocoa,

vegetables and animals, perfumeries, preserved fruits, hats and caps, sugars and syrups, liquors, biscuits, candles, acids, fertilizers, chemicals, paints, drugs, terra-cotta ware, a vast collection of toys, table service of all kinds, military goods, paper hangings, poplins, delaines, satins, sacred vestments, precious stones, artificial hair, hair ornaments, etc., etc.

The collection includes science and education; among other things a Belgian school-house, the catalogues and books and the whole organization as perfect as a military school.

And this is "little Belgium," with a population only one-half larger than Pennsylvania!

Let me here say, once for all, that in all my efforts to promote the International Exhibition I have had the generous aid of the American ministers and consuls, as well as the enthusiastic co-operation of the American residents and travellers in Europe. The consul-general at Paris, General A. T. Torbert, has been unwearied in his labors, and I hope I may be pardoned for adding that his accomplished wife is as earnest as himself. I can speak with equal justice of Consul-General and Mrs. Dahlgren, at Rome; of Consul-General Kruesen and lady, at Berlin; of Consul Spencer, at Genoa; of Consul Duncan, at Naples; of Consul-General Webster, at Frankfort; of Consul Bridgland, at Havre; of Consul Vesey, at Nice; of Consul Potter, at Marseilles; of Consul Thompson, at Southampton; and of Consul Crane, at Manchester—indeed, I might name the whole catalogue of our commercial representatives when speaking of their disinterested and voluntary services for the Centennial. The American ministers at all the European courts have, like the consuls, observed their instructions from the Department of State in Washington, and have kept the different foreign powers fully advised of the progress of the Philadelphia Exhibition. General

Schenck at London and Mr. Washburne at Paris have given much strength to the movement by their intelligent suggestions and sincere sympathy.

BRUSSELS, August, 1875.

LVI.

French Contributors to the Exposition.

EDMOND ABOUT, the celebrated French *littérateur*, and editor of the dashing Republican paper, the *Paris Dix-neuvième Siècle* (the Nineteenth Century), has announced his intention of visiting the Centennial Exposition for the purpose of writing up that international gathering, and also of describing the varied resources and peculiar institutions of America. He has been engaged by Hachette & Co., one of the largest publishing houses in Paris, and as his work is to be published in handsomely illustrated numbers, a large sale may be expected. M. About is a prominent Mason, and informs me that some one hundred members of the Masonic order, including the best mechanics and artists, will go forward to Philadelphia at an early day for the purpose of practicing their various trades and professions during the Exposition. They will be supported on their outgoing trip by the Masons of France, and I have assured them that they will be hospitably received by their brethren in the United States and have written a notice of this fact to the head of the Masonic order in Philadelphia.

Robert Fleurey, the distinguished French artist, a member of the French Institute, now in his eightieth year (who well remembers the first Marquis de Lafayette and is a friend of the last), is engaged on a work for the Phila-

delphia Exposition illustrating the visit of Benjamin Franklin to the French Court in the last days of his life. M. Fleurey received me with distinguished courtesy at the venerable institute of which he is a member, and entered with characteristic enthusiasm into the suggestion which I had the honor to make, that we should like to have one picture at least from his historic brush in our cosmopolitan collection.

The American people will never forget that it was in the spring of 1824 that the Marquis Gilbert Motier de Lafayette left Havre for America on his second short visit to that country; and while at Havre a few days ago in conversation with Mr. Vesey, the American consul at Nice, France, I had an interesting description vividly recalled by the latter of the embarkation from that port of the illustrious Frenchman. Mr. Vesey was then a lad, employed in the American consulate at Havre, and when Lafayette was bidding adieu to his numerous friends crowded on the quay, young Vesey was sent to the French soldier with the imperative message from the captain of the vessel, then waiting for him in the stream, that if he did not soon take boat they would be compelled to weigh anchor without him. It would be a happy coincidence if the grandson of the great Marquis, the present Oscar de Lafayette, now living in Paris, surrounded with the respect and love of the people, could be induced to leave this same port of Havre, early next spring, in an American ship, as the guest of America at our International Exhibition. No visitor from abroad would be so welcome as the descendant of the Marquis de Lafayette, except, perhaps, John Bright or Guiseppe Garibaldi. I have repeatedly said so to M. de Lafayette, but he is so modest and retiring that up to this moment he has declined to accede. Full of love as he is for America, he shrinks from a crowd, and does not desire to be made the object of conspicuous attentions.

A letter from Thomas Cochran, Esq., chairman of the Centennial Buildings Committee, accepting the proposition of Major Auguste Bartholdi, who offers his beautiful bronze fountain, which I have already described, as a free gift to the Centennial Commissioners, asking only that it should be placed in a proper position and supplied with gas and water, has given much satisfaction to that brilliant and disinterested artist and his numerous friends, and long before the winter sets in I hope that you will be able to enjoy the sight of what I conceive to be the most symmetrical and effective fountain I have ever seen. As a model for all our cities, and especially for such places as Reading, Lancaster, Easton, Erie, and other towns of equal and even larger size in other States, it will be well worthy of study and purchase, for its cost will be moderate. The same artist has under way his colossal lighthouse, to be placed on Bedloe's Island, in the approach to the harbor of New York, to which I have already called attention. Exclusive of the pedestal it is more than one hundred feet high, is surmounted by a gigantic female figure holding a torch in her right hand, and when completed will be one of the most striking objects of the kind on any coast in the world. A committee of prominent Frenchmen and Americans has been raised for the purpose of securing funds for this extensive work. Among the names are Oscar de Lafayette, Laboulaye, Flobert, Washburne, and Rochambeau. Next Monday, September 7, M. Bartholdi calls his committee together at his studio, 40 Rue Vavin, Paris, for the purpose of consulting upon the necessary arrangements. One part of this colossal figure, the arm alone, has been modelled for display at the Philadelphia Exposition. The size of the complete statue may be conjectured when I tell you that this single limb looks like the mast of a ship.

PARIS, September, 1875.

LVII.

Diving.—Surrender of Yorktown.—Dion Boucicault.

THERE is now on exhibition at the Alexandra Palace—the new competitor with the Crystal Palace—a curious collection of the various processes of diving, which attracts great crowds, and has already, at the low rate of three-pence for admission, well paid the projectors, who are anxious to place a copy of it in our Exposition if they can be supplied with the necessary water,—a problem easy of solution when we remember that the Schuylkill is our boundary, and that the Alexandra Palace and its grounds are situated on a hill and the water supply consequently is artificial. Engagements permitting, I hope to have an opportunity of personally inspecting this interesting work, at once so useful and so novel. A recent article in the *London Daily News* explains with much minuteness the great advantages resulting from the successful application of the various processes of diving, especially in the recent exploration in the wreck of the Schiller, by which forty thousand pounds have already been recovered.

A number of Philadelphians have secured another panorama—this time the representation of the surrender of the English armies at Yorktown, Virginia, which closed the Revolutionary War. The artist is Colonel Luinnard, the same who has completed the new siege of Paris for Mr. Dobbins and his associates, and I cannot doubt that both will be remunerative enterprises. “The Surrender at Yorktown” is on a flat surface, some ninety feet in length and thirty feet high, and is pronounced by those who have

seen it a vivid, faithful, and picturesque representation of that great historical event.

William Blackmore, Esq., an intelligent Englishman, resident at Salisbury, famous for its ancient cathedral, and in the neighborhood of the mysterious colossal relic, "Stonehenge," is about preparing and publishing, chiefly for the benefit of the Philadelphia Exposition, an illustrated book descriptive of the early life of William Penn, copies of which will be forwarded in due time. Mr. Blackmore is the owner of some choice old engravings relating to the youthful days of Penn, which will be of rare interest to our National Museum. Identified in many ways with America and deeply interested in her progress, Mr. Blackmore is one of a very large class of Englishmen who will utilize the Centennial year by reproducing such relics of our primitive history and experience as will throw new light upon the men and events of the past.

Dion Boucicault, who played in San Francisco on the evening of July 31, left California on the 1st of August and reached New York on the 7th. Taking the steamer on the 11th for Liverpool, he arrived in London ten days after, and is already fully prepared to open at Drury Lane with his popular play, "The Shaughraun." It marks the progress of the age that he should have travelled, with intervals for rest, a distance of nearly seven thousand miles in less than three weeks without fatigue. I attentively listened to his interesting description of his last meeting with the lamented William S. Ralston, of San Francisco, whose sad death excites so much surprise and comment. Having myself known Mr. Ralston, and gratefully remembering his princely hospitalities to Colonel Scott and his party a little more than three years ago, when we visited the Pacific coast, I felt naturally anxious to know whether the shadow of the fate which finally befell him was manifest at all during his intercourse with Boucicault; and I was

prepared, therefore, to hear that when the latter left him he seemed much preoccupied with business, though at intervals naturally cheerful and buoyant. Mr. Boucicault paid him the warm tribute of a kindly heart, and said that he could only now remember the fact that Ralston was the benefactor of the Pacific coast, the friend of the poor, the patron of art in all its phases, and the most unselfish and liberal of men. "Even," said Mr. Boucicault, "if all that I left in his care—and it was a large sum—should be sunk in the general wreck, no word of reproach against William S. Ralston should pass my lips." Still speaking of Boucicault, let me add his very practical suggestion, that after the Exhibition at least one of the great buildings should be left standing, in connection with the Art Memorial Hall itself, in which the most valuable specimens of manufactures should be preserved as the beginning of a great Museum like that at South Kensington or the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

LONDON, September, 1875.

LVIII.

Bartholdi's Colossal Lighthouse.—M. Laboulaye.—Healy the Painter.

INVITED to Paris for a few days to meet the committee appointed to make preparations for Major Bartholdi's colossal lighthouse, the model of which has just been finished, and which is to be erected by the generous subscriptions of the French Republicans and their associates in America on Bedloe's Island, in the bay of New York, I had an opportunity of again meeting M. Laboulaye, the distinguished political economist, whose noble leadership in the Chamber of Deputies promises what I trust will be a permanent

Republic for this magnificent Empire. Among others present at this interesting consultation, which took place at the private residence of M. Bartholdi, were M. Edmond About, Henry Martin, the historian, and Grand Master of the five hundred thousand Masons in France, and several other gentlemen of distinction, including Consul-General Torbert, Mr. Vesey, American consul at Nice, Mr. Walter McMichael of Philadelphia, and Gratiot Washburne, Jr., of the American legation in Paris, who represented his father, now absent at Carlsbad. I have more than once mentioned this imposing lighthouse, which is in the form of a female figure in bronze, one hundred feet high, to be placed on a granite pedestal sixty feet high. If you could see the preparations making for it you would realize at once its peculiar magnificence and the genius of the Republican artist who is executing it. M. Laboulaye predicts that it will be one of the wonders of the Western Continent, and taken in connection with the superb lion of Belfort—the frontier-town defended so bravely against the Germans during the late war—itsself perhaps the largest figure of the kind in the world—you obtain another idea of the artist, whose fountains beautify the principal cities of France, and whose bronzes are among the finest in Europe. M. Laboulaye, I regret to say, is too much engaged in his legislative duties, and is too essential to his party in France, to pay us a visit. We all remember his book on America, that wonderful insight into our domestic life and political institutions which showed a far closer knowledge of both than that of many a traveller who had given time and attention to the subject. When we consider that M. Laboulaye has never seen our country, we can better appreciate the almost inspired temper of a production which, besides its large sale in our own country, has been translated into Russian, Greek, Assyrian, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German, and Dutch, and is a standard work in all libraries.

Short though my stay in Paris must be (for I return to London immediately), I called at the studio of Mr. G. A. Healy, the American artist, 64 Rue de Rochefoucauld, to see his contribution to the Centennial, being the fine full-length painting of the interview between Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Admiral Porter, preparatory to the march into Georgia. It is a noble work, worthy of the fame of Mr. Healy as an unrivalled portrait-painter, giving us perhaps a better Lincoln than any yet painted. I have known Mr. Healy for twenty-five years, and can therefore confirm the fame he has obtained since the time when a struggling artist in the National Capitol at Washington he produced the memorable likeness of that noble-hearted man, President Franklin Pierce. Hung around his studio were many familiar faces, showing not alone the improvement of the artist but the advance in his worldly position. Mr. Healy is going home to America to remain for the Exhibition, and will doubtless be one of its most active promoters. He had just received his appointment from Philadelphia as one of the committee of three to select and send forward such contributions as may be furnished by the American artists in France ; and, although his absence from this committee is unfortunate, we shall not lose the benefit of his practical friendship.

The rapid growth of the sentiment in this beautiful capital in favor of the Exhibition is now very obvious. In several of the windows along the boulevards I find the engravings of the Centennial Buildings surrounded by admiring crowds, while in all circles it is the favorite subject of conversation. One carriage-maker has applied for permission to send forward thirty vehicles, the specimens of his manufacture, while the glass, silk, lace, cotton, wool, steel, iron, and gold and silver work, not to speak of the contributions of the French artists, to be forwarded, indicate the justice of the demand for more space at the hands of the Government officials.

M. Martel, a member of the National Assembly, and the producer of the celebrated brandy which bears his name, will be present in person with the rarest varieties of his manufacture. The Masonic Grand Masters are busily engaged in teaching the one hundred Masons who are to go forth to the Exhibition, representing various trades and conditions, the Masonic service in English, so that they will be able to converse and work with their brethren of the mystic tie in America. An application has been made to the Minister of Marine to establish another line of steamships between Havre and Philadelphia, and as the applicants represent many important interests, there is every prospect that the request will be acceded to.

Bishop Simpson and his daughter, now in Paris on their way home, have visited many places on the Continent, and will go back to Philadelphia full of information in regard to the progress of the Centennial in Europe. Everywhere he went he found it an object of interest among all classes, and with his wide acquaintance and ripe experience he has not failed to push forward the good work. Indeed, every American that I meet shows the same spirit, and you must not be surprised if, in addition to the vast multitude of strangers, hundreds of our own people who have lived abroad for many years will next year return to their native country for the purpose of witnessing what on all sides promises to be a most unique and commanding display.

PARIS, September, 1875.

LIX.

The Continental and the English Sunday Street-watering.

I VENTURE to make a few suggestions, the result of a somewhat close observation during my sojourn in Europe, strengthened by some recent discussions in the Philadelphia papers, first, as to what is called the Continental Sunday as contrasted with the Sunday in England. The latter is the example which commends itself naturally to the United States, and, while furnishing a severe contrast with the license on the first day of the week in France and Italy, is also best adapted to our habits and our institutions. Some persons insist that the closing of the taverns in English cities during the day, and the opening of them from six to twelve o'clock at night, invites and encourages a discreditable dissipation, and that if the rule common to the Latin countries were observed here a different state of things would prevail. The characteristic of the French, Italians, and Germans, that which promotes an almost universal sobriety, is the abstinence of the populace from strong drink, while here the five or six hours of the Sunday evening during which the taverns are thrown open are generally productive of the wildest and most dangerous excesses.

England does not shut out her populace from all amusement on Sunday. Even while the grog-shops are closed, all the parks and squares are open; the railroads and omnibuses are in constant operation save during church hours in the morning, while through the week—and this is the point to which I desire to call the attention of the Centennial Commissioners and the city authorities in Philadelphia—

such resorts as the Crystal Palace and the Alexandra Palace are made attractive by many varieties of amusement, and in the matter of restaurants any number at very low rates. In fact, there is scarcely any kind of recreation that is not made available in all the public places throughout England during the week. As our great Exposition is to be nothing if not cosmopolitan, the English example deserves careful consideration.

No part of the great display of next year will be more instructive and useful than the number of blooded horses sent in from our own and other countries, and these ought certainly to be furnished with opportunities to try their speed. Whether the two established race-courses, that at Point Breeze and that at Suffolk, can be utilized with this view, is a subject for your own consideration.

In *The Press* just received I notice a paragraph referring to the clouds of dust on Broad Street, and I can easily recall the annoyance which often arises from the same cause in Fairmount Park. Here, again, we may take a leaf from the experience of our English and Continental brethren. The watering of the streets of London, Paris, and Brussels, and of all their parks and open places, is one of the delights of residents and travellers. During their visits to the Old World, most of the Centennial Commissioners have watched the process, common to every summer day, so that dust on the great European thoroughfares is almost unknown. I need say no more, save to add that we are certainly as well provided with water as are foreigners, and I believe better. The public hose here are divided into sections and placed on wheels, and are never in the way of travel. On warm days they are constantly employed, so that every road is kept free from dust of every description. As you rise in the morning you find all the water-plugs open and the refuse carried off from the gutters into the sewers.

Bear in mind that these suggestions are not simply for the Centennial, but, properly attended to now, may constitute a system to last through coming generations and become the example for every other city on the American Continent.

LONDON, September, 1875.

L X.

The Drama in London.

I HAVE not had much time for the theatres, but as public amusements of the highest order must form an essential feature of the Centennial, I did not neglect the double impulse of inclination and duty. Drury Lane has lately been dedicated to the revival of what is called the Walter-Scott drama. For many weeks "Amy Robsart" has been played to crowded houses. The sojourn of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, and her reception by the Earl of Leicester, makes real the superb romance of history described by the "Wizard of the North." The Virgin Queen visited her favorite in 1566, 1568, 1575. On the stage, as in the novel, one might revel in the fascinating fictions of that chivalric period, and see stately Elizabeth, courtly Sir Walter Raleigh, accomplished Darnley, villainous Varney, noble Tressillian, with poor Amy, who sought a refuge in the Castle, and was discovered by the angry Queen. The pleasures provided for the amusement of the capricious and self-willed haughty monarch, the processions, the masques, the music, and the ballet, were presented with all the accessories of modern art. Old Drury has put on its royal robes; it is a splendid house, with sweeping tiers, filled to overflowing; a spacious stage, a perfect orchestra, and fine acting. A bust of Sir Walter Scott was in the broad en-

trance, and a Queen's Guardsman, in scarlet uniform, musket in hand, paced the passage, significant of the patronage of the Crown for this establishment. Another of Walter Scott's conceptions, the thrilling story of "The Talisman," was also produced at this theatre; with Richard of the Lion Heart, Sir Kenneth, Saladin, and the grand pageant of the allied armies of the Crusade.

"The School for Scandal," which was played for over a hundred nights at the "Prince of Wales," was too sure a card to be set aside, and is one of those old things made new with fresh scenery, novel situations, and unique renderings, so frequent in London. Thus you have Dickens, Shakspeare, Bulwer, and other writers most familiar to us, made over again by the genius of the playwrights. *Hamlet* is not the *Hamlet* of the common stage, but another character, perhaps more in keeping with the idea of the great inventor. *Pickwick* is a different *Pickwick*, and even history is made to pass before you in a style wholly unlike your accustomed reading. The able men who write for the London theatres, the magnates who manage them, the newspapers that criticise them, and the crowds who flock to them, are never satisfied without some strange effect; and it is wonderful how generously genius supplies the demand, and how patronage devours and rewards it.

John S. Clarke, now as well known on the London as on the American stage, has been at the Adelphi, filling his house and his pockets, and Lydia Thompson at the Charing Cross, equally prosperous. The latter startles the *London Times* this morning with two new American actors she has introduced here. *The Times* says: "But the great event of the evening was the appearance of two American actors—Messrs. Willie Edouin and John Morris—in parts which scarcely pertained to the story. Of these the former portrayed the 'Heathen Chinees,' celebrated by the pen of Bret Harte, while the latter sustained a protean

character, and underwent about half a dozen changes of costume, all effected in the presence of the audience. These two actors, one accurately presenting a type of humanity perfectly new to London, the other performing a feat of 'personation' altogether unprecedented, took the audience completely by surprise. The extravaganza has been played with much success in the United States, and, well put upon the stage, has all those attractions which belong to pieces of the kind. But it is of Messrs. Edouin and Morris that the town will chiefly talk."

Our actors are well received in all the English theatres. Last year I found Mr. H. L. Bateman in fine feather at the Lyceum, growing rich by his resistless energy, aided by his two gifted daughters, Kate (Mrs. Crowe) and Isabella, the latter ripening into fame and beauty and already a star. I afterwards met Bateman in Paris in company with Carl Rosa (poor Parepa's husband) and Brignoli, just after he had seen Victor Sardou, the reigning dramatic author, who lives near Paris at Marly, and who is at work on what promises to be a mine of wealth in the shape of a fresh French sensation. Sardou, whose "Uncle Sam" was a dire failure, is ambitious to recover his laurels, and Bateman thought that what he was then furnishing would do it. A sketch of Mr. Bateman's career in London may be interesting.

The Lyceum had for years been one of the worst theatre-properties in London. Fechter leased it in 1862, and had only one successful season. After his lease expired the house had no regular tenant. In September, 1871, Mr. Bateman took the theatre for a term of years and assumed the management. The opinion was universal that he too would be added to the list of failures. Mr. Bateman, a man of wide dramatic experience on both sides of the Atlantic, saw that the house was most advantageously located, well constructed, and in every way capable of being made a handsome and popular theatre. He saw, too, that almost

all the leading places of amusement were given up to burlesque, light comedy, and similar productions of little solidity, and he perceived a desire on the part of the public for something more real and substantial. He therefore caused the house to be thoroughly renovated and redecorated, enlarged and altered the stage, removed the seats, replacing them with luxuriously upholstered *fauteuils*, constructed on the American plan, so as to admit of easy ingress and egress by the aisles—in a word, expended a large sum in making the house one of the most beautiful in London. He then selected with great care a company capable of rendering the best works of the great masters of dramatic literature. He secured for his theatre two of the first scenic artists in England, who gathered around him a corps of assistants, each of whom was in his own department an expert. The first play produced—entitled “Fanchette”—was an earnest of what Mr. B.’s future course would be in every detail of costuming, scenery, and *mise-en-scène*. The attention of the public was at once attracted, the new order of things noted, and though immediate success was not under the circumstances to be anticipated, still the main point had been gained, and the Lyceum was no longer avoided.

The next production was “Pickwick,” founded upon Dickens’s novel, admirably cast, which added still further to the reputation of the theatre. While engaging his company, Mr. Bateman saw Mr. Henry Irving in the part of *Digby Grant* in the “Two Roses.” He was at once struck by the excellence of his acting, and, believing that he saw in him the ability for a higher sphere, at once engaged him. The third piece presented at the Lyceum was one which created a great and lasting sensation. It raised to eminence an artiste whose powers had never before been tested, the tide of popularity flowed into Bateman’s theatre, and has never since turned. This play was “The Bells.” A psychological dramatic study of extraordinary power

and absorbing interest, it was produced with every advantage. Mr. Irving's superb creation of the Burgomaster *Mathias* carried the town by storm. The play ran one hundred and fifty consecutive nights to immense houses.

Miss Kate Bateman next appeared at this house, playing the character of *Leah* for six successive weeks, and closing the season with the tragedy of "*Medea in Corinth*," in which, in the title-rôle, she surpassed all her previous impersonations.

Mr. Bateman's first season at the Lyceum having been so extraordinary, his best friends thought its second could not rival it. But my redoubtable friend thought otherwise. He had met and conversed much with Mr. W. G. Wills, author of the "*Man o' Airlic*," "*Hinko*," and other plays, and became convinced that Wills was capable of writing a grand historical play which should be in itself a marvel in our time, and which would further reveal Mr. Irving's talents; and accordingly during the summer vacation "*Charles the First*" was written, and produced on the opening of the Lyceum for its second season. Its success was instantaneous and continuous. Seldom, if ever, was such unanimity displayed by the London journals as in their recognition of the wonderful rendition of the part of *Charles* by Mr. Irving. Miss Isabel Bateman (the second daughter), as *Queen Henrietta Maria*, received also the warmest commendations for her acting. The manner in which the piece was placed upon the stage was commented upon by every one. The play was run uninterruptedly for one hundred and eighty-eight nights, being the longest run of any serious play on record, except Miss Bateman's performance of "*Leah*," which ran two hundred and twelve consecutive nights at the Adelphi Theatre in 1863-64.

"*Charles the First*" was succeeded by "*Eugene Aram*," by the same author, fittingly designated a dramatic poem, and in this Mr. Irving gave further evidence of his ability.

The triumphal season was closed by the reappearance of Miss Bateman in her impersonations of *Medea* and *Leah*. Upon the main attraction for his third season Mr. B. had determined long before it commenced. He resolved that Irving should play *Richelieu*, and on the occasion of the late Lord Lytton's visit to the Lyceum at the performance of "The Bells," presented the question to him, and received the assurance that in his opinion the character could not be entrusted to better hands.

"Richelieu" was produced at the commencement of the third season, and, as the Cardinal, Irving far surpassed any contemporaneous performer. "Richelieu" ran one hundred and fifty consecutive nights—the best comment on the merit of the performance. For his next attraction Mr. Bateman was determined to produce a new play, which while differing from should at the same time equal in interest his previous productions. He therefore procured from the pen of Mr. Hamilton Aidé, a novelist of great popularity, a play called "Philip," written expressly for Mr. Bateman, and this was produced on the withdrawal of "Charles I." The cast was exceptionally strong, presenting Mr. Irving in the title-rôle, a character well fitted to display some of his most admirable characteristics; Miss Isabel Bateman as the heroine. The third season was brought to a brilliant close by the revival for a short period of each of the great plays here named. After this, the crowning triumph of all was "Hamlet," which performance I have previously described in detail. The Lyceum closed, on the 2d of July, with the *two hundredth* performance of "Hamlet." Mr. Irving, now in his thirty-seventh year, looks to America as a new and extensive field for the exhibition of his powers, which are very great, peculiar, and original in execution, and to a large extent magnetic in their influence.

LONDON, September, 1875.

L X I.

Sale of American Products Abroad.

SENTIMENT is one thing, and common sense quite another. European nations are coming to Philadelphia, not alone to cultivate a better feeling with our great country, not alone to ward off the possibilities of future conflicts, nor, especially so far as England is concerned, to promote a closer assimilation between the two English-speaking peoples, but also, and chiefly, to open and maintain new markets on the other side of the Atlantic. This is the realistic view of the question, and it was a wise forethought of the British Government, nearly two years ago, when they sent forth one of the ablest men in the diplomatic service at Washington to examine the various industrial centres in the United States in order to find new avenues for goods of British manufacture.

While Europe is coming to America for a practical object, while, in fact, there is an honorable selfishness at the bottom of the vast preparations for next year, let us turn to another point and see how far American enterprise and genius may find opportunities for compensation among the European nations. The facilities between the United States and foreign nations are so rapid and numerous and comparatively cheap that not many years will elapse after the Centennial before we shall witness an increase of mutual transatlantic commerce before which present statistics will pale their ineffectual figures.

I have taken some pains to gather a few facts in reference to the demand for American products in the Old World, simply to show what Americans may expect from

this auspicious beginning. There is an imaginative aspect which relates to the contributions of American actors and actresses, and also to the enormous number of our literary works sold and read in foreign countries, particularly along the more frequent lines of travel. In literature we can point to the dictionaries of Webster and Worcester, to the histories of Irving, Prescott, Motley, and Bancroft. In poetry to Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Edgar Allan Poe, James Russell Lowell, and Edmund Clarence Stedman; and in fiction and humor it may be fairly said that the American writers also stand high. There is a large trade in the works of "Artemus Ward," "Mark Twain," "Hans Breitmann," Bret Harte, J. G. Holland, Louisa M. Alcott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, J. Fenimore Cooper, and William Carleton, while the works of our scientific and theological writers are eagerly read and accepted in the highest quarters.

It is when we come to the more substantial utilitarian products that we may be most surprised. I have before me now the catalogue and price-list of John G. Rollins & Co., American merchants and factors, Old Swan Wharf and 33 King William Street, near London Bridge. This house has been in existence for about fifteen years, and they are doing an extensive business, equal to at least a million a year, in American goods, among which the following are most noteworthy:

As for American Ploughs—They have a large sale at the "Cape" for an American "sulky" or "gang" plough, as also in the various countries of Continental Europe for this and for ordinary single-furrow ploughs; same in Australia.

Reapers and mowers they send largely to the various British Colonies and to Continental Europe.

Hay-presses they are shipping in large numbers, mostly for Ireland, but also for the Continent and for the colonies.

They have bought the patent right of, and manufacture

upon an extensive scale, one of the most popular of American lawn-mowers. That the excellence of this class of American inventions is becoming yearly better recognized in English markets is clearly shown by the greatly-increased demand for this machine, which has been so great that they have been compelled to enlarge their manufactory in order to meet it. It is used in her Majesty's gardens at Buckingham Palace and in many other public places—Hyde Park, Horticultural Gardens, Battersea, Victoria and Kensington Parks, etc., from all of which have been received testimonials of approval expressed in most enthusiastic terms.

Corn-shellers, hay-cutters, grain and fanning-mills, rice and coffee-hullers, etc., are among their regular importations from America.

For next season's sales they are now receiving a shipload of American grindstones, which find a ready market in Great Britain and on the Continent. For small harvesting goods, such as scythes, snaths, rakes, and forks, they have a large sale, but more notably for the celebrated forks made by Messrs. Batcheller & Sons, of Wallingford, Vt. They are now receiving orders by *thousands of dozens* from single houses for these forks for next year's use. Shovels, spades, picks, and draining-tools form a very large part of their trade. Of these they ship immense quantities to Australia and New Zealand. Another large branch of their business is in handles. They ship by hundreds of cases every variety of American-made fork, axe, pick, broom, adze, and small-tool handles to Great Britain, the Continent, and to the Colonies. They ship large quantities also of various kinds of farmers' and gardeners' small tools, such as hoes, floral, grass, lawn, and garden rakes, pruning shears, etc. Woodware, such as tubs, pails, washboards, clothes-pins, toy pails, etc., make a large branch in themselves.

There is also an extensive sale of American folding

chairs, which are becoming very popular because of their peculiar lightness and ingenuity of construction, which enables them to be folded into smaller space when not in use than European productions. They also have a very large sale for ordinary chairs and other American furniture. The next items which attract attention in their extensive general catalogue are such domestic articles as wringing-machines, carpet-sweepers, ice-cream freezers, apple-parers, egg-beaters, churns, sewing-machines, etc., in all of which, especially the latter, they have an almost unlimited trade. They sell large quantities of our plated ware. In American clocks they carry a very large stock of various kinds, which are well received, now that they are known to be thoroughly reliable. Some of their largest articles of trade are the pumps and hydraulic machinery made in Middletown, Conn. Their catalogue contains over two hundred different varieties of these pumps, etc., and their sale in all markets is literally enormous.

This firm represent in England several well-known American houses: in Boston, Troy, Wallingford, New York, New Haven, and many others. They are sole English agents for the celebrated Otis Excavating Machine, made in Boston. They have recently imported one of these enormous machines, which is in successful operation at the extension of the Royal Albert Docks at Hull, excavating at the rate of *eighteen hundred cubic yards per day*.

This enterprising firm well knows the value of "printers' ink," therefore I was not surprised to learn that they have long since made themselves known the "world over" as "pushing" American merchants. They have issued an extensive series of catalogues descriptive of their numerous articles of trade, and these are distributed broadcast throughout Europe and the British colonies. In addition to this they have travelling agents constantly "on the road" in England, Ireland, and on the Continent, and periodically send

a representative around the world on their account—calling at Australian, New Zealand, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, and Sandwich Island ports, and they strive to maintain at home the name their representatives create for them abroad.

Next we have Charles Churchill & Co., American merchants, No. 28 Wilson Street, Finsbury, dealers in American tools, machinery, pumps, oil-stones, and chase-pipe screwing machines. Their head house is in New York, and their London catalogue covers fifty-nine closely-printed folio pages, with photographs of their different manufactures and inventions. Their pipe-cutting and threading machines are in large use and warmly commended by many English houses, while their American endorsers include most of the sugar-refiners, railroad companies, and machinists in our country. Their patent dies and lightning plates, their screwing machines, their parallel vises, their swivelled-jaw vises, their rocking swivelled vises, their combination bell-punch, their universal rolling machine, their belt fasteners, their improved oilers, their upright self-feeding drills, their patent planers, their drilling machines of all kinds, their various car-wheel chucks, their iron-cutters, their foot-lathes, their apple-parer and egg-beater, their hand planing machine, their automatic tool grinder, with many other inventions, not only exhibit American ingenuity in a new light, but show the magnitude of their trade, supplemented as it is by the highest testimonials, including the medals awarded at the Vienna Exhibition in 1873.

A recent article in the *London Times* described the new trade in shovels and edged tools which has grown up in England under the auspices of the enterprising firm of Hussey, Binns & Co., at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The catalogue and price-list of the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of machinery and tools,

and of Darling, Brown & Sharpe, manufacturers of United States standard tools, cast-steel iron squares, American standard wire-gauges, and a variety of tools for accurate measurements, the chief house being at Providence, Rhode Island, both exhibit a large European patronage. Their various machines have been introduced into Germany, Belgium, Norway, France, and England, and they secured a silver medal at Paris in 1867, and one at Vienna in 1873. H. Disston & Sons, of Philadelphia, are also largely selling their products in Germany. Mr. D. Strunk, the efficient agent of a firm at Janesville, Wisconsin, which is engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements, has been eminently successful in introducing reapers and mowers in North Germany, Denmark, and other countries. Woods & Co., of 36 Worship Street, have opened a large trade in American reapers and mowers in England, and other reapers—as the Buckeye and the McCormick—have attained great popularity. On Queen Victoria Street is the branch house of the Remington Rifle Company, the parent manufactory being at Ilion, New York. This branch is said to be doing a larger business than any other manufacturer of arms in London. About two years ago they commenced the introduction of their sporting rifle and pistol here, and have met with great success. The American sewing-machines are everywhere, of every description, having almost complete command of the English and Continental market. Philadelphia is represented in London by the American Sewing-Machine and Buttonhole Company, and there are thriving agencies for the sale of others.

The great Hoe fast printing-press manufacturers lead all competitors here and on the Continent. The finest part of their work is imported from America, but their heavy castings are made here, where they have also an office, a repair-shop, and other buildings. They furnish most of the daily papers of London, including *Times* and *Telegraph*,

with their presses. The Waltham Watch Company have a splendid establishment in High Holborn, and near by is the branch of the Elgin Watch Company. The latter company have an agency located in St. Petersburg, and the former are rapidly extending their trade to all parts of Europe. The American tramways (for street cars) are already in operation in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, and in Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, Berlin, and Wiesbaden, they are not only profitable investments, but greatly preferred by the people to any other mode of locomotion. While all these are founded on the American model, and some of them are still conducted by Americans, they are gradually passing under foreign control. The statistics of the trade in petroleum, of which the house of Peter Wright & Sons, of Philadelphia, may be called the chief, shows that all over Europe, and even in Asia, that peculiar product, although now suffering from an overabundant supply, is certain at no distant day to enter into universal consumption. London and Antwerp are the chief European distribution points for petroleum.

The high price of American pianos, with a heavy importation duty upon them, prevents their sale abroad, but their excellence is everywhere admitted and commended, especially by musical professors; the cabinet organ of Mason & Hamlin, which was used by Mr. Sankey at the recent large gatherings in Great Britain, is now being fast introduced into family and chapel use, while the firm of George Wood & Co. are also opening a successful trade in the same line.

The capital employed in American cheese is something enormous, and there is a constant and an immense demand for that cheese in the English markets.

The pottery works which have been going on for some years at Trenton, New Jersey, may be called the promise of a great manufacturing interest, and a gentleman recently

from Staffordshire assures me the interest can readily be extended into all our States and a large trade built up. The English manufacturers admit that we have the peculiar varieties of clay necessary for the finest descriptions of earthenware, now become a fashionable product. Ceramic ware is the mania all over Europe, and the porcelain, parian, majolica, the various Wedgwood conceptions, including the magnificent tiles of Minton, the exquisite works in flowers and in statuary—all these, now exclusively in the hands of the great Staffordshire establishments, may in the course of time be successfully imitated by American skilled labor, and thus, though we may not enter into competition with these unrivalled masters of the art, we may at least finally keep at home the money now spent here, and in this aspect the beautiful specimens that will be shown at Philadelphia next year will be so many unconscious educators of our people.

The Pullman and the Mann palace and sleeping-carriages are only the commencement of what is certain to become a profitable business; and already the air-brakes of Westinghouse and Smith have been introduced on some of the leading railways.

The venerable Mr. Goodyear, the pioneer in the india-rubber trade, is now in London, and the enormous demand for the endless varieties of india-rubber or gutta-percha goods shows how his example and enterprise have been followed.

American canned fruit is to be found, not only in London, but all over the Continent. In fact, there is not a metropolis or town in which American signs and placards are not frequently seen; and it is stated that if the American and British travel were to cease in Italy flourishing cities would be comparatively desolate.

American locomotives are supplied to Russia notwithstanding our high protective tariff. That able and candid

Englishman, Professor I. Lothian Bell, in his paper read before the Iron and Steel Institute of London in May, 1875, says, "High prices enable the American iron-masters and machine-makers to pay high wages, which has so fostered the inventive genius of our relations across the water that the economy with which they can construct machinery, and its excellence when constructed, render them able successfully to compete with the old country. No one can deny the existence of great ingenuity on the part of the American mechanicians, and I deem it simple justice to place their achievements as a worthy continuation of what had been effected in this country by their ancestors and pursued since by their cousins."

Last but not least in this interesting summary is the valuable trade of Fairbanks & Co., manufacturers of American railway and other weigh bridges, rolling-mill, warehouse, and other weighing machines, adjusted to the standards of all nations; also, platform, counter, and small scales for farmers, millers, seedsmen, dairy, and general use. Such is the variety of these scales that they range from the tiniest contrivances to weigh letters, drugs, and gold, up to the railway scales capable of ascertaining the weight of an entire train at once. This firm is well known in Philadelphia. Their indefatigable European agent and representative, our fellow-citizen, Mr. George C. Ewing, Jr., is now established at 34 King William Street, London. Fairbanks' scales are found everywhere. They can weigh from a pennyweight to a boat-load of five hundred tons. You find them in China, Japan, India, Persia, Turkey, Arabia, and the Barbary States. Caravans of camels loaded with these scales tread the deserts of Arabia, and Chinese junks carry them far into the vast interior of the Celestial Empire. Their yearly sales amount to over two millions of dollars. Their annual product is fifty thousand scales of three hundred different sizes. It is not

many years since three members of this family, one of whom still survives, founded the famous factory at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, which is to-day the largest of the kind in the world. It employs six hundred men, and with its branches gives work to four hundred more. They are now used everywhere in England, and are recognized as standard weighing instruments. There were four thousand seven hundred and forty-seven scales manufactured at their works during the month of April, 1875, being nine hundred and seventy-five more than during the same time in 1874. The company are now filling a large order to be sent to Mexico and St. Petersburg. An instance of the immense patronage extended to this wonderful invention is the single fact that in the past seventeen years seventeen millions four hundred and ninety-seven thousand three hundred and twenty-five live animals have been weighed upon Fairbanks' scales in the Union stock-yards of Chicago, a total that would outweigh the entire human population of North and South America; and of the sixteen hundred now in use on railroads not one has yet been reported as breaking down. These scales have been put on the leading railways of England, and a thirty-ton scale is now being constructed for the Midland, between Liverpool and London. The company are also engaged in fulfilling a contract for eleven thirty-ton scales in Sweden, besides having furnished a number of scales of smaller sizes. But they are applied to hundreds of other purposes, not only for light but for the heaviest weights. Fourteen different European governments have adopted these standard scales, including Russia, France, Denmark, Spain, Prussia, and Austria. Their value on the railroads in Europe, not alone in America, is proved by their extraordinary accuracy, and necessitated by the constant blunders in the weighing of baggage, a source of endless annoyance to travellers. The highest prizes were awarded for these scales at the Paris Exhibi-

tion in 1867, at the Vienna Exposition in 1873, and at the great fairs in New York, Lowell, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and Atlanta. The imperial order of the "Knightly" Cross was conferred by the Emperor of Austria upon Thaddeus Fairbanks, the surviving inventor of Fairbanks' scales. W. Hepworth Dixon, the well-known English writer, has written several letters from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, in the past few years, which were printed in the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, and I cannot better close this description than by an extract from his account of the town where the scales are chiefly manufactured :

"We are seated in a small but handsome public gallery in front of Bierstadt's famous picture of the Yosemite Valley, with the glorious domes and sparkling cataract of spray, crowned by a mass of gray and silvery cloud, through which the blue of the pacific sky breaks here and there—the masterpiece of this great master of American landscape. Some other specimens of the young and energetic American school—landscapes by James Hart and by William Hart; an Indian summer in the woods, by T. McEntee; an emigrant's corral on the prairie, by Samuel Coleman, and a noticeable view of the Catskill Mountains and the Hudson Valley, by S. R. Gifford—court our eyes and dare our criticism. Books, cases, carvings, lie about—each choice in kind, and useful for illustration of peculiar arts. Behind us stretches a suite of rooms containing books, and what belongs to books when they are used for serious work, a collection well selected, brightly bound, and handsomely shelved, rich in works of English literature, and especially rich, as such a collection ought to be, in works on American history and topography, beginning with the earliest notice of the Indian tribes and coming down to the last debate on the Maine liquor law. Behind this library lies a public reading-room, supplied with magazines and periodicals in great variety, both English and American. Gallery, library, and reading-room are free to all the inhabitants of the place, and to all strangers who are properly introduced. A cosier place to read and write in could hardly be contrived; in fact, this Athenæum is a literary and artistic gem.

"Where are we? In some great and wealthy capital—some city of historic fame, the home of great traditions and the heir of much inherited wealth? Are we in a university—a rival of Harvard and Yale? In none of these; in none like these. We are not in a city—not even in a town. Our place is called a village.

"Let us step out of the picture-gallery, leaving Bierstadt's stately domes

and shining spray, into the street. It is a wide, green lane, with lines of maple-trees in all the splendor of an Indian summer in their leaves. This green lane is Main Street. On either side stand cottages and mansions, built of wood and painted white, with delicate green shutters and verandas running over fluted columns. Here and there rise piles of greater consequence; a handsome court-house and town-hall, in front of which stands Mead's fine group of 'Fallen Heroes.' A still more handsome building called the Academy—a high school conducted by Rev. H. T. Fuller—and adjoining it South Hall, a residence for the principal and boarding-house for the students. Here is a church and here a grammar school. Turning towards the edifice we have left, we find it is a red-brick building, in the Tudor style, not wanting in a kind of solid dignity. The sky lines are good. Yet the place is only a New England village, with the population of two or three London streets.

"Lovely as the scenery of a dream is the situation of St. Johnsbury. Sliding out of White River Junction, a spot to recall some favorite nook in the Neckar Valley, you push into a gorge of singular beauty, with a long reach of the Connecticut River lying under high and wooded hills of varied form and wondrous brightness. Pine and maple, oak and chestnut, clothe the slopes. White houses lie about; some in secret places, utterly alone with nature, others in groups and village systems, with their gardens, fruit-trees, and patches of maize, in which the orange gourds lie burning in the sun. Sometimes the hills fall back, and give up grassy banks and even meadow to the grazier. Then the scene is animated by herds of cattle and squads of horses. But the charm of the landscape is the water—first, of the Connecticut, afterwards of the Passumpsic; for these water-courses combine the beauties of flowing rivers with those of mountain streams—here frisking over rocks in small cascades, there singing in and out of broken stones and over pebbly beds, now sweeping slowly, with a kind of matronly dignity, between the level banks. A pause occurs; we leave the cars; we mount a gentle slope; and we are in the main street of St. Johnsbury, with its Athenæum, court-house, and Academy in our front and on our flank, and leaf-strewn avenues on our right and left.

"Eye of man has rarely seen, and heart of man has hardly conceived, a residence of men more perfect, save for those who cannot stand the healthy rigor of a Vermont winter. Nature has been lavish of her gifts. A ridge of hill—here called a plain—rises between two streams, the Passumpsic River and Sleeper's Creek. Uplands start from the nether bank of both these streams, and shut us in with green and purple heights, on which the sunrise and sunset play with wondrous harmonies of light and shade. This village is made of scales. We seem to eat scales and drink scales. We are lodged in scales, are weighed in scales, and driven about in scales. We have our minds engaged with scales, with casting, notching, polishing, and testing scales, from sunrise to sunset. Scales are in the air, in the roadway,

and on the waters. Scales have dredged the Sleeper's Creek and bridged the Passumpsic River. Scales have brought one railway line up the valley from White River Junction, and are pushing another line through the mountains to St. Albans and Lake Champlain. In short, scales are here the power, the inspiration, and the means of all material progress. In other places justice may have one pair of scales; in St. Johnsbury civilization herself would be nothing without a thousand pair of scales."

A. B. G. Northrop, recently appointed Commissioner of Education for the Empire of Japan, writes of St. Johnsbury as follows:

"It has long been a marvel how such a concern could be made a permanent success for nearly fifty years in this remote corner of the State, so far from tide-water, with heavy and expensive freightage, the items of coal and iron being yearly about ten thousand tons, with numerous other supplies from Boston or New York, and the necessity of transporting the manufactured products to the seaboard. Throughout New England the tendency of manufacturers has been from the interior to the seaside. The cost of transportation has led them to abandon old sites and water-privileges far inland and build nearer the great markets. For this reason, though they must there run by steam only, manufactories are multiplying in New Haven and along the shore to New York more rapidly than elsewhere in Connecticut. But in St. Johnsbury, notwithstanding these great disadvantages, the business has steadily grown and become a success, which, in view of the difficulties overcome, is unparalleled in this country.

"Now, what is the explanation of this marvellous prosperity? What is the condition of the workmen? These points I came here to investigate. For this purpose I inspected the works, covering ten acres, examined the processes, talked freely with the hands as well as with the owners and with the citizens of St. Johnsbury not connected with the factory. To observe the home-life of the operatives, I entered their houses and conversed with their families. These inquiries brought out facts and inferences which will, I think, be of interest and use alike to employers and employed generally.

* * * * *

"There is a superior class of workmen in this establishment. All are males. Their work is proof of skill. Their looks and conversation indicate intelligence. They are mostly Americans, and come from the surrounding towns. More than half of them are married and settled here as permanent residents, interested in the schools and in all that relates to the prosperity of the place. Many of them own their houses, with spacious grounds for yard and garden, and often a barn for the poultry and cow. These houses are pleasing in their exterior, neatly furnished, and many of them supplied with pianos and tapestry carpets. How different from the

nomadic factory population swarming from Canada and from other lands to densely crowded tenement-houses, who never bind themselves to civilization by home, much less by a house of their own! The tenement-houses, also, are inviting and comfortable, and surrounded with unusually large grounds. The town is managed on temperance principles, and drunkenness, disorder, and strife among the hands are almost unknown. Most of them are church-goers, many of them church-members.

"I examined the pay-roll and found the wages very liberal. The workmen seem well satisfied on that score. Wherever it is possible the work is paid for by the piece. The work itself is largely done by machinery, and that *sui generis*, invented here and for the special and peculiar results here reached. The men are encouraged to expedite their processes by new inventions, and share largely in the benefits of all such improvements. I conversed with one of the hands who invented a curious apparatus by which he marks a hundred register-bars with greater accuracy and in but little more time than he could formerly do one. He now finds working by the job especially profitable. Paying by the piece has worked well here. The men say it is fairer to pay for results than by hours. The worth of labor depends upon its products. This plan stimulates industry, promotes skill, and fosters inventiveness. It apportions awards to the quantity and quality of the work done. But more than all, this plan is recognized by the men as just and satisfactory. With the time left practically to their own choice, there is no eight-hour movement here. No 'labor league' or union has ever existed—no strike ever been suggested. This would be a poor place for the Internationals to preach the gospel of idleness or agrarianism. Imagine one of these delegates just arrived at St. Johnsbury and beginning his arguments for a strike with Mr. ———, whose house I visited! I fancy him replying somewhat as he did to my inquiry: 'Why is it you never have any strikes here?' 'Well, we have a good set of men to start with—temperate and moral. Then we are well paid. Wages have often been advanced. The owners take an interest in the men.'"

From this somewhat rapid summary, necessarily incomplete, the American people will understand that while their country is a new field to European skill and capital, Europe is not less interesting to them. The *London Daily Telegraph*, commenting upon the ruin of the Bank of California and the death of Mr. Ralston, says, "We in England are, for the present at any rate, fortunately secure from such catastrophes. Our wealth is so vast, and our trade upon the whole so sound, that no speculator, or even

ring of speculators, has the power to destroy an essentially sound concern; and combinations such as that of the New York gold ring, or of Messrs. Flood and O'Brien, are practically unknown in the magic region which lies east of Temple Bar."

This suggestion, though somewhat boastful, is distinctly true as to the large wealth accumulated in London and in most of the European capitals. This wealth, much of it, is secured at very low rates of interest, yet there can be no doubt that as our American panic passes off, a wholesome condition must follow the succession of calamities under which we have been prostrated, Europe will again turn to the United States as at once the most remunerative, and, after such an experience as that we have endured, the safest spot of earth in which to invest money: the most remunerative, because the most productive and prosperous; the safest, because rescued from all dangers of revolution and war; and in the same connection we must not forget, with the several examples I have quoted, that there is no portion of the globe in which the peculiar skill and originality of the American people will find so wide and so tempting an arena upon which to exercise their genius and skill as in the wealthy countries of the Old World.

LONDON, September, 1875.

XLII.

London Journalism on American Topics.—Politico-Religious Issues.

It is really surprising, notwithstanding a steady crusade of criticism upon the United States, how much sincere praise and good counsel are intermingled with the censorship. To read the London daily newspapers is in itself a task, for each is a sort of cyclopedia of news and comment. London is the focus of modern commerce, where the largest amount of the world's money is accumulated, and where every subject interesting to human development is constantly examined and discussed. It is noteworthy that nothing attracts so much attention as the growth of the United States, and you may rest assured that while our good traits are not concealed, the weak features of our system are constantly laid open. To-day, for instance, *The Times* has two articles bearing upon this point. One, on the appointment of the six new cardinals at Rome by Pope Pius, closes as follows :

"The mere presence of Cardinal McCloskey would suffice to teach the authorities of the Roman Church that they must be very cautious indeed in the practical assertion of her claims to absolute supremacy. To the United States of America they can look with some degree of comfort. There emigration from the Old World, and especially from Ireland, is raising a Catholic community which may in time be more numerous than that of some exclusive Catholic countries. The American Catholics are building splendid churches and spreading rapidly. They have gained great political power, and they sometimes control the election in certain towns. With much foresight they have bought large strips of land by the side of the railways which run westward, and thus their Church will soon have a princely endowment. They may also win many converts from rich classes eager to find some greater relief from the bareness of democracy than the bareness of Protestantism. But the prospects of the Catholics in America would indeed be blighted if they were to make arrogant claims of

political superiority. Somehow they must accommodate the overshadowing pretensions of the Vatican to the modest part they have to play yet a while. They must not only make terms with the democracy, but speak its language, use its instruments, and try to outdo it at its own work. Nay, the Vatican itself must soon set itself to the same task, if it would avert losses in the Old World which will more than outweigh the gains in the New. The present Pope, of course, will never so far bend to the necessities of modern society, but his successor will doubtless be more pliable, and so elastic are the doctrines of the Papacy, when manipulated skilfully, that Rome may still make a bold bid for democratic favor. Ultimate success she will not attain, for the genius of her whole system is alien from the free life of modern society; but she may gain temporary triumphs even in places where she now excites animosity by the vehemence of her intolerance."

The other article treats of the prospects for the supply of food or wheat to Great Britain for the year 1876, and concludes as follows :

"A very small rise of price in our market tells amazingly upon countries where money is scarce, where it is more a matter of account than a thing a man can see and handle, and where fixed deductions leave out of every payment a very small margin for the nominal recipient. It would be most interesting to see whether a rise of ten shillings a quarter would really fail to extract from the rye-eating populations of Russia and Germany more than the tenth or eleventh of the wheat crop—all they send us now; still more, whether it would fail to draw hither from France more than a fortieth of her own wheat. She is holding on for good prices, Mr. Caird thinks, and, notwithstanding her reverses, is not an easy seller. We once received 1,800,000 quarters from her at fifty shillings; but that, it seems, is not likely soon to recur. But we have to go further for our chief purveyors. When people talk of our putting our fortunes, our lives, and our national existence into the hands of foreigners, they may not be always aware that it is the citizen of the United States and the Canadian whom we have made the masters of our destiny. More than half our foreign wheat comes from them, and it follows that the American harvest is more important to us than the Irish or Scotch, and, it may be said, nearly as important as the English itself. The difficulty of any estimate lies, not in the remoteness, for distance is nothing in these days, but in the fact that every item of information comes through those who are deeply interested in keeping the truth to themselves. However, they cannot quite conceal it, for they buy and sell, and the public prices tell tales. Mr. Caird thinks the prospect not so cheerful in that direction. There have been short crops both on the Eastern and Western shores, and the question is said to be everywhere one of deficiency, more or less. Let us hope that

it is somewhat over-early to know the truth when the harvest is scarcely yet in. At any rate, from one quarter or another we cannot doubt that our wants will be well supplied."

In reference to popular education in England compared with popular education in America, the *Daily News*, lately, commenting upon Mr. Gladstone's recent speech before the Hawarden Literary Institute, says,—

"It would be superfluous to dwell on the advantages of such institutions as that which Mr. Gladstone addressed in helping the work of popular education. They are not, as a rule, very common or very successful in England, or at least in the south of England, and we do not know whether they are very strong in Wales. In some of our northern and midland counties they flourish with a certain vigor. In Scotland they really constitute an important element in the national education. In many of the States of the American Union they find their greatest favor. A town, a city of a dozen years' existence and a street and a half of population, will have its lyceum, with its reading-rooms, its class-rooms, and its winter course of lectures. These institutions, some philosophers say, engender superficial ways of reading and thinking. But we are inclined to believe that the choice is between superficial reading and no reading; and we should like to know how many really profound readers all our universities together annually turn out. Mr. Gladstone thinks that in all classes throughout this country we are a rather indolent people as regards mental cultivation."

On the same subject *The Times* of the same day makes the following admission :

"But the one great obstacle to be overcome is that of which Mr. Gladstone spoke in his reference to Scotland. It is the utter inefficiency of the education of English laborers for any permanent intellectual culture. Mental culture and the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures are impossible without a thorough facility in reading. Until this faculty is acquired, the perusal of a book or a newspaper is the very reverse of a recreation. It is an exercise of the attention of the most fatiguing kind; and after a long day's work it is too much to expect of a laboring man. The greatest problem, perhaps, remaining to be solved in popular education in England is that of abolishing this preliminary incompetence. There can be no insuperable difficulty in the task; for, as we have said, it seems to be accomplished on the Continent, and is probably accomplished in America. But in England, at present, the average schoolboy is pushed just far enough up the hill of the six standards to roll back with great velocity the moment the

pressure of school is removed. Reading and writing have never become to him anything but troublesome labors, and he feels no temptation to seek recreation in occupations to which they form the avenue. The dullest of those indolent intellects which Mr. Gladstone recognizes in other classes of society finds an occasional diversion from grosser amusements in a novel; and a laboring boy need not be clever to read well enough to enjoy a similarly harmless stimulation of a languid mental circulation. The literary and scientific institutes of a generation ago began by putting the cart before the horse; and we have been slowly putting the motive-power in its right place ever since. By all means let such institutions be sustained and utilized in the manner of which Mr. Gladstone sets so good an example. But their vitality, as he says, depends on the intelligence of the mass of the population, and that depends on the success of the schoolmaster. We have now provided the machinery of education in abundance, and we have no lack of exhortations to make use of it. Will no one set the example or show the way of laying the necessary foundations for this intellectual superstructure?"

Colonel Muter, in the *Anglo-American Times*, of the 17th, commences an article on the Roman Catholics in America as follows:

"It is noteworthy, though not much noted, to witness the decline in the spirit of animosity exhibited by the Irish in America towards England. As the field for the exercise of the agitators' eloquence narrowed, in the decrease of the sentiment upon which they worked, fewer were enticed, and the two causes acting and reacting on each other have carried 'Irish grievances' out of the category of insufferable bores, so long inflicted upon foreign countries, especially the United States. It is noticed in the British Colonies how admirably adapted the Irish are to make prosperous and contented settlers, and they would long before have lost the ranting character acquired in America, had it not been that the masses, found grouped in a few cities, furnished the professional agitator with a profitable means for exercising his vocation. When his denunciation of English tyranny had elicited free contributions, it became necessary that something practical should be done for the money, hence the Fenian invasions, which cast discredit on the agitators, and lessened materially the area for their operations, which ever since has been a diminishing domain. Those who read any of the well-edited papers of the Irish-Americans will perceive the change very distinctly marked. There is none of that wholesale abuse of England and the English which formerly characterized such organs; none of that disregard for facts and the truths of history which made unprejudiced persons receive their assertions with a discount so liberal. The questions are discussed with moderation and on their merits, according to

the light of the journalists who deal with them; and, instead of relating to their kindred in a distant island, these questions for the most part now have reference to themselves, as members of the community settled on the continent of America."

Mr. Horace White, late of the *Chicago Tribune*, has secured the endorsement of the *Standard*, the leading Conservative organ, as will be seen from the following:

"We would invite the attention of our readers to a very interesting article in this month's number of the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled 'An American's Impressions of England.' It is the first paper in the number, and will be found exceedingly well worth perusal. The opinions formed by an able, observant, and impartial foreigner on the institutions, customs, manners, and circumstances amidst which we have grown up from childhood are always instructive. But they are especially so in the present instance. An American, speaking our own language and inheriting so large a portion of our traditions, feelings, and modes of thought, is necessarily better able to enter into the spirit of our social and political system than the native of a continental country can possibly be. And Mr. White is a distinguished American writer. Moreover, Mr. White conveys his impressions by drawing a contrast between his own country and ours. This it is which constitutes the special interest of his paper. Of all foreign countries the United States most nearly resemble the United Kingdom. They have been settled by our own people, they have inherited our language, our religion, and our institutions. Have they upon new soil and under a democratic form of government developed a higher civilization, or, at any rate, a better and a happier society? Or have they by transplantation lost any of the excellences of the old home? Or, finally, have they simply perpetuated the prepossessions which they took with them? We know the answers which Englishmen give to these questions, but what is the reply of a cultured and thoughtful American revisiting the country of his ancestors? The key-note of his remark is struck in the following passage: 'In recording some of the impressions which a first visit to England makes upon an American, I mention this as the most striking in its effect upon my own mind. The new Republic has, if anything, veered towards Monarchy, while the old Monarchy has manifestly drifted to Republicanism. It seems rather a startling thing to say, that England is more republican than the United States, but I have ventured to say it in an American publication, and I repeat it here.' In this passage it will be understood that by 'republican,' Mr. White means a country in which 'public opinion acts more speedily, surely, and effectively' than in another. In this sense the statement will not be new to readers of the *Standard*. We have often pointed out, more particularly

on the occasions of the great Democratic victories last autumn, that in the United States public opinion has no ready means of acting upon the Government; that, on the contrary, a discredited Administration may survive its popularity for years, and a party which has lost its hold upon the people may, through the Senate and the Presidency, thwart the will of the nation, and may lose power just when it is recovering favor. But we are glad to be able to cite in our support the opinion of an educated and travelled American. With true political insight Mr. White perceives clearly that the existence of an aristocracy in no way militates against his argument, and he has the courage to say so. And then he proceeds to administer a lesson to our small clique of republican agitators, which their importance certainly does not deserve, but which, nevertheless, as the unbiased opinion of an observant American, has an interest quite apart from the persons to whom it is immediately addressed. 'In the wider sense,' he writes, 'it appears to me that the republican agitators of England have already got all and more than they can ever attain by copying after us.' And having thus plainly intimated his contempt for the folly of these agitators, Mr. White goes on to say, what all competent judges feel, that universal suffrage has worked mischievously in the United States. 'That it would have been better for us in America, especially in the large cities,' —is his outspoken expression—'if some such test had been adopted and adhered to, in place of universal suffrage, is the opinion of nearly all who have either education or property.'

Are we on the eve of a great religious controversy in the United States and Europe? Are the evil passions of Native Americanism in 1844 and the paroxysmal excesses of Know Nothingism in 1854 to be revived? In looking over the field there would seem to be an obvious affirmative answer to these questions, and yet perhaps a warning word in advance may save us from the calamities of another similar excitement. With no desire, certainly, to provoke a result that all must deplore, it may serve a historical purpose to summarize the various symptoms of the times.

I. The Papal Nuncio in Madrid, in a remarkable circular to the Spanish bishops, protests against the religious toleration granted under the proposed new Spanish constitution, which it denounces as "a false principle in a nation eminently Catholic." The following is the text of the offensive article in the proposed constitution:

"No one can be molested on Spanish territory for his religious opinions, nor for the exercise of his respective worship, unless necessary from the respect due to Christian morality."

This passage is declared by the Nuncio to be "fraug't with disastrous consequences to the Spanish nation, which from time immemorial has been in the possession of the precious treasure of Catholic unity."

II. The formal denunciation of the Masonic order in England and France, and the natural resistance of the organization, composing more than a million Freemasons, to this ostracism.

III. The appointment of a list of six new Cardinals by the Pope, five of them Italians and one a Frenchman, which is characterized by the *London Times* as a practical nomination of an Ultramontane successor by Pio Nono, who, having recovered from "his brief dream of liberalism," follows that by "a war against modern society in the syllabus," and selects Italian cardinals solely because of their sympathy with the obvious preparations of Jesuits and other extreme Catholics.

IV. The increasing virulence of the contest between the Roman Catholics and Protestants in Germany.

V. The manifest signs of bitter antagonism between the Roman Catholics and the Low Church element of the Church of England led by Mr. Gladstone.

But it is when we turn to the United States, or rather to the North American Continent, without at all including the too visible indications in South America, that we find reason for the most gloomy forebodings:

First. The late scandalous riot at Montreal, on the second of September, against the decision of the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, ordering the cemetery authorities of Montreal to permit the ecclesiastical burial of the body of Joseph Guibord, who died six years ago a devout Roman Catholic, and whose remains were refused

interment because he was too liberal to please the Canadian Ultramontaniam. The facts of this frantic outburst, composed of a mob of five hundred French Canadian roughs, who prevented the burial of the dead body, are already sufficiently familiar in America.

Second. The movement of the Roman Catholics of Ohio in regard to the school question, vigorously denounced by the Democratic leader, Senator Thurman, and leading almost irresistibly to the defeat of the Democratic party of that State in the October election.

Third. The excited discussion in New Jersey, produced by the circular of the Roman Catholic bishop denouncing several of the proposed amendments to the constitution of New Jersey as hostile to the interests of the Church of Rome.

Fourth. The organization of an anti-Catholic party in Maryland, a State containing a very large and influential Roman Catholic population.

I have called these symptoms, and they might be multiplied by other references, but they are sufficient indications of the temper of the public mind at the present moment. Some prophets read these as sure forerunners of the overthrow of the Roman Catholic Church, and insist that in proportion as the Church advances in its exactions and reiterates its extremest doctrines, it will only serve to increase the antagonism of its adversaries; and thus society will be arrayed in two hostile sections, one to defend what are called the prerogatives of the Roman Catholics, and the other to resist and put them down. Perhaps a religious frenzy may completely obliterate all other issues in 1876, and those who have been looking for divisions in parties on financial questions may be surprised by a revolution arising from entirely different causes. In any case the subject is certain to awaken intense agitation; and in this aspect it possesses extraordinary interest to the statesmen and publicists of all nationalities. We may readily con-

sole ourselves in the United States that whatever the revolution with us may be, it cannot end in a conflict of arms. We have a conservative element which opposed and survived the two religious excitements of 1844 and 1854, and after all our best remedy is the ballot-box ; but this cannot be said of Continental Europe, where there are already too many other turbulent elements at work not to make of this new demonstration a probable cause of speedy civil wars. England, like the United States, possesses a strong barrier against the encroachments of the Pope upon one side and the evils of infidelity upon the other in a Church nominally national here, and almost equally so with us, which in its conservatism affords full scope to form sentimentality and tradition in religion, at the same time that it is the bulwark of a determined Protestantism.

LONDON, September, 1875.

LXIII.

Slang—American and English.

EVERY English writer, without exception, insists that an American abroad is easily and instantly recognized by the peculiar tones of his voice ; and even Anthony Trollope, a very liberal man, does not hesitate, repeatedly in his last novel, “*The Way We Live Now*,” to complain of the nasal twang of his transatlantic cousins. Let me admit at the start that there is nothing more delightful than the conversation of an educated Englishman or Englishwoman ; but the moment you pass from *their* circle you are assailed at every quarter by a mingling of dialects, and in many cases a most incomprehensible jargon. I often find it

difficult to understand an English clergyman, and it is the common remark of Americans who visit the theatres that they lose a large portion of the play in consequence of the rapid and indistinct enunciation of actors in subordinate parts. The same observation may be made with justice of most of the speakers in the House of Commons. Take out Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and a few more, and it is next to impossible to comprehend what nearly all the others say.

Whatever may be said of the Americans, whether they come from the far North or from the far South, however they may be distinguished by the characteristic idioms of their vicinities, *you can always understand them*; and this cannot be said of a very large majority of the people of England, particularly those who are popularly called the laboring classes. The New Englanders are indeed easily recognized. But where in our country have we had better orators than the New England orators? Where has the English language been better spoken than by Webster, Everett, Sumner, Winthrop, and Charles Francis Adams? If you go to the South, who can ever forget the splendor of the diction of Clay, Hilliard, Wise, Benjamin, William C. Preston, and John C. Breckenridge and his illustrious uncles? while of the Middle and Western States quite as much may be said of their representative men. The most popular orator in England is the man who approaches nearest the American style,—John Bright.

A few days ago the *London Standard*, in a leader on the negro riots at Clinton, Mississippi, said that the outbreak was denominated, “in that peculiar slang which is fast becoming the language of America, a ‘big scare.’” Now, let us consider for a moment whether what is called slang is confined to the United States. You will be surprised to learn that nearly all *our* catch-words are derived from England, and those that are exclusively our own, though by no

means commended to imitation, are often productive of the rarest humor, a forcible illustration of which is the popularity of the writings of "Artemus Ward," "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Mark Twain," Bret Harte, and their copyists in England. Without slang, so to speak, none of these original humorists would have an audience of any kind. The old English slang was coarse and vulgar. The word itself is of Gypsy origin, yet it has been so universally adopted and naturalized in Great Britain as now to pervade the entire body of the best English conversation. "Beastly" and "nasty" are constantly used even by elegant ladies in their daily discourse. "Nasty" is employed to indicate *ill-tempered* and *cross-grained*, while "beastly" is more familiarly applied to bad weather. "Screwed" is the common appellation applied to an intoxicated person; and surely it is a peculiar slang which transforms a sixpence into a "tanner," a shilling into a "bob," and a half-crown into a "bull." The word "awful" is made to perform many parts in England. You hear on all sides of an "awful fine woman," "I am awful sorry," "it was awfully grand;" and then follows "jolly," a word as commonly used here as any other in the English language; as, for instance, "awfully jolly;" "he is jolly;" "she is jolly." The expression, "a bad egg," is not of American, but of English invention. "Banged up" also comes from this side of the water. "Batter," to designate roystery or debauchery, originates here. "Biddy," an Irish servant; "bilbo," a Toledo sword; "bilk," a cheat or swindler; "billy," a policeman's truncheon; "blinker," a black eye; "bloody," an expletive used to intensify a phrase; "blow," to expose; "blowout," a feast; "blue devils," delirium tremens; "bog-trotter," an Irishman; "bone," to steal; "boozy," fuddled; "bore," a troublesome friend; "bosh," nonsense; "bother," trouble; "bottle-holder," a prize-ring term; "bracelets," handcuffs; "brags," impudence;

“break the ice,” to make a commencement; “brick,” a jolly good fellow; “broadbrim,” a Quaker; “bruiser,” a fighting man; “buffer,” a good-humored old man; “bully,” a braggart; “cake,” a flat. All these and a thousand others that I could select, though much affected in America, have come from England, and not a few of them drawn from Shakspeare.

When you pass out of the educated circle and mingle with the middle-class English the dropping and misapplication of the “h” is almost without exception. Even among professional people I have noticed men and women saying “’orse” and “’ouse,” “hegg” and “hice;” while as you descend into the regions where reading and writing are almost unknown you find yourself in the midst of an atmosphere, so to speak, in which what is called the mother tongue is utterly unintelligible. The distinctive manner and pronunciation in Yorkshire and Lancashire are well known through the medium of English novelists, and a capital illustration of the varied dialects of the interior is given by the lamented Hawthorne, who describes a conversation with a Westmoreland peasant at an inn in Grasmere, “A very civil, well-behaved, kindly sort of person, of a simple character, which I took to belong to the class and locality rather than to himself individually. I could not very well understand all that he said, owing to his provincial dialect, and when he spoke to his own countrymen, or to the women of the house, I really could but just catch a word here and there.” Lately, on a Saturday evening after paying a visit at the Westminster Hotel, I turned a sharp corner and found myself in the midst of a mass of people marketing for the next week, and it seemed impossible that this countless crowd should be within a stone’s throw of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. A more dissolute, wretched, debauched assemblage I never witnessed. It was not English they spoke, but an indescribable and unpro-

nounceable babble. Yet these are people who glory in speaking the tongue of Shakspeare and Milton !

Our own slang is also used freely in England, and if you go into one of their fashionable drinking-places you are amused at the catalogue of American drinks printed for the delectation of Brother Jonathan and his English imitators. Here are "eye-openers," "appetizers," "settlers," "digesters," "smashes," "cocktails," "cobblers," "breast-warmers," "blizzards," etc. ; but in our dictionary of slang we have nothing that calls champagne *phiz*, or mixed ale and porter '*af-and-af*. Even "loafer," supposed to belong to us, is an improvement upon "loper," a very early English phrase, and doubtless comes from "landlubber." "Lingo" (talk) comes from the Italian. "Mare's nest," a supposed discovery, is of cockney origin. The word "monkey" is made to perform many parts. When an Englishman wants to speak of another's ill-temper he says he has "got his monkey up." A military "monkey" is the instrument which drives a rocket ; a money "monkey" is five hundred pounds ; a legal "monkey with a long tail" is a mortgage ; a sea "monkey" is a vessel that gives full allowance of grog to the men ; a "monkey's allowance" is to give blows instead of alms,—"*more kicks than ha'pence*." A "mot" is a girl of bad character. A "mouchey" is a Jew. The word "nail" also assumes many forms : "paid on the nail ;" "nail," to take up ; "dead as a door-nail ;" as, for instance, Dickens in his "Christmas Carol," when he speaks of Old Marley, in one paragraph says three times that Old Marley is as "dead as a door-nail."

You are astonished frequently in conversation with the best-informed men to hear the word "rot" adopted in explanation of anything bad, disagreeable, or useless ; "Oh ! that is rot !" "It is nothing but rot !" When an Englishman is fatigued he is "knocked up." Strong ale is "knock me down ;" "up to the knocker" means finely

or showily dressed; "knock-in" is the game of loo; "knock-outs" are disreputable persons who visit auction-rooms and unite to purchase articles at their own prices. "Levy," a very common word in many parts of America before paper money, is a Liverpool slang phrase, and here means a shilling, or a sum obtained before it is due. "Rip" in England is a rake; an "old rip" a libertine or debauchee, a corruption of reprobate, while in America, according to the English derivation, it is correctly reported as "Let her rip; I am insured." "Shunt" is the railroad slang to avoid or to turn aside from, and is equivalent to our word "shift" when applied to cars. "Skedaddle," heretofore supposed to be American, is declared by a writer in *The Times* to be excellent Scotch. The Americans only misapply the word, which means in Dumfries to spill, milkmaids saying, for example, "You are skedaddling all that milk." "Sky-blue" is the term for London milk diluted with water. "Slick" is an Americanism, now very prevalent in England since the publication of Judge Haliburton's facetious stories. "Slavey," a maid-servant; "smasher," one who passes bad coin; "smoke," London. Country people when going to London frequently say they are on their way to "the Smoke." "Snob," a low, vulgar, or affected person; "cad," applied to the objectionable class immortalized by Thackeray under the title "snob." "Sov." is very much used as a contraction for sovereign, the gold coin of England. "Spoon" is defined to be a thing that touches a lady's lips without kissing them; and "spoonny," as to be spoony on a girl, meaning excessively fond of her. To "squeak" on a person is to inform against him. A "tabby" party is a party consisting entirely of women; but a "stag" party, referring to a gathering composed exclusively of men, seems to belong to our country alone. A "welcher" is a person who makes a bet, never intending to pay it, and is very

much used on the turf, where a "welcher" is often severely handled when his swindling is discovered. "Whistle," supposed heretofore to be an Americanism, as "wet your whistle," is now found to be from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales;" and the readers of "Pickwick" will remember how Sam Weller and Mr. Jingle's amiable attendant went into a private place in the Fleet Prison, called a "whistling-shop," and had a drink on the sly.

These examples, which I might multiply indefinitely, are sufficient to show that, if we have our slang phrases in America, we cannot approach those embodied in the language of England, and that even what we use are in the main either borrowed from the mother country, or, when original with us, are rather suggestive of good humor than of profanity or vulgarity.

LONDON, September, 1875.

L X I V.

Wealth of London.—The Hebrew Race.

MORE than once I have directed attention to the enormous wealth of London, represented in its accumulated capital, public and private. The frequent wills and bequests printed in the newspapers show not only the extent of this wealth, but also the manner of its distribution, and in this respect the example cannot be too strongly recommended to opulent people in the United States. I have now before me a notice of the will of the Rev. Henry Charles Morgan, dated May 27, 1873, his personal estate being sworn at about two hundred thousand pounds, or one million of our money. He bequeathes one thousand pounds each to nineteen hospitals and benevolent institutions, and five

hundred pounds to five other charitable organizations. Then comes the will of Mr. Thomas Bliss Pugh, his estate about eighty thousand pounds, or four hundred thousand dollars. He gives three thousand pounds to the Royal Seabathing Infirmary and three hundred pounds each to three other public charities. Next we have the will of Mr. John Springs Morse Churchill, his estate worth sixty thousand pounds, or three hundred thousand dollars; a large portion of his fortune is given to various hospitals and churches.

The Hebrew population of London is very large and influential, and their wealth, represented as they are by the Rothschilds and other great houses, is simply enormous. They have only a limited representation in Parliament. Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild was elected a Liberal member from the city of London in August, 1847, and though again returned in June, 1849, in July, 1852, and in March, 1857, was not, owing to the exclusion of Jews from the House of Commons, permitted to take his seat and give his vote until 1858, when that odious order was set aside by a resolution in favor of himself and his co-religionists. He lost his seat at the general election in February, 1874. One of his name and family represents the borough of Aylesbury; two of the Goldsmids, also of Hebrew lineage, respectively sit for Reading and Rochester, and Mr. Serjeant Simon, a barrister in good practice, is M.P. for Dewsbury. There are several Hebrew baronets, —all created, I believe, in the reign of Queen Victoria. Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, is a Hebrew. Mr. Disraeli, though a baptized member of the Established Church of England, has never denied his Hebrew ancestry, nor has he attempted to conceal his Hebrew predilections.

The residences of the wealthy Jews in London and throughout the Continent may be truthfully termed palatial.

Knowing the interest which this important and exem-

plary class takes in our Centennial, I must mention an interesting incident which lately occurred at the Great Synagogue, Duke's Place, Aldgate, it being a special thanksgiving for the safe return to England of Sir Moses Montefiore: "As is tolerably well known, about three months ago Sir Moses Montefiore left London for Jerusalem, in order to make a thorough investigation of the condition of the Jews of Jerusalem, and to examine into the charge of laziness and incapacity for work which has been brought against them. The greatest interest was, of course, felt in the visit of Sir Moses Montefiore by the Jews of London, who collected in the Great Synagogue in large numbers on Saturday afternoon. This handsome house of worship was densely crowded, and many hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Sir Moses on being called to the 'Reading of the Law,' presented several large sums of money to the synagogue. During the service a special prayer was recited in Hebrew by the Rev. the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler. The choristers excellently rendered some selected hymns, in which the congregation joined. It was with the greatest difficulty that the venerable Baronet was able to make his way out of the synagogue, hundreds of the congregants pressing forward to shake hands with him—a wish with which Sir Moses heartily complied. In Duke Street the scene was even of a more enthusiastic character. Sir Moses Montefiore was received by a dense crowd with tremendous cheers, and it required great exertion to reach the house in Bevis Marks at which he was staying. There he was compelled to address the crowd from the window. Sir Moses, despite his great age (he will be ninety-two years old in October, 1876), appeared in excellent health." He had attended a similar ceremony in the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Bevis Marks, on the morning of the day on which I saw him.

LONDON, September, 1875.

L X V.

The Season at the Sea-Shore.

THIS is that period of the year in London when everybody is "out of town," yet the great hive seems to be as full of busy bees as ever. It is only as you pass along the castellated rows of Belgravia, Grosvenor Square, Cavendish Square, and Portland Place, and notice how hermetically they are closed, save to the active operations of carpenters and masons, who are putting them in repair for the return of the occupants, that you realize what is meant by this remark. Perhaps as you saunter past the flower-covered borders of Hyde Park and note the absence of the thousands of costly equipages and gay horsemen and horsewomen you have another realization of the absence of those who supply so much of the means which maintain the trade of the middle classes. It must also be said that the city, the money-centre, is dull and spiritless; but the still vast volume of population rolls along the Strand and Fleet Street incessantly during the day, and pours through the narrow alleys at night, while on Sunday, especially between six and twelve P.M., the great highway of Regent Street is literally thronged with people taking evening walks or crowding in from the public squares.

The fashionable element is absent at the country-houses and along the seaside. I have more than once stated that just as the Americans are coming home from the ocean, just as they are settling back into their city residences, the exodus of the wealthy and higher classes in Europe begins; they leave the city for the country and the seaside, and remain there sometimes into the winter. A friend of mine

who lives near London, in one of the most delightful suburban houses, has just left for Folkestone, where he will take up his quarters until January in a residence built so that he can enjoy the ocean; while Brighton, Scarborough, New-haven, Margate, Southampton, Portsmouth, and all the Channel Islands, of course including the Isle of Wight, are literally crowded with the wealthy classes. The same is true of the French seaside resorts, notably Dieppe, Biarritz, Boulogne, Havre, Trouville, and Deauville. It is too early to visit Nice and more Southern France. A friend writing from Nice on the 19th of September speaks of the excessive heat of that famous winter metropolis; but it is when you get near the places I have just named that you understand exactly what foreign life is during October, November, and December on the ocean-side.

Five hours by express from Paris lands you at Havre, the second commercial city in France. The famous Hôtel Frascati, directly facing the beach, is now swarming with guests, who come from afar to enjoy the ocean. They are of all nations, the French predominating; and it is amusing to see them in the full tide of their midday repast. Breakfast (the real *déjeuner*) is the great French noon meal. A cup of coffee and a rusk only directly after rising, then to work till between twelve and two, when all classes report themselves at breakfast—the fashionable hour for dinner being seven in the evening. Frascati's rooms, alcoves, and balconies are quite full. There is a fair proportion of English and Americans, with a few Germans, the latter having almost entirely deserted France since the war, with the bitter memories which make business and pleasure in a French town difficult, and almost impossible, to a German. The Germans are far more generous to the French in Germany; perhaps because magnanimity is the attribute of conquest.

The bathing hour is eleven at Havre and other French

seaside resorts, and it is a novel sight to eyes accustomed to the scenes of an American seaside. The men are entirely nude, save a slight girdle round their middle. The women are dressed in varied suits. The former move out along the piers and throw themselves into the water like circus-riders. The latter are carried out in boats, from which they descend by small ladders at the side into the water, alternately swimming around the boat and getting into it to rest from their exercise. At no one time were there more than a hundred people bathing at the same time, though the sterile, sunny, sandy shore was filled with spectators; nor was the surf half so fine or the beach as smooth as at Atlantic City and Cape May. And how different from the gay and laughing thousands who go in to bathe at these and other favorite summer places! Such a thing as men two-thirds naked would not be tolerated there; but here custom has so familiarized it to society that it is not noticed. Frascati's Hotel is also most unlike our hotels by the sea—the cooking is all French, and there is a wonderful avoidance of strong liquors; music twice a day for the guests; but no crowd, as with us; no late hours, no brilliant balls, no children's dances. At ten o'clock all is dark and solitary. Of the food and attendance I cannot speak too highly. The *cuisine* of the French is confessedly unapproachable, and their exquisite bread, butter, and coffee are not less worthy of imitation than their skill in composing a soup or an omelet. This is a grave subject for next year, especially that of bread. Cheap, sweet, delicate bread is a luxury which supplies many deficiencies.

Havre is in the vicinity of some of the finest watering-places on the French coast—notably Trouville and Deauville, distant by steamer about an hour. Again, how different the people on the boat and the people on the shore, compared to a similar excursion in America! Nothing

could be more decorous than a French crowd, whether afloat or on land. They are painfully quiet, perhaps because of the restraints of their military situation. With us an ocean excursion is an event of brass bands, gay dresses, and innocent fraternization. Trouville is to the French what Long Branch is to the Americans or Brighton to the English, but different from both in most respects. Deauville, its immediate neighbor and rival, possesses the same characteristics, and what I have written about Havre may be applied with equal justice to those two places. M. Thiers lived for many years near Trouville, and is very much beloved in all the country round about.

LONDON, September, 1875.

LXVI.

The Civil Service Supply Association.

It is admitted that Americans surpass the English in their hotels and boarding-houses. There are no such institutions as our first-class hotels anywhere in the United Kingdom, while those who select quarters and depend for their conveniences in private houses cannot be accommodated as comfortably as they can in the United States. There are many luxurious private hotels in this vast world of a city where the conveniences are too costly for the ordinary traveler; but the average superiority of our American public houses seems to be everywhere conceded. It is different, however, when you meet the Englishman at home. There he is fully equal to the American; and it is in this association that you can better appreciate English life. Their comforts are abounding, and the taste with

which their residences are furnished cannot be surpassed. Lately I met a very interesting family, whose acquaintance I made last winter at Cannes, in France, where their quiet style and unostentatious manners hardly prepared me to find them living as luxuriously as they do in their pleasant mansion in Cambridge Street, Hyde Park.

It is not, however, to speak of the manner in which they entertained me, of the elegancies and comforts of their residence, the excellence of the dinner, the intelligence of their conversation, the heartiness of their cordiality, and especially their sympathy for my country; another topic far more interesting, if possible, suggested this letter; and that is the fact that the appointments of this beautiful house, the clothes worn by its occupants, the furniture, the service of the table, and the delicacies of the dinner, all came through what is known in London as the Civil Service Supply Association.

This institution, little heard of in the United States, is one of the peculiarities of the British capital, though rather recently established. The object is to supply families with articles for consumption and general use at the lowest possible prices. It originated in a combination among persons holding subordinate positions under the Government, municipal and national; hence the title. With their comparatively small salaries, and their anxiety to live respectably, they found it impossible to pay the high charges for the various necessities of life, so they adopted a co-operative system, a little like that attempted by the granges of the Patrons of Husbandry in some parts of America, or, in other words, something like the old-fashioned plan of orders adopted in many of the manufacturing towns in our own country, the difference here being that cash must be paid for everything on the spot. The institution I am now trying to describe issues forty-five hundred shares to its members, each of whom pays five pounds or twenty-five

dollars per annum, which, besides securing the benefit of the society, entitles the holder to take part in the meetings of the association and to have a voice in the management. Tickets may be sold to others on the payment of half a crown (sixty-two and a half cents), which tickets secure the right of purchasing goods at the stores and from the firms connected with the Association, but the mere ticket-purchasers cannot attend the meetings or take part in the management. Tickets may also be obtained by the widows of civil servants upon the payment of half a crown yearly, and by the widows of members without payment. When you are told that this organization consists of hundreds of thousands of persons, and that the supplies are furnished by thousands of establishments, and that no such thing as a pecuniary loss has ever happened, or anything like dishonesty in any one of the branches, you may realize how successful it has been. This fact is more apparent as you examine the prices paid by those who enjoy the benefits of the system. In looking over the list of articles furnished I perceive that it includes literally everything—groceries, wines and spirits, provisions, tobacco and cigars, hosiery, drapery, gents' and ladies' clothing, fancy goods, drugs, plate, furs, stationery and jewelry, books and music, household furniture; in fact, luxuries as well as necessities.

The price-list for the quarter ending the 31st of August, 1875, shows a reduction of from five to twenty-five per cent. on the prevailing rates. Understand that when the members or ticket-holders begin to make their purchases they first leave the list of the articles required and the money with the cashier. In the printed catalogue before me I notice men's best shirts at five shillings sixpence (\$1.37½); collars to match, sixpence; dressing-gowns, seventeen shillings sixpence (\$4.37½); imitation seal-skin wrappers at about \$1.75; water-proof gray tweed coats at \$5; woollen shawls at \$2.37½; cambric handkerchiefs from 87½ cents to

\$5.50 per dozen ; hemstitched, from \$2 to \$9.50 per dozen ; merino dresses for ladies at \$2.50 to \$5 ; ladies' lavender dress kid gloves from 62½ cents to 75 cents ; men's kid gloves, \$1 a pair ; silk umbrellas, \$1.50 to \$1.75 apiece ; sunshades, 87½ cents ; French merino, 50 cents to \$1.12½ per yard ; woolen reps, 50 cents to \$1 a yard ; black silks, 75 cents to \$1.25 a yard ; French satin, 40 cents to 62½ cents per yard ; printed cambrics, 12½ cents to 22 cents per yard ; printed muslin, 12½ cents to 30 cents per yard ; unbleached cotton, 18 cents to 20 cents per yard ; bleached cotton sheetings, 30 cents to 45 cents per yard ; calicoes, from 10 cents to 22 cents per yard ; linen sheetings, from 25 cents to 75 cents per yard ; Scotch linen, from 50 cents to \$1 per yard ; Irish linen, from 75 cents to \$1.75 per yard ; double linen napkins, \$1.12½ to \$3.75 ; damask cloths, 12½ cents to 68 cents ; blankets, per pair, from \$2.50 to \$3 ; better qualities (Whitney), \$7.75 per pair ; an extra superfine black frock or dress coat, lined throughout with Italian cloth, \$17.37½ ; an extra superfine black morning coat, lined throughout with Italian cloth, \$15.62½ ; superfine black frock or dress coat, \$15.62½ ; morning coat, superior, \$13.87½ ; superfine black waistcoat, single-breasted, \$3.50 ; double-breasted waistcoat, superfine, \$3.75 ; doeskin trowsers, \$6.62½ ; and ready-made overcoats, various sizes, textures, and colors, \$5.25.

These reductions run through the entire catalogue ; and when you reflect that this organization is not patronized by the poorer classes only, but is really, as in the case of the family to which I refer, supported by persons in very good circumstances, and includes, as I learn, many of the nobility, you will see at once not only how useful it is, but to what extent integrity is essential to its management. At first there was a decided protest against it among old establishments, but now it has become so powerful that it includes thousands of Co-operative Stores, and of course com-

pels by the very nature of its competition reasonable prices among those who are not connected with it. During the Christmas holidays some of these civil-service stores received over their counters as much as two hundred thousand dollars in a single day, and it is a noteworthy fact, as illustrated, for instance, by Mr. Forster, M.P., in a recent speech on the Odd-Fellows, which is in England a kind of mutual relief organization, that the co-operative system as applied to working people has been a triumphant success.

LONDON, September, 1875.

LXVII.

National Education.

WE must not forget, while American institutions are constantly under fire in Europe, or rather are constantly criticised and too often condemned for various reasons, sometimes out of sheer dislike, sometimes because of the apprehensions they excite, and not unfrequently for want of full knowledge of the facts, there are nevertheless certain conservative or saving elements in our system which cannot be ignored.

I have already referred to the substantial value of religious toleration in America, to the steady reduction of our national debt, and to the increasing solidity of our national securities; but now comes a still greater question if possible—that of the admitted superiority of popular education in the United States. At last the necessity for a wider and more thorough intelligence among the English people is forced upon the attention of the Conservative leaders. A nation so full of money, abounding in so many

learned institutions, placed by all its associations at the very head of modern literature, knitted to the past by a long train of glorious traditions, is to day far behind other powers in the great matter of the education of its people. That nation is England, and in this assertion I need go no further for support than the utterances of its public men. Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and France are far ahead of England in this respect; but no example is more frequently and profitably quoted than that of the United States.

During the late session of Parliament a measure was adopted called the Elementary Education Act, the object of which was to secure the attendance of children in the schools, a higher standard of acquirements in teachers, and better school-books, all to be supported from the common fund raised by taxes or rates upon the people. And it marks the difference between the present and the past that Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary of Mr. Disraeli's administration, at the opening of a bazaar at Orrell, near Wigan, the other day, unqualifiedly asserted his determination to execute this law at whatever hazard, and in illustration of his resolute purpose he proclaimed sentiments which a few years ago would have been denounced as the wildest radicalism. He regards the absence of such a system as he now demands as the great danger of the times, and believes, to use the language of the *Daily Standard*, "if England is to retain her place among the nations and hold her own against foreign competition in manufactures and industry generally, we must in every way we can, and by a better literary education among other ways, draw out and develop the talents and capacities of the whole of the people." In the same article the following allusion is made to the United States:

"Lastly, the spread of sanitary knowledge will necessitate improved, and therefore more costly, school-houses. On the need of this special im-

provement the official literature of some of the New England States—more particularly Massachusetts—is very instructive. The common-school system is an ancient institution in New England, and it embraces a very large proportion of the population. The State Board of Health of Massachusetts has consequently made the influence of school attendance upon the health of the pupils the subject of some very valuable reports. Now, as the whole youth of this country is gathered into the schools, this question of the sanitary condition of the schools will become of at least as much importance as that of the sanitary condition of factories and workshops. For these reasons and others that might be enumerated the cost of elementary education will tend to increase in the future. But this question of cost appears to us of very minor importance. When popular education was neglected by Government and had no advocates among politicians it was originated by voluntary effort, and was maintained, extended, and improved until at last it compelled the attention of Cabinets and Parliaments, and forced itself into the front as a great national question. The same spirit of enlightened self-sacrifice and patriotic enterprise which accomplished so much will continue the work, and will furnish whatever funds may be necessary to support voluntary schools."

It illustrates the march of liberal principles in England, and at the same time the vigilance of the Conservative Ministry not to be outdone by their political adversaries, that the Home Secretary should unhesitatingly declare his determination to establish in England as thorough and complete and generous a system of popular education as there is to be found in any part of the world; and strange to say the youngest of all the nations, our own, has unquestionably surmounted most of the difficulties now in the path of Great Britain. Our common schools are everywhere in full tide of successful experiment. In other words, England must now begin, with all her experience and wealth, where the United States began forty years ago. England now finds its best security in the education of its masses, and so refutes by the act of its Conservative Ministry the violent denunciations of those who insisted that to educate a great people was to make them unworthy of liberty and disdainful of labor. As time goes on, this subject, as presented in the United States, will get to be more and more interesting in England,

and the money expended directly by the several States and indirectly by the General Government for the purpose of educating all classes and conditions of men will be made so familiar in Great Britain that no man can forecast the future. Our example alone will go far to dispel many prejudices which have grown out of our more recent and temporary misfortunes.

I observed the effect produced upon the mind of Lord and Lady Amberley when they were in Philadelphia several years ago, on the occasion of their visit to one of the Girls' High Schools. Lady Amberley was introduced without previous notice to four or five hundred young ladies from fourteen to eighteen years old, and found them fully prepared to answer all her questions, and she found these young women so far ahead of her expectations in the higher accomplishments, that she did not hesitate to say that much as she had seen of the world,—for she had been a great traveller,—she had never before enjoyed a sight at once so novel and so instructive, and she was free to admit that, proud as she was of her own country, there was not in England such an institution for the education of the girls of all classes as that which she had seen in Philadelphia.

That the present Ministry intends a revolution in education in this country is clear, and that they will not allow their Liberal rivals to surpass them in the march of improvement is evident from the resolute tone of the speech of the Home Secretary a few days ago. It will cost much to create and conduct such a system as that of the United States in this old country, and it will be not only necessary to enforce the attendance of the children of all classes, but to compel the rich to pay the expense, in proportion as they are better able to bear the burdens of the State. It was the education tax that came near destroying the American system in Pennsylvania when Thaddeus Stevens led the way as the champion of popular education, and I no-

tice here that people of wealth already protest against being called upon to educate the children of the poor. But precisely as in the United States all these objections perished before the salutary experience of a well-conducted education for the people, so will they fade away before the intended experiment in England. What will grow out of this revolution is quite another subject ; but you can better understand how ready the Conservative statesmen here are to meet all the difficulties of the far-off future when the Home Secretary uses the following language :

“ Whatever may be our differences in political questions, whatever different views we may hold upon religious matters, whether they be far apart or not, at all events to-day there is one purpose in every person's heart assembled in this room, and that is a feeling of the necessity of education. It is always a matter of delight to me to see a whole village meeting as here to-day, and that you are all agreed. Now, let us examine for one moment what you are agreed upon, because I take it that the object is a very important one. You are agreed upon this—that at all events within this district the education provided for every child, male or female, within it, shall, so far as you are concerned, not be separated from religious teaching ; that you will not attempt to force your own particular religious views upon any child who comes to this school whose parents do not agree with those views ; that the teaching which is given here shall be of the best and highest standard ; and that you are willing to have your standard of excellence in teaching tested by a Government test.

* * * * *

“ You do not allow a parent to let his children go into the streets without clothes for the sake of decency. You will not allow a parent let his children, if he can afford it, go into the street without food for the sake of humanity ; and what right has a man to let his children go into the streets without education, and become a prey to all the criminals who are about him—to lead a life of crime, of misery to himself, of distress and wrong to others, of enormous expense to the country, for he is sure to become a criminal ? You cannot in any reason suppose that a man who has the power of sending his child to school has a right to neglect to teach him any more than he has to feed or clothe him. If he does not do it, he must be made to do it, and the question you have to solve is whether, without assistance from the State, you can succeed in getting your children to school, for at school they must be ; and the State has a right to take care that it is not flooded with persons who are living a life of crime and misery to all around them. Do not run away with the notion that simple educa-

tion alone will do everything, or that improving your dwellings will do everything. You are required to undo that which has been done for years past, and it is only by gradual improvement that we can hope to reach a better state of things than we have at the present moment; and I believe as surely as I stand here that that improvement is gradually going on more extensively than many of us think, and that if all goes on prosperously, as we hope it will do, we may trust in the next generation to find a very different state of things to that which some of the older of us remember to have existed when we were children."

LONDON, September, 1875.

LXVIII.

Catholic Cathedral at Westminster.

THE Roman Catholics of England are preparing to begin, under the auspices of Cardinal Manning, the erection of a cathedral that shall be worthy of their metropolitan see. It is to be placed in what is called the Archdiocese of Westminster, in the rear of Victoria Street, near the Parliament House and the ancient Minster. The ground, bought by the accumulation of some nine years, cost one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, and the vastness of the work may be appreciated when it is stated that Cardinal Manning does not expect to live to consecrate it, for if finished in his lifetime it would not be a metropolitan edifice worthy of the Church. The architect has chosen as his model the latter half of the thirteenth century, when Gothic art had culminated. The great western façade of the new Cathedral will not be less than one hundred and seventy feet in width, flanked with two towers each fifty feet square. The front will be one hundred and thirty feet and the towers two hundred feet high, to be finally surmounted by spires, making the full altitude nearly four hundred feet, almost that of the cross

of St. Paul's. On entering, the visitor will find himself in a spacious nave fifty feet in breadth, separated by a set of double aisles, on his right and left an arcade of seventy lofty solid arches, each bay or arch twenty-two feet wide and sixty feet in height. Then there are to be aisles, stained windows, transepts, etc. The exact dimensions of the building will be four hundred feet long, one hundred and forty feet wide, one hundred and thirty feet high. There will be twenty-five side chapels, each with a separate altar. The entire fabric is to be built of Portland stone, and the whole of the interior vaulted with the same material. It is estimated that two generations will elapse before it is finished. The cost of the first instalment is estimated at four hundred thousand dollars. Subscriptions have already been received from the Emperor and Empress of Austria, ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, the late Count de Montalembert, and most of the Roman Catholic nobility and gentry of this country. Cardinal Manning heads the subscription with a donation of one thousand pounds sterling and a bequest of five thousand more, which has been placed at his disposal. There are also donations from Mr. Charles Manning, six hundred pounds sterling; the Countess Tasker, one thousand; Monsignor Patterson, eight hundred, and the late Mr. J. R. Hope Scott, Q.C., five hundred. The *London Times*, in reporting this project, speaks of it as "a strange demonstration;" but this, together with other indications, proves the steady growth of the Roman Catholics in England.

LONDON, September, 1875.

LXIX.

Chipping Norton.—A Master of the Hounds.—An Ancient Manufactory.

CHIPPING NORTON is the old and odd name of a beautiful rural town in Oxfordshire, of which I had never heard until invited to visit it by an English friend ; a place, in fact, of which many of the oldest inhabitants of London know nothing. My host, William Bliss, Esq., who has connections in the United States, and some of whose relations are resident in Philadelphia, having intermarried with one of our oldest families—the Dalletts—had visited our country three years ago, and though he remained but four months among us, he imbibed such an admiration for nearly everything he saw, that it is to him a genuine pleasure to welcome Americans to his hospitable home. The town of Chipping Norton was in existence eight hundred years ago, and it looks like an ancient place, with its quaint old houses, its broad square, narrow streets, and numerous taverns, one of them the “White Hart,” the favorite resort of King George IV. when he lived a very gay and roving life as Prince of Wales. Distant three hours from London and about an hour from venerable Oxford, its own immediate surroundings are hardly less interesting than that centuried city of colleges and churches.

Inconceivably lovely are the hills among which Chipping Norton stands, and on a day of rare autumnal magnificence, recalling our Indian summer in all its glory, it was an interesting ride with Mr. Bliss through the town itself and its romantic and historic environs. The name of Chipping is derived from the Saxon “Chepen,” to cheapen or to buy. It signifies a market-place. Time,

however, has changed it into "Chipping," and if you trace the old records even to the reign of Edward I., 1293, mention is made of the "Churche of Cheping Norton." Immediately after the Norman Conquest the manor of Chipping Norton became the property of one of the great families, and, after passing through various hands, became a town corporate in 1673, and is now, although part of a district which sends several members to Parliament, a "borough" that never makes the acquaintance of a Speaker's "writ," and is never corrupted by a contested election.

When I reached the railroad station on the Great Western line, I found Mr. and Mrs. Bliss waiting to drive me across the country to their residence. Nearly the entire distance between these two points was through the estate of Lord Ducie, which extends seven miles along the railway, and nearly as many on both sides. This vast estate is farmed on the closest and best English system, producing a large annual revenue to the noble owner, many of whose tenants are themselves men of high position, some of the farms including more than a thousand acres. Within three miles of Chipping Norton is a still more extensive estate, "Heythrop," four thousand five hundred acres in extent, formerly the property of the Earl of Shrewsbury, but now in possession of a new owner, Albert Brassey, the youngest son of the great English contractor—the late Thomas Brassey. Two other sons of Mr. Brassey—the first and second—are members of Parliament, and all received at the death of their father sufficient to give them property popularly estimated at eighty thousand pounds sterling per annum, which they spend with an enlightened liberality. It is said of this celebrated builder that, although passing through many trials and vicissitudes, he expended in his various enterprises in England and on the Continent at least seventy millions of pounds sterling, or three hundred and fifty mil-

lions of dollars ! A comparatively illiterate man himself, but with fine natural capacities, especially in the management of men and in the selection of his agents, his maxim is said to have been that an ignorant man could only spend five thousand pounds per annum, while it required education and a knowledge of the world to distribute the large profits which he was realizing for his children. So he gave them the best education that could be procured, and now they are men of position and high standing. Heythrop is certainly magnificent, and it is evident that the new proprietor is making good use of the enormous wealth he has inherited.

As we drove through the splendid park, passing a noble avenue of beeches, and saw the various improvements in progress—the neat little village for the accommodation of the tenants ; the new school-house, with its handsome gardens, walks, and play-grounds ; the village church ; the long range of stables for the large stud of the young owner ; the old chapels erected by the Shrewsburys in Catholic times, but now dismantled under the new *regime* ; the hundreds of workmen engaged upon the main castle, now in course of thorough renovation—it was easy to see that the money which had been accumulated by the skill and energy of the father was not put to a bad use by the generous and judicious outlay of his son.

Here, too, for the first time, I realized what is meant by the “Master of the Hounds.” We know so little of the peculiar domestic amusements of England that a short description of one of these hunting establishments may be useful and interesting. Mr. Albert Brassey, who has not yet attained his twenty-fifth year, and who has married a titled lady, has been “Master of the Hounds” for this part of Oxfordshire for three years past, and early in November next the first “meet” of the coming season will assemble on the beautiful plateau around Heythrop House,

whence they commence the pleasures of the day. Two or three hundred of the nobility and gentry of the country for ten to twenty miles round gather on these occasions, and with their variegated dresses,—the men with their red coats, white buckskin breeches, and neat top-boots; the ladies in their long riding-habits,—the splendid horses, the huntsmen, the whipper-in, out-riders, and hounds, all eager for the sport, make up such a scene as well deserves the graphic pen of the novelist, and shows that the sports of the past in England continue at the present day.

At the time of the Norman Conquest (A.D. 1066) England was a combination of forests and moors of vast extent; the population was estimated to be under three millions (the population of London alone in the present day is more than four millions), and only a small portion of the land was under cultivation; there were few towns and hardly any roads, except those left by the Romans. Robbers roamed over the country without stop or hindrance, and consequently there was no security to life or property, while gross ignorance and superstition prevailed everywhere. Civilization, however, has come like a providential deliverance to sweep these evils away, but the popular sports continue to be cultivated and maintained with incredible assiduity and extravagance. It must cost young Mr. Brassey at least ten thousand dollars a year to uphold his position as "Master of the Hounds" for his district in part of Oxfordshire. He has about thirty horses in his own stables for the use of his own friends, while in what are called the "kennels" twenty-one more are used by the servants and the huntsmen who go out with him on one of the hunting days.

Let me tell you about these "kennels," situated not quite four miles from the Heythrop House. My visit to them was full of compensation. Each member of the "Hunt" of which Mr. Brassey is "Master" has to con

tribute generously out of his own funds towards the general expenses of the establishment, and it is estimated that five thousand pounds, or twenty-five thousand dollars, were paid for the buildings in which the hunters and hounds are kept. First, as to the horses and their management: I think far more care and expense were bestowed upon them than upon hundreds of human beings of the lower classes; in fact, I may safely allege that one of these "hunters" costs as much on the whole as would provide for a large family. They are kept in what is called by the horse-dealers "tip-top" condition, in comfortable stalls, and carefully groomed until their coats fairly shine. Each of these splendid animals originally cost a high price, and as soon as they begin to decline, through age or infirmity, are expelled in favor of their younger and more thoroughly capable successors. The manager or keeper seemed to be proud of his trust, and was evidently deeply interested in the preparations for the coming "meet." He showed me an ingenious machine for clipping horses, a novelty to me, by means of which he could completely clip three horses in a day, whereas under the former old-fashioned process it took at least one or two days for each animal.

Passing from these beautiful stables and their twenty-one fine hunters, we were introduced to the huntsman, Mr. Hazleton, a spry, wiry, intelligent young fellow. The hounds, all of the black-and-tan species, were confined in their kennels, each one opening into a yard with stone walls, over which it was easy to look. There were in all seventy-four couples, the females kept separate from the males, and all clean and in robust condition. Mr. Hazleton would stand at the door of the kennel, after having driven the dogs into the yard, and call them by name, to which they would each directly answer. For instance, in the ladies' pack he would ask for "Sparkle," "Fanny," "Dew Drop," "Rosy," "Charmer," and so forth, all through the cata-

logue, and each would spring up and pass under his hand into the kennel; and the same with the gentlemen's pack of the canine household, who responded with equal alacrity to their appellations. There are generally eighteen couples sent out in a pack; one of these packs had been out the day previous, and as the dogs belonging to it responded to his cry, they seemed to be sleepy and tired, and not a few were torn and lacerated by passing through the brambles and undergrowth of the day's hunt. These hounds were once the property of Lord Redesdale, and are esteemed the finest in the country. The stables and kennels were of stone, admirably constructed, with quarters for the whippers-in and huntsmen.

As a preparation for the hunt or "meet," Mr. Brassey, accompanied by his first whipper-in and huntsman, and a considerable pack of the best hounds, have been very busy for the last week in clearing the "covers" of the cubs or young foxes, the object being not only to get rid of the young ones, but to accustom the hounds to hunt the old foxes, which have naturally greater power of endurance. These foxes abound in what are called "covers," or clusters of heath and undergrowth, and when the hunt begins men and hounds are sent into the "covers" to beat out the fox, while the sportsmen remain outside in a circle waiting for Reynard to appear; and when he does, they follow over hedges and ditches in a direct line after the hounds, scouring the country far and near, and rarely without accident to some one of the dashing riders—through the villages and farms, over the hills, past water-courses and village-dams, flying over gates and stone walls. I fear these ladies and gentlemen work very much harder for pleasure than many of their poorer brethren and sisters do for their daily bread.

Some amusing stories are told of the way in which they often come to grief. The women are frequently as daring as the men; and I was told of one lady who was carried

by her unmanageable horse into a deep moat filled with mud. Her male admirers stood on the bank, watching her floundering, and were so ungallant as to fear that, by interference, they should spoil their white unmentionables. At last a laboring man was induced to haul the lady from her horse and carry her to the bank in his arms, while the poor animal was dragged out by ropes. The fair sportswoman after a bath and change of clothes rejoined the hunt, as eager and reckless as ever, on a fresh steed. A Master of the Hounds occupies a high social position; indeed, all his recompense is the society which the position assures him. None are equal to it, unless, like Mr. Brassey, they are owners of large estates and plenty of money.

It was not to see these glittering and expensive preparations for England's national sport that I visited Chipping Norton. I had a far more interesting and substantial object in view, and that was to obtain some knowledge of the manufactures of the town, especially those of wool. This trade was introduced to Chipping Norton by Mr. Bliss the grandfather of my host; it was commenced by the manufacture of tilling and linsey-woolsey, and you may obtain some idea of its enormous growth when I tell you that the expenses of William Bliss & Son, fifty years ago, for wages to the men, were about seventeen dollars a week, while they now are about five hundred pounds sterling, or two thousand five hundred dollars per week, and from six hundred to eight hundred hands are employed. Founded in 1757, and therefore one hundred and eighteen years old, their place has become one of the most important manufactories of woollen fabrics in the world.

The new building, a beautiful specimen of architecture, constructed entirely of iron, stone, and glass, is insured with its contents for seventy thousand pounds. The business is conducted on the strictest business principles, and turns out, I should think, at least two hundred thousand

to three hundred thousand pounds' worth of goods per annum. The goods manufactured are nearly all specialties, the town making a large amount of stuff for the army and navy, especially blue and red cloth, horse clothing, and serges. Their machinery is of the latest invention, from which our great manufacturers in the United States might copy with profit. The manufacture of these numerous fabrics consumes large quantities of wool, which are obtained chiefly from the British colonies, although I saw much of English and Italian production. I need not recount the graceful hospitality of Mr. Bliss and his family, his enthusiastic experiences of the United States, the high compliments he paid Philadelphia, in which he spent many happy days, nor his anxiety in regard to the approaching International Exhibition, where he will be found one of the most enlightened exhibitors.

What most interested me during this most pleasurable day, and left the most wholesome reflection, was the fact that in the midst of their own prosperity Mr. Bliss, his sons, and their families do not forget the condition of their employés, men, women, and children. A little chapter in connection with this fact deserves to be repeated here, and to be imitated everywhere. Their special industry has been recognized by awards of the highest prizes in England, America, and on the Continent, but that which ought to be the most valued by them is the gold medal, one of five, awarded to their firm by the International Exhibition at Paris, 1867. This gold medal was given not alone because their fabrics were the best, but because they proved to the satisfaction of the French jurors that their works had at that time been carried on an entire century for the best interests of employer and employed, without disputes of any kind, while the social interests of those engaged had been carefully attended to; that during all that time none of their workmen had joined the trades' unions, or had to

strike for higher wages; none had gone into the workhouse, while many families had worked for the firm for three generations. Many had saved money and bought life insurances, and no children under thirteen years of age had ever been employed by them. Schools, reading-rooms, lectures, and amusements of every kind had been provided, and also a beautiful park of one hundred acres. Mr. Bliss himself is an excellent public speaker, and frequently addresses his employes, one of his most interesting discourses being his experiences of America in 1872, which I am told always attracts great crowds, exciting alternate wonder and admiration. He has just passed his sixty-fifth year, but does not look over fifty-five. He very much resembles John Bright, and has all the enthusiasm of youth. I do not know when I have met a more sympathetic and well-informed gentleman. He has been Mayor of Chipping Norton for successive years, and, if the fruits of a well-spent life have ever been freely and gracefully gathered, such may be said to have been his good fortune. If he is not a happy man, then an amiable disposition, congenial labors, good health, and bounteous wealth are not the signs of that rare and enviable condition.

A practical insight into such an organization as W. Bliss & Son's is worth a dozen theories on social or political economy. The marvellous improvements in machinery by which human labor is saved and increased in value, and the consequent improvement in the condition of human life, may be called lesson first. After that follows the fact, no longer denied by realistic men like Mr. Bliss, that the advance in the wages of labor in the United States has compelled an almost corresponding advance in Great Britain, if skilled workmen are to be retained in the latter. Just here the free-trade policy comes in as the crucial test upon the manufacturers, for whom it was established to secure for them the markets of the world. Under that

policy the manufacturers of the Continent, notably those of Belgium and Germany, send in fabrics as good as those of Great Britain, produced by workmen who get wages more than one-third less than those paid in Great Britain. These fabrics are sold in England and in other nations at prices far below those for which the same materials can be made here ! So you see that, in England's anxiety to sell to the world at the lowest rates, she opens her doors to rivals who boldly *undersell her everywhere*. Under her liberal laws she must educate her people ; she must pay high wages to retain her skilled labor, since autocratic governments, a few hours distant, pay their working-classes what they please, and send their goods here, which they offer at correspondingly reduced rates. The English manufacturers survey the future with gloomy fear. They see not only the fierce competition of the Continent, but the British Colonies are setting up for themselves, and demanding "protection" to manufacture their own goods, while the Americans are sending the proofs of their skilled labor into English markets, and preparing to make cotton and woollen fabrics on their own soil out of the raw material. This is the other view of "free trade," and may be accepted as the key to an ominous future.

CHIPPING NORTON, September, 1875.

L X X.

The Black Country.

ACTING steadily upon the principle which I wish were more carefully observed by those who write of the United States in the English papers, namely—that of presenting the best side of everything English, including, of course, what relates to labor, I have not in this correspondence reflected the offensive details constantly published in London, showing how difficult it is in this overcrowded country to administer to the wants and the comforts of the working-classes. Indeed, if I had not made it a rule to keep out of sight these details I could have presented a far more startling exhibit of matters to be regretted here than that which too frequently appears in the British journals in regard to the shortcomings and misfortunes of the United States. There is so much in Great Britain to admire, alike in the government and among the people, so much that I would gladly see repeated in my own country, that I leave the task of presenting the worst side of the picture to those who deal in that sort of writing.

But there is a duty present to every intelligent observer that must be discharged. I mean the exposure of the evident mischiefs resulting from the severe and inexorable application of the system of free trade. I have spoken of the admission, or rather of the frank statement, of an intelligent woollen manufacturer in Oxfordshire in regard to the ruinous competition from which he and others suffer from the sale of the products of the cheap labor of Germany and Belgium. Take another witness: On the 28th of September, the *London Times* contained a statement from Mr. Baker, Inspector of Factories, for the half-year ending with

April, 1875, which gives extracts from a remarkable report made to him by Mr. Sub-Inspector Brewer on the nail and chain district of the "Black Country," a district in the counties of Warwick and Stafford, between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, the capital of which, named Wednesbury, has twenty-one thousand voters, and was created a Parliamentary borough by Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867. I have frequently read in journals hostile to the Government, such as *Reynolds' Newspaper*, appalling accounts of the terrible privations of the poor women who are compelled to work in these trying trades in that region, not only for their own support, but for the support of their drunken fathers or husbands and neglected children; and I put the picture aside as one not fit to be spread before the American people. But here, in the candid and accepted organ of the best society, the *London Times*, I find the whole story printed in full. Mr. Baker does not hesitate to say in regard to this report of his subordinate: "I have not introduced a tithe of what he and other writers have said of this Black Country. In a report of this kind, or of any kind, it is indescribable and much must necessarily be omitted. But I believe, from what I have myself seen, all that I have written is true, and I am afraid that all I should have written is true also." "The outcry," Mr. Brewer says, "against the colliers' and puddlers' wives working is very great, and I am continually asked whether I cannot do something to stop women's labor, especially in and around Halesowen (where 'hundreds' work, making the large nails, or spikes), and where it is the order of the day, and is far fitter for men than for women. And these women work night and day, and toil and slave, and for what? Not for the price that straightforward masters would give, but for any price any crafty knave of a master chooses to offer. These women work so long as they can get something to satisfy their half-

starving families, while the ought-to-be bread-winner is luxuriating in some public-house at his ease. Day by day I am more and more convinced that this women's labor is the bane of this place. Nor do I confine this remark to the nail and chain trade alone. It was only the other day that a young woman, addressing me, said, 'I say, master, I wish you would make my man do a little more work, and me less. I married a swell, I did.' On my inquiring what she meant by a swell, she replied, 'Why, when I married him in the morning he had a smart gold watch and chain, and a smart dickey, but when we came to go to bed at night I'm blessed if he had e're a shirt on; and ever since I've had to keep him by working in the brick-yard, and not only keep him, but find him money to drink.' Nor is this state of things confined to the Black Country. At Bromsgrove I heard also of the growing custom of idle, lazy young lads looking out for skilled, industrious wives, in order to obtain an easy life. Things go on smoothly for a time, but then come children and perhaps sickness, and the idle hand of the legitimate bread-winner has lost its craft, or a course of drunkenness has so debilitated him that he can no longer stand the fatigue and heat. While the mother toils and slaves the children are left uncared for, to wander, shoeless and in rags, till they are old enough to blow the bellows for their father at a miserable pittance per week—to be kicked and cuffed, hear filthy, indecent, and blasphemous language, and are then sent into the shop amid men degraded by drink and gambling in time to follow the same course. Take, again, the instance of a collier's wife in this Black Country who works at chain-making about ten hours a day, for which she is paid eight shillings a week, though if she had taken her work to an honest master she might have had twelve shillings. Out of this, before she can take any for herself, she has probably to pay for nursing her baby while she works, two shillings

a week for her breezes—*i.e.*, firing for her nail-making,—and one shilling for the hire of her stall, leaving her half a crown for her subsistence. Women certainly work often in an advanced state of pregnancy. Not many days since a tale was related to me by an iron-master of what happened in a brickyard near Bilston a short time back. The manager noted a girl carrying clay looking exceedingly ill. Thinking she had been drinking over-night he exclaimed, 'Why, Clara, you don't look up to much this morning?' 'No more would you,' was the retort, 'if you had had a child during the night.' "

Now, turn to the *London Times* of this very day (October 4, 1875), and you find a report from the senior Inspector of Factories, Mr. Redgrave, far more careful, written with an evident effort not alone to hide these horrible details, but to provide a possible remedy against the growing discomforts of other and better branches of manufacture, like that of my friend in Oxfordshire, who notes the increasing competition of the products of Germany and Belgium with undisguised alarm. The two facts commented upon by him, namely, the necessary advance of wages in England and the necessary shortening of the hours of labor, which, of course, largely reduce the profits of the manufacturer, and in the same degree invite the rivalry of his foreign competitors, are here met by certain indefinite suggestions, which only serve to increase the force of the argument against free trade. A few extracts from the article of *The Times* will show to you the justice of this assertion :

"We are the more delighted to receive Mr. Redgrave's trustworthy assurance that at least the state of our textile factories is far better than it has been represented, and to learn also that some of the facts of the case, apparently most unfavorable, are in reality not at variance with conclusions we should all be anxious to accept. Wages, for example, are higher than they have ever been, while the hours of labor have been very considerably shortened. How, then, it has been urged, can it be expected that profits should be maintained at anything like their former level? And, if so, how

is England to keep her place in the teeth of the sharp foreign competition to which she is more and more exposed? Mr. Redgrave admits the facts which have given so much anxiety to alarmists; but he adds, as the extracts we publish this morning show, some others, which tend to modify in a very important way the practical lessons to be derived from them. Though labor is dearer than it used to be, and the hours of work are shorter, yet, owing in part to the increased skill of the laborer, but still more to the enormous improvements lately made in machinery, production and profits have not suffered as we might expect. We have been told again, on no mean authority, of the great physical deterioration which has affected the entire ranks of those who have been engaged in our factories and we have felt that if this were so the evil was far too grave to be made up for by the material gains which might accompany it. The perusal of Mr. Redgrave's report may serve on this point, too, to quiet our alarm, or, at any rate, to reduce it very considerably. He finds that the balance of evidence points really to an improvement rather than to a deterioration. There is much, it is true, which still has to be done, but our course for some time past has been in the right direction, and a fuller knowledge of the evils which still remain unremedied may be trusted to be a further and almost certain step towards their cure.

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"The excessive labor of adult females is an evil with which the law cannot as directly deal. The objections on the ground of freedom of contract to further legislative intervention for the protection of women from excessive labor have been successfully met, but the interference of the law cannot be extended indefinitely. It is not in the manufacturing districts, however, that the strongest case for interference has been made out. It is in the 'Black Country,' and over the hard toil of nail and chain making, that the lot of the workwomen appears to be most deplorable. Mr. Brewer's report on this subject, some extracts from which we published last Tuesday, does not, of course, represent the common state of the district to which it relates; yet even as isolated facts the contents of his narrative are not pleasant reading. But, however great the evil may be, we must look for its complete cure to the influence of causes more potent in the long run than any new enactments which Parliament can add to the statute book. The working-classes in our manufacturing districts now hold their destinies in their own hands. They are in a very real sense their own masters, and it is for them to determine in what way the power they have gained is to be exercised. Their employers, as a body, are alive to the duties of their position. But dependence on the employer belongs rather to the patriarchal than to the modern stage of industry. Valuable as the good-will of the master may be, it is of far less consequence at present than the enlightened self-help of the workmen and workwomen under him. The interest involved in the textile manufactures of the

country are, in particular, so enormous, and the mischievous result of any mistake in dealing with them would, as Mr. Redgrave truly remarks, be so terrible to all concerned, that there is need for the utmost caution on the part of the Legislature. In the gradual and spontaneous remedy which the operative classes can themselves apply and regulate there is no such danger to be feared. It is to this that we should now naturally look for the improvements we desire to see in the condition of the whole body of our operatives; nor shall we despair if it is some time yet before our confidence has been justified by the event."

Observe the extreme care with which *The Times* avoids the slightest reference to the main cause of this widespread depression,—the policy of attempting to compete with other nations who pay their workmen smaller wages and work them a longer time. Great Britain, you will perceive, in the inexorable sternness with which she adheres to free trade, cannot, with her large intelligence and the progressive spirit of her leaders, refuse to follow the example of the United States by increasing the wages of her working people wherever she can, and by yielding to their demand for shortened hours; and it is natural that her manufacturers should suffer from their confessed inability to maintain their position in a market of which their German and Belgian rivals are the masters. The gloomy picture told by the official authorities of the revolting degradation and misery of the working-women of the "Black Country" may be called the sombre background to the situation of those who are known to be more comfortable, and yet whose future is darkened by the saddest forebodings. I will enter into no encomium upon what is called the protection policy of the United States, which we have been constrained to adhere to in consequence of our great debt, and which we might yet consistently maintain in view of the concessions of our British cousins; but I will close this letter by asking you to read the communication in the *London Observer* (October 3), addressed by Mr. David A. Wells, late United States Revenue Commissioner, to Mr.

T. B. Potter, M.P., one of the free-trade leaders. The merit of this letter of Mr. Wells is his appeal to the hesitating carpet-manufacturers of England to be represented at the Philadelphia Exhibition. It is true he invites them to reconsider their refusal on the ground that their presence will be an argument in favor of the free-trade doctrines of Mr. Bright and Mr. Potter. We are not afraid to compare the two systems, especially in the light of such admissions as I have quoted from official sources and from the columns of the *London Times*. The International Exhibition of 1876 will be nothing if not cosmopolitan. It will be something more than a comparison of fabrics: it will be an interchange of great thoughts and great ideas, and we shall be as glad to welcome the free-traders of England as the protectionists of France.

“UNITED STATES, August, 1875.

“*To Thomas Bayley Potter, Esq., M.P., Secretary of the Cobden Club.*

“DEAR SIR: It is not necessary for me to inform you that an International Exhibition of the products of all nations, commemorative of the completion of the first hundred years of the United States as a nation, will open in the city of Philadelphia in May next. To be present and contribute to this Exhibition, an invitation to the people of all countries has been officially extended by the President of the United States, and from Great Britain especially, by reason of a common blood and close commercial intercourse, a cordial response has been anticipated. An impression, however, very generally prevails in the United States that foreign manufacturers, artists, and artisans are not disposed to contribute of their products to this Exhibition—an impression due, doubtless, in part to some recent remarks of Mr. Bright, and also to the circumstance that, in at least one instance, an entire class of English manufacturers (English carpets) have considered and officially determined not to participate. For what inducement, it has been pertinently asked, can be offered to citizens of other countries to send to the United States specimens of their skill, excellence, and cheapness in production, when the laws and fiscal policy of the United States have for years been specially framed and maintained with a view of excluding these same products from their markets, and also for preventing their own citizens from taking advantage, through the reciprocal exchange of their domestic products, of this same skill, excellence, or cheapness?

"Pertinent undoubtedly as is this question, and difficult as it certainly must be for any citizen of the United States interested in the Exhibition to satisfactorily answer it, it is nevertheless my opinion that foreign manufacturers will make a grievous mistake in withholding their products from the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, and that there are in some respects more cogent reasons, even, for their contributing to the United States Centennial than have existed in the case of any of the prior European international exhibitions. For what better opportunity can possibly be afforded to a foreign manufacturer to convince a benighted people of the terrible economic blunder committed in restricting exchanges by an extravagant, prohibitory tariff on imports than to publicly contrast the prices of foreign productions, free of duty, or under moderate imposts, imposed solely with a view to revenue, with the prevailing prices under the existing American tariff? In short, I have no doubt that by a judicious show of foreign commodities, bearing placards stating clearly the conditions and cost of production, more can be accomplished in a single season in educating the American people up to a clear perception of the immense benefits certain to result from an unrestricted commercial intercourse with foreign nations, such as now exists between the separate and industrially diverse States of the Union, than has been achieved by all that has been written and said on this subject in this country during the last quarter of a century.

"Through you, therefore, as Secretary of the Cobden Club, I desire to impress upon the members of the Club, and upon all friends of economic reform in Europe and elsewhere, the importance of urging foreign manufacturers to send to the Philadelphia Exhibition not only a full and typical assortment of their respective products, but that each exhibitor also cause to be prepared for exhibition or general distribution therewith a clear and succinct statement of the price at which his goods are now sold in the United States under the existing American tariff, and which they could be sold for in gold if allowed importation *free of duty*, or under a duty of *twenty per cent. ad valorem*. To do this it will not be necessary, in my opinion, to obtain any official authorization in advance from the Directors of the Exhibition; for the fundamental idea involved in all industrial exhibitions, and more especially those of an international character, is education in respect to all the conditions involved in the production and use of the things exhibited. So that it may be confidently asserted that if any attempt should be seriously made at Philadelphia to restrain any exhibitor from properly stating the cost or selling price of his commodities under varying conditions, the motive would be so obviously a desire to prevent, for purely selfish and class interests, the people from obtaining legitimate information, that public opinion would not for one moment tolerate the restriction.

"In further illustration of this subject, I append the following extract of a letter recently addressed to me by Mr. J. S. Moore, of New York

one of my former official assistants under the Government, whose thorough acquaintance with our American fiscal system enables him most happily to confirm my views in respect to the opportunity now afforded for exposing to the people of the United States the extravagance and absurdities of their existing tariff: 'As an example of what may be taught at Philadelphia,' writes Mr. Moore, 'suppose we take the well-known fabric which bears the name of "alpaca." A quality of this article of women's wear, which costs in Bradford, England, from eight to nine pence per yard, cannot be sold in New York, owing to a duty of sixty-seven per cent. ad valorem, and a premium of from twelve to fifteen per cent. on gold, for less than thirty-eight to forty cents currency. But if an exhibitor of this quality of fabrics should append to them a placard bearing in clear-printed letters words to this effect: "This alpaca, which now sells in New York for forty cents per yard currency, could, if admitted duty free, be sold for twenty-two cents per yard gold," then "he who runs may read," and needs no interpreter to tell him the meaning of what he reads; and if a similar course were taken by all foreign exhibitors and a truly great display of foreign goods were made, then every woman, to say nothing of the men, who enters that devoted "Centennial" will become a free-trader, and I need hardly prophesy to you the influence such an important auxiliary will have on future political platforms and elections. The Centennial "cactus tariff" may thus blossom for the last time, and then wither under the glass roof of the Philadelphia Exhibition, with no prospect, let us hope, of blossoming again with the coming century.'

"I am, yours most respectfully,

"DAVID A. WELLS.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXI.

Centennial Items.

It is a great satisfaction to report the voluntary activity of all the Americans that I have met now travelling abroad in presenting our International Exhibition to their friends in Europe. Mr. Edward D. Holton, one of the Centennial Commissioners for Wisconsin, has just returned from a long tour through Northern Europe full of enthusiasm

and good news. His letter to a leading paper in Wisconsin, which he has kindly read to me, relating his experience abroad and abounding in excellent suggestions, will no doubt be welcome reading to his numerous friends at home and will have a good effect in other quarters. Mr. Holton is a gentleman of true American energy and progress, and his intercourse with many of the public men of Germany, Russia, and Sweden, including in the latter the King and Queen, has awakened a new interest for the Centennial in those countries.

Our townsman, Mr. Joseph Patterson, who is about returning home, has been in steady communication with influential people in London, and has rendered efficient service by his disinterested and intelligent efforts. Indeed, the daily discussion of this subject in foreign journals makes it impossible for any American traveller to remain indifferent to the cause which excites so much curiosity among strangers. Every variety of product and invention will be sent forward for exhibition, and not only in the merely material arts, but the attention of the Europeans is constantly awakened to the historical aspects of the Exposition. For instance, I am promised a painting which represents a party of Indians gold-washing in a pool by the river Apalachicola—an engraving of which, by Debry, is to be found in the "*Historia Americæ*," an old Latin work published in Frankfort in 1634. It is not known who painted the picture. The figures are all cleverly finished in bas-relief, and in a manner totally different from that of any known master. It is on canvas, fifty by forty inches. Photographs have been taken of this curious relic by the British Museum, one of which I shall send to our National Museum. The painting itself is at present in the Leeds Exhibition, where it will remain till the end of October, and where it attracts much attention.

Mr. Stephen I. Tucker, the very accomplished Rouge

Croix Pursuivant in the Heralds' College, to whom I have been much indebted for valuable information, sends me the enclosed paragraphs, which may attract the notice of old Philadelphians and antiquarians, and he will be grateful for any information that may be forwarded to him. His address is "Heralds' College, London."

1. *Tucker Family*.—In or about the year 1808 Mr. Jonathan Tucker, of the city of Exeter, England, settled in Philadelphia with his wife (Sarah Chapple) and an only daughter. He was shortly afterwards visited by his father, Mr. William Tucker (of Exeter), who died in Philadelphia. Mr. Micaiah Tucker (brother of Jonathan) also went to Philadelphia, with an only son (Thomas), before his father's death. Any information as to the dates of death and places of burial of William Tucker, and Jonathan and Micaiah, his sons, or of the subsequent history of Thomas Tucker, son of Micaiah, or of the daughter of Jonathan, will be thankfully acknowledged, and all expenses attending it paid by Mr. Tucker.

2. *Tucker Family*.—Wanted to purchase, "A Genealogical and Historical Account of the Descendants of Henry Tucker," by George H. Tucker. New York, 1851. Printed by William C. Martin, 111 John Street. Any other works by persons of the name or relating to the family of Tucker will be purchased.

3. "*Beauties of Tucker*."—A small volume so called, being a selection from the writings of Abraham Tucker. Published in America. Copies wanted.

4. *Sanger Family*.—Genealogy of the Descendants of Richard Sanger, the Puritan, by Rev. Abner Morse. Boston: George Coolidge, 1851. Copy wanted.

5. *Genealogy of the Descendants of Several Ancient Puritans*.—By Rev. Abner Morse. Boston, 1857. Copy wanted.

6. *Life of Henry Dunster, First President of Harvard College*.—By Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D. Boston, 1872. Copy wanted.*

Let me say, *en passant*, that justice compels the statement that Mr. Irving's *Macbeth* at the Lyceum is not nearly so successful as his *Hamlet*. His great popularity in London and his admitted genius have saved him from criticisms which would otherwise have been severe, and, as

* Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6 are all included in Mr. Whitmore's "American Genealogist."

it is, there is no doubt that the play will have to be withdrawn at an early day. The English public are too familiar with the ideal of Macready as *Macbeth*, and Mrs. Siddons as *Lady Macbeth*, not to speak of the noble personation of Edwin Forrest, who is still remembered and praised by those who recall his performances in London some forty years ago; and thus Mr. Irving's conception appears feeble and insufficient.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXII.

A National Cat-Show.

CURIOSITY is a controlling element in human nature, and yet when Charles Sprague made it the subject of a beautiful poem many years ago he never anticipated, even in his fruitful imagination, what strange schemes it would suggest. He never, certainly, dreamed of a baby-show or a fat man's exhibition. He might have had a vision of dogs in pens, of goats, and of donkeys, but I do not think he ever conceived such a thing as a national cat-show in London. And yet it is just that which is now going on at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and this is the seventh of the annual series. Some years ago an ingenious American advertised for thousands of cats, which were to be utilized for their skins, but the enterprise closed—no joke is intended—in a catastrophe, and it was not until the authorities of the Crystal Palace took the matter in hand that our feline friends were put to any practical purpose outside of their fidelity as household favorites and their dexterity as rat-catchers. The present

season has attracted no less than two hundred and thirteen exhibitors. It would not seem possible that there is sufficient interest in the matter in England, in these busy times, to aid in the breeding and training of cats. Nevertheless, such is the case, and the fact that the seventh annual cat-show of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, attracts such a number of exhibitors, shows it.

In my letter on the London dogs I referred to a home where they were cared for and made comfortable when lost or neglected. There is no such institution provided for the cats of London, simply because, being more domesticated and without the peripatetic desires of their canine acquaintances, a cat rarely gets so very far away from the hearth as to need a search-warrant to bring it back. When such an accident occurs, pussy relies upon two sources for sustenance. First, the happily abounding charity of the people of London to a poor creature suffering from the pangs of hunger. It is not at all exceptional to see some Good Samaritan in the form of a lady, frequently in the highest class of society, going out of her way to purchase food for one of these strayed and starving inhabitants of the London "area" or basement of the houses. The other source from which a lost cat is most certain to derive food is from the nearest pantry or kitchen, and then the rats in the old streets. I should say that half the households of London and Philadelphia each contain a cat—not confined to the residences of the rich, the middle class, and the very poor, but many business houses keep sometimes two or three; they are found to be extremely useful, without causing trouble. You see them everywhere. In the machine-room of a steam manufactory you look up, and there, sitting quite comfortably—perhaps within a few inches of a wheel revolving at the rate of some thousands of evolutions a minute—is Miss Pussy. Last year, when visiting the yard where Mr. Charles Jamrach temporarily keeps the wild beasts

destined for the various Zoological Gardens of Europe and America, I saw two or three tame cats, one of which was sitting just above an iron cage containing a ferocious jaguar, a late arrival, much interested in the movements of the beautiful prisoner. One of them, the head-keeper informed me, had been in his yard for more than two years, but its predecessor had met with a sad but sudden death by dropping into the mouth of a hungry lioness.

So much care and love being devoted to cats in London, it was not surprising that the efforts of the Crystal Palace authorities to improve the breed, as well as to encourage the kind treatment of the animals, should be successful. At first, numbers of people were attracted by the novelty of the scene alone, but, though this section of the visitors to the cat-show is still large, many now come with a party of children. The centre transept of the Crystal Palace, at once a beautiful promenade and a delightful resting-place, was crowded by the visitors who came to see the cats in cages down each side. Each cage contained a cushion for pussy, and a little saucer filled with milk, etc., while the prize cats were distinguished by a blue flag hung from the top. Some idea of the enterprise of the authorities at the Palace may be gathered from the fact that about one hundred and thirty prizes were offered for competition, from five pounds to fifteen shillings, while marks of distinction, which are equally coveted, such as "very highly commended," are also awarded. In certain classes, where there is a great competition, and only say three prizes, those cats which are highly commended have a good chance of carrying off the first prizes at local shows or exhibitions, where their standing would be more completely recognized.

The best tabby cat received a silver cup. For this prize there was a general rivalry; there were thirty-six candidates, and as they were all first-class the decision of the judges was not made until after much discussion. The

prizeman at last appeared in Master Shuckard's "Tommy Dodd," aged nine years, and valued at one hundred pounds (five hundred dollars); the winner of the second prize was also held at the same amount, while the value attached to others in the same class was never below five pounds. Miss Shorthouse's cat, "age unknown, possesses a tabular pedigree for six generations," and is valued by its owner at ten thousand pounds, but in face of these substantial arguments Miss Shorthouse's favorite was not among the prizes, only receiving a high "commendation." Others of the candidates were magnificent creatures, graceful in their movements, their furs shining with gloss resembling the richest velvet. These cats were the best in the show, and were specially considered by the judges to be a superb class. The average weight of each was about sixteen and one-half pounds. One of the prizes was for the "heaviest cat in the show," and this was won by a specimen weighing a few ounces over eighteen pounds. This gentleman was so overcome with joy at the honor he had won that he gave himself up to amusement the whole day, glad to engage in a game with the first youngster that came along. Few out of the five hundred pussies showed bad tempers; the exceptions were among the black cats, which, for the most part, seemed discontented. Very different was the conduct of the long-haired Angora species, with their splendid coats white as snow, their pink eyes, and fiery appearance, forming one of the most interesting features.

The crowds of children who almost, in these days, live at the Palace make their choice without regard to the decision of the judges, and *their favorites* are at once exalted among themselves. The newest juvenile favorites are three kittens belonging to one family, of the Angora breed, strikingly beautiful, and a lady cat, the happy possessor of eight kittens about two days old, all like their mother, perfectly white and quite undistinguishable from one an-

other. Another specimen had greatness thrust upon him, because, poor fellow, he had the misfortune to be born *without forelegs*. This gentleman gets about after the fashion of the kangaroo, and his manner of getting over the ground is certainly curious, if not graceful. This unique spectacle is under distinguished auspices; as usual, a titled personage heads the list of patrons, which closes with the name of Charles Robert Darwin, the renowned philosopher and naturalist. In one of his last works he infers that "man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits." He may have found the feline species a proper theme for his researches. Mr. Darwin is now in his sixty-fifth year, and has been greatly honored in his day and time. In 1839 he married the granddaughter of Josiah Wedgwood, the well-known manufacturer and importer of earthen or ceramic ware. I never think of him without recollecting what the venerable Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, said to me of the Darwinian theory of "The Descent of Man," after somebody had been assailing the eccentric English scientist: "Well, sir, I don't care to know about where we come from, but this I will say, that I would rather think that the human race had *risen* from the ape, than that it *descended* from the angels."

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXIII.

Panic on 'Change.—Turkish Insolvency and American Securities.

JUST now the English capitalists have been struck between wind and water by the scarcely unexpected half repudiation of Turkish bonds by the Government of the Sultan, and I am reminded of the forcible words of an English traveller after he had examined the internal condition of the great Mohammedan Empire. "The day will come," he said, "and that is not far off, when civilized Europe will be compelled to take stern action in regard to Turkey, and for my part I think that if it were blotted from the map of the world, and divided among other nations, it would be the best thing that could happen to its people and to thousands of foreigners who are constantly investing in its funds with a certainty of bankruptcy." These words, uttered only two weeks ago, are now recalled in the face of a recent decree of the Turkish Government, which is thus characterized in *The Times*, the most moderate and careful of all the London journals:

"There is no need to emphasize the fact, which was stated in our second edition of yesterday, that the Turkish Government is unable to pay the full claims of its creditors. Sufficiently grave is the simple announcement that from the 1st of January next the Porte will, for five years, pay the interest and the *amortissement* of its public debt, half in cash and half in bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent. Thus the holders of Turkish stock will find the half of their dividends reduced to an uncertain quantity for a certain time, and beyond that period the possibilities must, of course, be dim. Such an announcement has naturally caused much commotion in the circles both of politics and finance; yet there is no reason why it should have surprised any moderately well-informed person, except as all great changes startle us at the moment of their occurrence even when

they have been clearly foreseen. It has for a long time been certain that, unless the Porte should essentially change its plan of administration, it would be forced to come to such a decision as it has now reached, and every year made the prospects of such an amendment seem more hopeless. Ambassadors lectured it on the ruinous waste of its expenditure. Our own Government plainly warned it again and again that it was on the high road to bankruptcy.

* * * * *

"But the main cause of the embarrassment is the ease with which Turkey has been able to borrow money. Her expenditure was comparatively small before the Crimean war, because she was then content with a form of government which, if very bad, was also very cheap. No Ottoman minister then thought of public works. The cost of police was as trivial as the institution itself. The army was small, badly fed, poorly clothed, irregularly paid, and therefore far from costly. The enormous expense of ironclads still lay in the future. The Porte was, of course, in a state of financial embarrassment, but it resorted only to the rude expedients of debasing the coin and issuing an inconvertible paper currency. The revenue was so small that it imperiously checked the extravagance of the Palace. But everything was changed as if by magic when Turkey entered into the community of European nations, when the Great Powers encouraged her to develop her resources, and when she found how much more easy it was to negotiate loans than to raise taxes. Her expenditure then mounted swiftly, and the waste has been reckless. As fast as one loan was spent another was raised, and there have been no fewer than fourteen in about twenty years. The modest demand for three million pounds, with which she began in 1854, had grown in 1865 to a call for thirty-six million pounds, and last year her necessities impelled her to ask for forty million pounds. Thus she has piled up a debt of more than one hundred and eighty million pounds in twenty years, and she has to spend nearly half her revenue in paying her creditors. As the riches of her soil are undeveloped, even that enormous debt might not cause much misgiving if most of it had been applied productively; but little has been done either to construct railways or open mines. Each loan has been used to build ironclads which are worse than useless, to supply the means of riotous waste, and to pay the creditors of the Empire. The Porte, in fact, has been systematically living beyond its means, borrowing money everywhere to gratify its extravagance, and then borrowing again to pay the interest of the loans already raised. As fast as one amount has become due another has been borrowed to pay for the first. Such advances could be obtained only at a very high rate of interest, and thus the real sums obtained by Turkey have been far less than those she has promised to pay. Still, she has obtained an enormous sum, and by far the greater part of it is represented by nothing whatever. It is as clean gone as if it had been flung into the sea."

The scene on 'Change after the Sultan's repudiating decree was published was exceedingly exciting. A resistless panic took possession of the whole market. Turkish securities fell with appalling rapidity. Nothing, indeed, stood firm but the Massachusetts loan, which was all taken in a moment, and if it had been larger it would have been likewise instantly absorbed. The Turkish and Egyptian stocks were for a time unsalable. Then came a reaction, which was followed by another collapse. The corn market has been steadily rising, which is a very good indication for the United States. The money article of *The Times* tries to stop the panic; other papers have gone so far as to demand the interference of the Governments of Europe in regard to Turkey. It is clear that something must be done at once. Nothing, in fact, but the known designs of Russia against the Ottoman Porte would prevent such a partition of the Turkish Empire as would close out her constant drafts upon European capital and confidence.*

Now let me turn to another side of the financial picture. In the midst of this Turkish panic, Mr. Edward D. Holton, Centennial Commissioner from Wisconsin, asked me to accompany him to the International Chamber of Commerce, where the Mississippi Valley Society have rooms. The president of the society is John Crossley, Esq., M.P., and his associates are all Englishmen of the highest character. Their special objects are stated as follows:

First. To fix attention upon the Valley of the Mississippi as *the great coming market*; the world's new theatre of production and consumption.

Second. To promote the application of European capital to the development of this market; to the cultivation of the soil; the working of the mines; the improvement and cheapening of inland and ocean transportation, and the establishment of direct trading.

* The Sultan's decree reducing the interest on the Turkish debt to one-half of the legal amount has the date of "October 6, 1875." Within six months after this another decree deferred until July the payment of the instalment due in April, 1876.

Third. To direct European labor to the same objects.

Fourth. To establish in Europe the legitimate business credit of the South Atlantic and Valley States by defending the integrity of honest operations against unfounded prejudice; by furnishing correct information about public and private enterprise; by preventing the adoption of immature undertakings by exposing adventurous schemes and impostures, and by promoting greater personal intercourse between the two peoples.

In conversation with the Directors I found that they had fixed upon the United States as, after all, the safest in which to invest British capital, and I need not tell you that the explosion in regard to Turkish securities has given extraordinary emphasis to their mission. At a moderate calculation there are now in London from six hundred million to eight hundred million dollars in gold upon which literally no interest is paid, and which needs only assurance of security to induce its investment at moderate rates. This Mississippi Valley Society proposes to examine and report upon the resources of the entire Mississippi Valley by means of deputations to be sent out by the parent office during the summer and autumn of 1876. The chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. N. V. Squarey, is an experienced traveller, having visited nearly all the countries on the globe, including the United States, and it was very interesting to hear him give his reasons why the money of the English could, after all that has happened in our country, be more profitably trusted with us than with any other nation in the world. Mr. Crossley, the president, has only lately returned from America with the same impressions. As yet they have not selected the branches with which they intend to correspond and co-operate, but the scheme of their deputations is comprehensive and shows the earnestness of the undertaking. There are six committees—one on real-estate loans, one on mining and mineral investments, one on public-railway and other corporate securities, one on laws regulating investments, one on agriculture and immigration, and one on direct trade with Europe. The

first deputation, which starts from New York and Philadelphia on the 15th of July, 1876, for purposes of exploration, will consist of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred members. The second, same number, will start from the same cities on the 15th of August, 1876; the third, same number, will start from the same cities, September 15, 1876; the fourth, October 15, 1876; the fifth, November 15, 1876. Each deputation will occupy about thirty days, and the American cities and towns at which each is to stop and the days they are to remain are marked out on the printed circular.

There have been so many schemes of every description intended to divert British capital to America, many of them failures and some of them impostures, that the project I now have the honor to explain deserves from its high respectability the serious attention of our people, and without any more words I commend the matter to them. Mr. Holton, himself a cautious, prosperous man of business, has taken great pains to ascertain the personal and financial character of the members of this organization, and what I have written here meets his full approbation.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXIV.

European Financial Insecurity.—Atlantic Cable Tariff.—Restaurant Prices.

It is not gracious to utilize the axiom that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," but certainly the last financial calamity that has befallen Great Britain, and largely France and the Continent, awakens a general comment in regard to the money securities of the United States. Men everywhere contrast the hopeless bankruptcy of the Turks

with the conceded vitality of the Americans. The great error seems to have been that the English and French people were tempted to invest in Turkish bonds by high and unnatural rates of interest, some of them receiving as much as eighteen per cent. Here, as in all similar cases, ruin has been the result. The sad part of this case is that under the belief, growing out of the political protection extended over Turkey by the British and other great powers, many persons in humble circumstances and others with fixed incomes, never thinking that the day of settlement must come to nations as well as to men, and believing that where the interest, however large, is regularly paid upon a debt steadily increasing, there is no need to look to the payment of the debt itself, have thrown their little all into the vortex and have come to grief. To give you some idea of the statistics of this Turkish debt, which you will not fail to contrast with the figures of our own steadily-reducing national obligations, by the act repudiating half the interest of this debt the Turkish Government will save six million pounds annually, while England alone loses about eight millions of dollars a year. The result is that the English and French papers are crying out for a protectorate over the Sultan. Some propose that the whole machinery of Turkish government shall be taken in charge by the Great Powers, and others allege that Turkey should be blotted from the map of nations and divided among these powers.

Turn now to another European country: Contrast the obligations and resources of Spain with those of the United States. In 1872 the consolidated debt of Spain was two hundred and ninety-seven millions three hundred and forty-three thousand pounds sterling. It is now known to exceed five hundred and thirty million pounds sterling, or over two billions six hundred and fifty millions of dollars. As late as April last the Spanish Secretary of

War declared that the war expenses would absorb the whole revenue of the country, leaving absolutely nothing for the other branches of the administration. The productive powers of Spain are paralyzed by the interruption of communication, the withdrawal of laborers from useful employment, and the treading down of wealth by contending armies. Not to speak of the utterly impoverished condition of many of the South American nations in which England has largely invested, it is not wonderful that capital is looking steadily across the Atlantic, and that American securities are once more accepted as the safest and most profitable. In this connection let me again direct you to the International Chamber of Commerce and the Mississippi Valley Society.

A significant article in the *London Times* comments upon a recent speech of Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that of Mr. Grant Duff, president of the Economy and Trade section of the Social Congress at Brighton. Both of these distinguished authorities freely admit the rapid growth of the protection sentiment on the Continent, and the increasing embarrassments of the manufacturers of Great Britain in consequence of the system of free trade under the financial policy of this Empire. These points cannot be too carefully considered by American statesmen, nor must the fact that discussion on this point has been awakened in Europe by voluntary action, and not in consequence of English opposition to protection in America, be left out of account. Now more than ever is it essential that all free-traders and protectionists should be represented next year at the Centennial Exposition. While they are discussing the subject with so much sincerity in Europe, they cannot certainly object to the honorable controversy which must result from a contrast with American manufactures and arts under the revenue system of the United States. If parties in England and throughout the

Continent which have insisted that free trade is not only the necessary condition of commerce, but that it is the essential means of universal comfort to the laboring classes, now openly divide on this question—and England herself freely confesses her alarm at the injuries inflicted upon her national interests by this much-boasted theory—how much allowance ought we not to make for differences of opinion on the same subject in a new country like the United States?

I see that the French steamer *France*, which left Havre for New York on the 25th of September, arrived safely at the latter port. She had on board the new panorama of the Siege of Paris, contracted and paid for by Mr. E. T. Dobbins and his Philadelphia associates, who intend to exhibit it in the iron building known as the Coliseum, in New York. After it has been seen there, the building and the panorama will be transferred to Philadelphia in time for the Centennial Exhibition. Great credit is due to Dr. Leonard R. Koecker, of Philadelphia, who was delegated by the American owners of the panorama to see to its speedy execution and transportation from France. He arrived in time, and attended to his duties, and with so much assiduity and energy that the contractors were enabled to comply with their obligations, and the good ship, together with the chief artist and his family, was sent forward with its precious freight on the day fixed in the agreement.

There is a deep and growing hostility in England, and I am not surprised to see that it is spreading throughout the United States, in consequence of the over-prompt action of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company in restoring the tariff on telegrams between the United States and England to four shillings per word immediately after the accident by which the new Direct Cable was severed on the American side. This was simply *quadrupling their fares*, putting them up from one to four shillings a word in

consequence of this accident. So powerful has this Anglo-American monopoly become that many of the newspapers confess that, with its ability to break down all new-comers and force them to hand over their cable to them, no more capital can be raised to lay another cable. It remains to be seen whether this assumption is true. The intimation that the Direct Cable can never be repaired,* and that every effort will be made to prevent its reconstruction, so that the directors of the old company may share the extraordinary profits they have been realizing in consequence of the complete control of the market, will undoubtedly increase the popular feeling against them, and compel another line, even if they should be powerful enough to defeat the noble efforts of Mr. Siemens and his associates to restore the broken link of the Direct Cable.

I have been giving a little attention to the prices charged by some of the best restaurants in London, in view of a statement which excites great satisfaction throughout Europe that there are to be several large eating-houses on the European plan within or near the Centennial Grounds next year. When I repeat to you that I am constantly receiving intelligence from all parts of Great Britain and the Continent that great numbers of strangers will visit us next year, you will understand how anxious they are in regard to their accommodations when they arrive. These people are so accustomed to moderate charges for good living, that it requires considerable ingenuity to convince them that competition in the United States is as certain to result advantageously as it does in Europe. Five shillings, or a dollar and a quarter in gold, secures for you a capital dinner without wine at Verrey's, on Regent Street. I have known two persons to dine well for five shillings at the Café Royal, also

* This intimation, in which the *wish* was probably master of the *thought*, turned out to be incorrect.

on Regent Street, and Blanchard's Beak Street restaurant supplies meals at the following rates: With soup or fish, sixty-two and a half cents; with soup and fish, seventy-five cents. Without soup or fish you obtain for two shillings (fifty cents) ham croquettes, curried chicken, potatoes, roast beef, roast mutton, ham and beans, cheese, and bread and butter, and for sixpence extra boiled fowl. A single dish of mayonnaise of chicken costs seventy-five cents; a chop, including vegetables and cheese, one shilling and sixpence (thirty-seven and a half cents); a steak, with vegetables and cheese, fifty cents. Then there are dinners for eighty-seven and a half cents, with soup, fish, fruit, and sweets; then dinners for one dollar and twenty-five cents, with more elaborate courses. If you order dinners *à la carte* it is more expensive. Game, lobster, real turtle soup, if ordered, of course increase the price of the dinner; but nothing can excel the meals in the quality of cooking and in the generous supply that you receive for from fifty to seventy-five cents.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXV.

Stonehenge.—Old and New Sarum.

THE stranger who visits the city of Salisbury, in the county of Wilts, eighty-two miles southwest from London, must be immediately captivated by the exquisite quiet and loveliness of the place. It is not the seat of commerce, but rather of tradition—a word far more expressive than “antiquity”—from which one traces the decay of primitive manners and customs, the growth of what is known

as mediæval civilization, the overthrow of an ancient religion, and the successive conquests by a new order of things typified in the present establishment, "the Church of England." On this spot we have a dim conception of ages so long ago that their stony monuments still excite discussion over their origin and objects. Here are the rude beginnings of government—Pagan, Roman, Danish, Saxon, and Norman. Here, also, we honor as we wonder at the superb creations of the original Catholic Church, and, finally, the sequestration of all its great temples under a successive and more successful autonomy.

There has been so much curiosity in America about Stonehenge that a few words in reference to it may be interesting to my readers. This mystical monument is situated about seven miles north of Salisbury, crowning the memorable Salisbury Plain referred to more than once in Shakspeare, and approached, until you come to the Plain itself, through a country of romantic scenery and refined cultivation ; in fact, a region in which the wealth of modern England is displayed in handsome villas, cosy little hamlets, broad and emerald-green fields, and that peculiar silence which, in this little island, supplies a strange contrast to its overcrowded populace. Nothing impresses me more, as I reflect upon the twenty millions of people in England alone, than the evident absence of inhabitants until you reach the busy cities. But the solitude of the rural districts is explained by the accumulation of the soil in the hands of a comparatively small number of families.

To return to Stonehenge—a mystery not less inscrutable than the Pyramids, and often compared to them. Some of the historians call these strange remains a mysterious temple, which originally consisted of two circles and two ovals. The outward circle is about three hundred feet in circumference, composed of huge, upright stones bearing others placed horizontally on their tops. These horizontal

stones touch each other, and form a continuous circular crowned arch. Irregular in form, they bear marks of having been wrought with tools. There were originally thirty uprights and as many imposts. Of the former seventeen are still standing ; of the latter only six. The uprights are about sixteen feet high and eighteen feet in circumference, of a quality of hard sandstone, which must have been carried from a point at least seventeen miles from the spot on which they stand. At the distance of between eight and nine feet from the outer circle is the inner circle, composed of similar stones irregular in shape, bearing no marks of ever having been wrought. Of this circle, containing originally forty stones, the traces of twenty only remain. The sanctum, which is the most imposing part of the structure, consists of two ovals, formed of five pair of other stones, or two large upright stones, with a third laid over them. They rise gradually from east to west. The first on your left hand, as you stand with your back to it, is sixteen feet three inches high ; the next seventeen feet two inches high, and the central one twenty-one feet six inches. One of the uprights of this grand central group has fallen, and is broken into two pieces, together measuring twenty-six feet three inches. The other upright is nine feet out of the perpendicular, and is the most striking object in the group.

Stonehenge overlooks Salisbury, a plain ridge on ridge, which leads the eye onward to the bolder hills of the extreme distance. Although civilization is trenching upon it, it still retains the aspect of a desert solitude. The date, origin, and uses of this peculiar memorial are unknown to the most critical antiquarians. But we have Stonehenge restored, resembling an ancient circular British temple, which it is believed to have been, with strong, upright columns, overlaid with a heavy stone entablature, and a main entrance or gate of a larger, although of the same

kind. The accepted theory is that within this stony circle the religious ceremonies of the Druids were performed, and this speculation is sustained by the fact that the tenets of Druidism in early Britain were coeval with its original inhabitants. A similarity is traced between these tenets and those of the Brahmins of India, the Magi of Persia, and the Chaldeans of Assyria. The earliest published notice of Stonehenge was in the ninth century, by Nennius, who narrates the particulars of the murder of four hundred and sixty British noblemen at a conference between King Vortigern and Hengist, in the latter part of the fifth century, at or near the spot on which Stonehenge is placed, and attributes the monument to the surviving Britons, who thus endeavored to perpetuate the tragedy. But nearly all other writers are at a loss to devise why such a work should have been raised. One insists that supernatural agency was called in to remove the stones from Kildare in Ireland; another, that the monument was raised by the Britons to the memory of Aurelius Ambrosius; while John Aubrey attributes the origin to the Britons prior to the Roman invasion. Still, Stonehenge is connected with the primitive form of worship, which appears to have been coextensive with the migration of the human race; a form of worship which existed among all the nations of antiquity, and was transmitted to mediæval times, still rampant as in the worship of Siva at Benares, or lingering in the wearing of amulets and the like, as in Italy at the present day. Men of science have written huge volumes upon Stonehenge, and poets have sung its mysteries, while grave and earnest archæological disputations have arisen among its ruins without settling upon any definite idea of its origin.

As you approach and leave Salisbury, by rail, and as you ride out to and from Stonehenge, another piece of antiquity, not so inscrutable, is Old Sarum, described in a favorite Salisbury ballad, by Dr. Pope :

" Old Sarum was built on a dry, barren hill,
A great many years ago ;
'Twas a Roman town of strength and renown,
As its stately ruins show."

It is a combination of deserted mounds elevated above the plain, below a once flourishing and populous city, now standing out upon the wide landscape like some mysterious formation in the wild regions of the Rocky Mountains. Continuous inquiries have produced a reasonable history of Old Sarum, and the study of it proves equally the antiquity of Great Britain and the repeated terrible struggles of its primitive and later populations before reaching its present unparalleled civilization. The accepted account is that Old Sarum was wrested from the Britons during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, when his general, Vespasian, captured twenty British towns and subdued two powerful nations. Its importance as a subsequent Roman station may be conjectured from the fact that six Roman roads radiated from it. After the expulsion of the Romans Old Sarum becomes more familiar to the antiquary, and gradually, as these half-Pagan forces were compelled to retire, we trace the growth of the works of the Church of Rome in Great Britain. In the early part of the eighth century, Iva, King of the West Saxons, endowed the Church of St. Martin's in this vicinity. In 871 the outer entrenchment is supposed to have been added by Alfred the Great immediately after his accession to the throne, and within a month after his great battle with the Danes at Wilton.

After the successful Norman invasion all the States of the Kingdom were summoned to Old Sarum to do homage to William the Conqueror, and to submit their lands to the military tenure. Successive councils, religious and political, were held here. Royal Courts gave dignity and power to the place, and in the twelfth century the prelates and the barons of the realm came to do honor to the mon-

arch. These were the days of princely pomp and churchman's pride. At last, after repeated vicissitudes, battles, and changes of government, the site of the new cathedral at Salisbury or New Sarum was laid April 28, 1220, and with the growth of that magnificent Roman Catholic edifice began the decay of Old Sarum, the Saxon, and the rise of the Norman rival city, so that now while Salisbury is brilliant in all the comforts of modern times, nothing is left of the primeval castle and court but a deserted mound and a ghastly ruin, at once a surprise to the passing traveller and a source of interest to the enthusiastic student. On the removal of the cathedral Old Sarum rapidly decayed. The besom of destruction swept over it. Tower and town fell, and the materials were carried away. As the local historian expresses it, "Old Sarum can hardly be said to be present even in the ruin of a State, for the city has been removed to the valley, and the deserted hill is restored to nature." Another writer says, "The Briton has driven his war-car down its sides; the Roman has waved his Imperial truncheon from its summit; the invading Saxon has planted his dragon standard on its top; the avenging Dane has rolled the blazing tide of war at its feet, and here William, the conqueror of England, received the kneeling homage of an assembled kingdom." It looks now like some vast mausoleum reared only to cover and commemorate the dead.

In the fourteenth century King Edward the Third granted Old Sarum the right, as a then populous borough, to send two members to Parliament. This privilege continued to be exercised long after the borough had fallen into decay and utter ruin, and when only two or three nominal burgesses could be found to vote. By the Reform Bill of 1832 this strange condition of affairs was abolished.

I confess, as we entered what is called "the close," which surrounds the Cathedral, with its smooth, lawn-like

expanse of ever-green turf, intersected with gravelled walks, planted with rows and avenues of fine trees, flanked on the outer square by English residences, most of them occupied by the canons of the Church, I did not wonder at the indignation with which the faithful Roman Catholic recalls the origin of these antiquated splendors, and mourns, like the Hebrew, over his lost Jerusalem. It cannot be concealed that to these earlier Christians, the successors and inheritors, and, let us add, the improvers of the Pagan Romans, Great Britain is indebted for every one of the ancient architectural glories of her Established Church. And although no praise can be too strong to do honor to the generosity and diligence with which what is left of the Roman Catholic temple is repaired and restored, still the candid observer will readily forgive the bitter sincerity of the remark attributed to Cardinal Manning when he was told how admirably the old Catholic churches were being restored by the authorities of the Established Church: "Yes, I hear they are being restored, but I have yet to hear that they are being returned to their real owners." You read history in these stony monuments, and, however republican you may be, you cannot fail to feel that to the aristocracy, clerical and political, of the ages gone by, modern civilization is indebted for the many exquisite originals which adorn its towns and cities. It took thirty-eight years to complete the Cathedral of Salisbury, at the comparatively moderate expense of forty thousand marks, or about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, when the effigies of money were four or five times more valuable than they are to-day. It was solemnly dedicated in the thirteenth century by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of the King and Queen, and it was passed over under the iron rule of King Henry VIII. early in the sixteenth century; so that the fact remains that whatever of beauty belongs to it is certainly not to be credited to the present

religious institution. An American gentleman, when he first saw the severe grandeur, so to speak, and the impressive symmetry of the Cathedral, broke out with the expression: "It is the eloquence of art in stone; it is an oration by Daniel Webster on Christianity; it is human genius in a Gothic flower."

The singular uniformity of its design and style, the harmony of its several parts, the lightness and elegance, invest it with a peculiar charm; while the graceful elevation of its tower seems to make it worthy of the praise of the Englishman that it is the loftiest and loveliest spire in the Kingdom. It is admitted to be the only cathedral church erected before the Reformation without any intermixture of styles, and is the first instance of pure unmixed Gothic in England. It is built in the form of a double or archiepiscopal cross, extending in its extreme dimensions, from west to east, four hundred and seventy-three feet, and from north to south two hundred and twenty-nine feet seven inches; while from the intersection of the grand cross springs

The lessening shaft of that aerial spire

to the astonishing height of four hundred feet from the ground. I will not carry you through the whole structure—its transepts, its aisles, its north porch, its west front, its tier of angels, its tier of Old Testament patriarchs and prophets, the nave, the organ, the choir, the chantry chapel, the altar-piece, the lady chapel, the library, the muniment-room, the chapter-house, nor the cloisters. A few words in regard to the expense of the restoration of this magnificent cathedral, which was begun in 1863, and which will cost, before it is entirely finished, forty thousand pounds, or two hundred thousand dollars. The assiduity, the enthusiasm, the genius of the ecclesiastical and literary people interested in its restoration are in themselves a liberal education, while the proud respect of the surrounding

population of Wiltshire, who look upon their cathedral with as much—aye, and even far more—reverence as that with which Philadelphians regard Independence Hall, are so many proofs of the effect of religious architecture upon every condition of life. Indeed, the Salisbury Cathedral may be said to refine the whole district; and while there is much in the opposition of the Dissenters to the acknowledged expenditures and extravagance, and, perhaps, the favoritism of the Established Church, yet I think it may be fairly said that even the Dissenters of Salisbury and Wiltshire never see the Cathedral without a throb of pleasure or of pride.

In happy illustration of these thoughts it is now proper that I should refer to the gentleman to whom our party, all of them Americans, were indebted for this specially agreeable visit, not the less agreeable because the weather has been a fair specimen of an English October—alternate rain and sun, none of the excessive heats we sometimes find at home at this season, and serving by its curious changes of climate to relieve and set off the singular beauties of an English landscape. I refer to Mr. William Blackmore, of Salisbury, well known in the United States, especially in our Western Territories, where he is the owner of large tracts of land, and particularly for his intelligent and persevering researches into the early history of the family of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. It is easy to see that Mr. Blackmore, the descendant of an old Wiltshire family, has caught the inspiration of the place. He and his fathers have not lived in the vicinity of Old Sarum and Stonehenge and Salisbury Cathedral without imbibing much of their peculiar fascinations. Prosperous in themselves, largely identified with the progress of the region, closely connected with many of the earlier and later political struggles and generally on the Liberal side, the large wealth of Mr. Blackmore is distributed in characteristic harmony

with his teachings. He has travelled far and wide, and seems to have fixed his affections, after his own country, in Western America. But even as he extends his literary researches into America he has built for himself a monument in the Blackmore Museum at Salisbury, a repository not alone of valuable relics of the traditions and histories of his own native surroundings, but of everything relating to the past ages, as these are gathered in England and in far distant countries. The "Literature of the Blackmore Museum," printed under his own direction, and the Guide to that Museum, edited with very great ability by the curator, Mr. Edward T. Stevens, are in themselves invaluable contributions to every archæological collection.

You pass through this Museum surprised at the variety and multiplicity of the specimens—an archæological college in stone, bronze, flint, and metallurgy, gathered from every country and every aboriginal tribe—and not less at the intelligent elegance with which they are severally organized and described. It is an example after which many other museums might usefully copy. The museum is opened three times a week gratuitously to the public; the organization was collected and the whole management is paid by himself, and he is every hour adding to the unequalled depository. I could not help admiring the unselfish enterprise of an English gentleman who could so usefully employ his large fortune at his own home, and at the same time devote himself to a diligent study of the institutions of the United States. My friend Mr. C. D. Poston, well known in Philadelphia, several years ago a delegate in Congress from Arizona, and now resident in London, describes the Blackmore Museum as follows:

"The Blackmore Museum, at Salisbury, was founded by Mr. William Blackmore, a native of that city, in the year 1864, and dedicated to the public for the purpose of affording them an opportunity of studying the habits, customs, and manners of past ages of mankind, as evidenced by

the relics, implements, and utensils they have left behind them, and thus be able to compare their condition with the generations of men who have preceded them, so that they can form a correct judgment as to the ascending or descending scale of civilization. The illustrations of the Stone Age are probably more complete in the Blackmore Museum than at any other place in the world, and some idea of their extent may be gathered from the fact that a description of them by Mr. Stevens, one of the trustees of the museum, fills a volume of six hundred pages, called 'Flint Chips.' It must have been a rude age in the history of man when all the cutting, sawing, grinding, drilling, and dressing was done with stone implements; but here in this museum are evidences of the fact, arranged and classified in such a way as to present a stone chronology showing the improvements of man in this primitive struggle with nature and reaching up to the age of bronze. The advantage of this chronological stone history is its indestructibility, and its reading shows the gradual improvement of man from a mere animal struggling with nature for subsistence, and with his fellows for mastery, until our own age guides the steamship, speeds the railway, and writes with the lightning. In the museum alluded to the gradual advancement is read by direct steps upward and onward from the flint chips of the primitive man to the highly-polished steel instruments of surgery made in such perfection at the present day. The benefits accruing to the youth of our country towns from local museums and reading-rooms is incalculable, and will germinate thoughts which might not fructify in the confusion of great cities. Every county town in England might have a museum of local curiosities and objects of foreign interest, as every county possesses the nucleus of such an institution, and the representatives of every county in England in foreign lands would gladly contribute the benefit of his researches to a museum at home if such existed. It only needs in each county some enterprising and liberal mind to organize the machinery for gathering the scattered history of the struggle which mankind have made to leave some evidences of their existence. Even in this remarkable old town of Salisbury the progress of man may be traced with historical accuracy for a period of two thousand years. There are the ruins of Old Sarum, which was a fortified city before the Roman invasion, connecting that southern stronghold with other Roman fortresses, with the Roman road, and the race-course of Vespasian. And there is the Salisbury of to-day, with the railway passing through it, connecting London with the sea."

After enjoying the graceful and generous hospitalities of our English host and his intelligent family, including a special and delightful entertainment at the old White Hart Inn, in Salisbury (which I beg to commend to all Amer-

icans who may be attracted to this beautiful spot), we left Mr. Blackmore and his relations with many grateful thanks, but not before I have exacted from him the promise that during the Centennial year he will read us a paper, which I know he is carefully preparing, upon the antecedents of William Penn.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXVI.

Accession of Italy to the Centennial.—The Bartholdi Monument.

ITALY is gracefully coming to the front. A late number of the influential journal, *Il Fanfulla*, of Rome, publishes the following in regard to the Philadelphia Exhibition :

"The Minister of Agriculture and Commerce on his journey through Florence met there Signor Padovani, the president of the Executive Committee for the Philadelphia Exhibition, and the result of their interview has been the definite settlement of a general agency which is to represent the Government of Italy at the Centennial Exhibition.

* * * * *

"In order not to increase the budget of Italian expenses the Italian Cabinet has decided to select the Commissioners to represent it on that august occasion from among the Italians residing in the United States."

Signor Guiseppe d'Assi, president of the Voluntary Committee of Artists at Milan, has issued an eloquent address to the people of Italy, from which I have had the following translated :

The united work of all, ordered by special committees, will surely lead to favorable results and aid the Government in giving practical help to the Exhibition. There is no nobler aim than the fraternal union of nations in peace and industry. Let us all unite to attain that object. On account

of past mournful times Italy will not be able to compete in industrial products with those nations which have preceded her in the possession of liberty, but Italy can and must be represented at the Centennial Exhibition. The people of the United States, already so far advanced in the way of progress, say of their Centenary, "We will teach something and learn much," and Italy will move under the auspices of her newly-acquired liberty in a firm desire to acquire, with instruction and industry, that degree of advancement to which she is entitled.

* * * * *

The more embarrassing our financial situation the harder must we work to better our condition by extending our commerce and increasing our exports. A favorable opportunity presents itself in the International Exhibition at Philadelphia. Can Italy afford to absent herself upon an occasion which will be so favorable to her interests? Italy is not the land of the dead. The Chamber of Commerce, agrarian committees, associations to promote art, science, or agriculture, and especially the industrial societies, should raise subscriptions and follow the noble example of Baron Eugene Cantoni, who has subscribed five thousand Italian pounds. Various products of our land are sought after, particularly by North America, where they arrive second and even third hand on account of lack of direct commercial intercourse, leaving the principal profits to foreign intermediaries. In arts it is certainly no presumption to affirm that we can hold the field with honor, and equal, if not surpass, other nations. The nation which boasts a Washington, a Franklin, a Jefferson, a Lincoln, and a Peabody, together with many other great men, should be studied closely. If an energetic initiative be taken by individual effort, neither Parliament nor Government can remain indifferent to the cause. Every nation will be represented, for each Government has voted munificently the required funds. Let then all men whose hearts beat for Italy's welfare do all in their power to have her represented in that great assembly of nations to be convoked for the emulation of human ingenuity and for instruction, and through these to promote peace and liberty.

As another proof of the persevering energies of our friends in France, I subjoin the address of the Franco-American Union Committee appointed to take in charge the preparations for the commemorative bronze monument on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, designed and in the course of execution by Major Auguste Bartholdi, the foundation-stone of which it is supposed will be laid during the Centennial ceremonies:

UNION FRANCO-AMÉRICAINÉ.

Subscription for the Building of a Commemorative Monument of the Centennial Anniversary of United States Independence, Erected in Remembrance of the Ancient Friendship of France and America by the Friends of both Nations.

"America will very soon celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of her Independence. This date marks an epoch in human history; to the New World it records its sublime work, the foundation of the grand Republic; to France, one of the most honorable pages of her history.

"We believe, as well as our friends of the United States, that it affords a solemn occasion to unite France and America in a common manifestation. Notwithstanding the long past time, the United States like to recall to mind an ancient fraternity in arms; the name of France is always honored by them. The great event, which will be performed 4th of July, 1876, permits us to celebrate with our American friends the old and sincere friendship which so long united both nations.

"The New World is preparing to give to this great festival an extraordinary splendor; some friends of the United States thought that the spirit of France should show itself in a cordial and striking manner. A French artist rendered that idea in a project worthy of its purpose and which has secured all approbations; in going to America he came to an understanding with our friends and prepared all the means of execution.

"The question is to elevate in commemoration of the glorious anniversary an exceptional monument. In the middle of New York harbor, on a little island belonging to the Union, facing Long Island, where the first blood was shed for independence, will be raised a colossal statue, showing its grand figure in the space, horizoned by the large cities of New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn. At the entrance of that vast continent, full of new life, where ships meet from all parts of the world, it will look as springing up from the bosom of the deep, representing *Liberty enlightening the World*. At night a luminous aureola projected from the head will radiate on the far-flowing waves of the ocean.

"The monument will be erected by both nations, associated in this fraternal achievement as they were formerly to carry out the independence. We shall amicably offer our American friends the statue, and they on their side will meet the expenses of the pedestal.

"Thus shall we consolidate by an eternal remembrance the friendship sealed by the blood of both people's forefathers.

"Let us unite to celebrate this fête of modern people: We must give to this manifestation the fervor which it requires in order to equal the ever-memorable past events. Let each one bring his obole; however trifling each person's offering may be, it will be received with thanks. Let the number of subscribers show the sentiments of France.

"We shall organize our lists in volumes, which will be offered to our American friends.

"The members of the committee, grateful for the friendship with which they have been honored in America, assume the direction of the movement; the example will be nobly followed on the other side of the ocean. We hope to meet with sympathetic adhesions everywhere.

"LE COMITÉ DE L'UNION FRANCO-AMÉRICAINE.

"Membres d'Honneur—Washburne, ministre plénipotentiaire des Etats-Unis à Paris; M. de Noailles, ambassadeur de France à Rome; M. de Rochambeau; Am. Bartholdi, ministre plénipotentiaire de France à Washington; J. W. Fornëy, commissaire général des Etats-Unis en Europe.

"Ed. Laboulaye, président du Comité Directeur; Henry Martin et Dietz-Monin, vice-présidents.

"Comité—Oscar de Lafayette, Jules de Lasteyrië, Paul de Rémusat, C. de Tocqueville, Waddington, Cornelis de With, Jean Mace, C. Serurier, Wolowski, L. Simonin, V. Borie, Aug. Bartholdi.

"Caubert, commissaire délégué.

"De Lagorsse, secrétaire-trésorier.

"Les Bureaux du Comité sont, 175, rue Saint-Honoré, à Paris."

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXVII.

Mr. P. Cunliffe Owen's Centennial Suggestion for 1976.—A Curious Old Volume.

A PRACTICAL idea connected with the International Exhibition, originating with Mr. P. Cunliffe Owen, deserves record, so that it may not be forgotten when we come to the disposition of the great edifices at the close of the Centennial. It is a suggestion that the permanent buildings, if any are to be preserved in addition to the beautiful temple dedicated exclusively to Art, should be so managed that when our posterity comes to do honor to the close of the second century of American civilization they will find in

them trophies of the hundred years which will terminate July 4, 1976. In each succeeding year let us place in these—permanent structures the peculiar American discovery or improvement of that year in every imaginative and substantial production. To this end there should be no haste in making the collection, and the committee to whom this delicate task is to be entrusted should be appointed after careful consideration. It seemed to me, when I first heard this proposition, as one altogether admirable and deserving serious attention. The great museums of the Old World are depositaries of the long gone ages, invaluable in themselves and wholly characteristic of the growth of time; but under Mr. Owen's plan we may be said to begin history with the coming Centennial, and to start with our centuries, making of each a separate feature of the immediate past and an eloquent promise of the mysterious future.

In pursuing these reflections I am again reminded of the value of our International Exhibition as the practical restorer of history. It will quicken research in all directions. He who desires to write of the days gone by will find the material accumulating and ready to his hand in the vast amount of matter rescued from the obscurest quarters and revealed to the light of day for the first time. No spot will be more compensating than the National Museum in Independence Hall, and I am happy in being the medium of placing in it another record of the olden time. Two days ago I received a note from General Schenck enclosing to me a small volume, unbound, but valuable, entitled "English Empire in America; or, A Prospect of their Majesties' Dominion in the West Indies, namely, Newfoundland, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, Bermudas, Barbuda, Anguilla, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Vincent, Antego, Mevis or Nevis, Saint Christopher's, Barbadoes, Jamaica. With an account of the Discovery, Situation, Product, and other

Excellencies and Rarities of these Countries. To which is prefixed a Relation of the first Discovery of the New World, called America, by the Spaniards. And of the Remarkable Voyages of several Englishmen to divers places therein. Illustrated with maps and pictures. London: Printed for Nath. Crouch at the Bell in the Poultry, near Cheapside. 1698."

This date is one hundred and seventy-seven years back, when our country was included in the general West Indies! In looking over the map or frontispiece, I find that New England, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Carolina take up more than two-thirds, while outside are Rhode Island, "Cape Himlopen," "Roanoak Inlet," and Florida. The book itself is complete, comprising one hundred and eighty-eight closely-printed 16mo pages, and, although the printing is ancient, the style is good and exceedingly interesting. It opens with the following short poem:

"As if our Old World modestly withdrew,
And here in private had brought forth a new,
Here Nature spreads her fruitful sweetness round,
Breathes on the air, and broods upon the ground.
Here Days and Nights the only seasons be,
The Sun no climate does so gladly see.
When forc'd from hence to view our parts, he mourns;
Takes little journeys, and makes quick returns;
Nay, in this bounteous, and this blessed land,
The golden ore lies mixed with common sand;
Each downfall of a flood the mountains pour
From the rich bowels rolls a silver shower,
All lay concealed for many ages past,
And the best portion of the Earth was last!"

The opening chapters contain an excellent account of the various voyages, English and otherwise, from Columbus and Cortez to Sir Francis Drake, after which there is "A Prospect of Newfoundland," chapter iii.; "A Prospect of New England," chapter iv.; "A Prospect of New York," chapter v.; "A Prospect of New Jersey," chapter vi.;

"A Prospect of Pennsylvania," chapter vii. ; "A Prospect of Maryland," chapter viii. ; "A Prospect of Virginia," chapter ix. ; "A Prospect of Carolina," chapter x., succeeded by chapters devoted respectively to "Bermudas ; or, The Summer of Islands," and to the "Caribee Islands of Barbuda, Anguilla, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Vincent, Antego, Mevis or Nevis, St. Christopher's, and Barbadoes," and then Jamaica, closing with "A Catalogue of Books Printed for Nath. Crouch, at the Bell in the Poultry, near Cheapside," the list including volumes that perhaps may be still in existence, well deserving the researches of the antiquary. A few of the titles may be quoted :

"England's Monarchs ; or, A Relation of the most remarkable transactions, from Julius Cæsar ; adorned with poems, and the picture of every monarch from K. Will the Conqueror to this time, with a list of the nobility, etc." Price, one shilling.

"The History of the two late Kings, Charles II. and James II., and of the most observable passages during their reigns." Price, one shilling.

"The History of Oliver Cromwell, L. Protector. Relating matters of fact without reflection or observation." Price, one shilling.

"Historical Remarks and Observations of the Ancient and Present State of London and Westminster, showing the Foundations, Walls, Gates, Bridges, Churches, Rivers, Wards, etc., with the most remarkable accidents as to Wars, Fires, Plagues, etc., for above nine hundred years past." Price, one shilling.

"Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders in England, Scotland, and Ireland ; or, An account of many remarkable persons and places, and of the battles, sieges, earthquakes, tempests, inundations, fires, thunders, murders, and other occurrences for many hundred years past." Price, one shilling.

"The Unfortunate Court Favorites of England, Men and Women." Price, one shilling.

"The English Empire in America"—[the book now before me]. Price, one shilling.

"The English Hero ; or, Sir Francis Drake Revived." Being a full account of his dangerous voyages, etc. As, 1. His voyage in 1572 to Nombre de Dios in the West Indies, where they saw a pile of bars of silver near seventy feet long, ten feet broad, and twelve feet high. 2. His in-compassing the whole world in 1577. which he performed in two years and ten months, gaining a vast quantity of gold and silver, etc." Price, one shilling.

"Two Journeys to Jerusalem, being descriptions of the Holy Land, Captivities of the Jews, the State of the Jews, the seventy Jewish Interpreters of the Laws of Moses; the final Extirpation of the Jews in Persia, with other material." Price, one shilling.

"The History of the Nine Worthies of the World, three whereof were Gentiles, three Jews, and three Christians, with accounts of their lives." Price, one shilling.

"Female Excellency; or, The Ladies' Glory. Illustrated in the lives of nine famous women: Deborah, the prophetess; the valiant Judith; Queen Esther; the virtuous Susanna; the chaste Lucretia; Boadicea, Queen of Britain in the reign of Nero, with an account of the original inhabitants of Great Britain; the History of Danaus and his fifty daughters, who murdered their husbands in one night, etc." Price, one shilling.

"Wonderful Progress of Judgment and Mercy, discovered in above three hundred memorable histories, etc." Price, one shilling.

This summary will give the general reader a foretaste of the book and the class of ancient English literature to which it belongs, and perhaps induce more investigations. The British Museum no doubt contains copies of some, if not most of the old books referred to. In this volume nearly the entire description of Pennsylvania is the letter of William Penn, which I have already referred to, and is found in Samuel M. Janney's *Life of William Penn*, running from page 227 to page 238. I have compared the letter in the old and in the new, and they are exactly alike, the sketch of Philadelphia being the same in both.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXVIII.

Russia and Italy come in.

OUR International Exhibition would have been, if not exactly like "Hamlet" without the *Prince*, at least like a play with an imperfect cast of characters, if Russia and Italy had stood aloof; and now that both have come in with unusual emphasis, the work, so far as foreign Powers are concerned, may be said to be complete. The Italians are moving not only through the Government bureaux, but among the guilds of art and manufacture in their various cities, and this action, handsomely supplemented by the co-operation of the American painters and sculptors in Rome, Florence, Genoa, and Naples, will make the Italian department unusually magnificent.

From what I can hear, the Russian section will be uncommonly interesting, and the acceptance of the Czar, while in complete harmony with our former peaceful relations with his great Empire, is also a complete oblivion to recent differences. Mr. Boker, American minister at St. Petersburg, has contributed rare good sense and tact towards securing this fortunate decision. There has long been a peculiar relation between Russia and the United States, and particularly between Russia and Pennsylvania. The venerable William D. Lewis, still, I trust, alive and surrounded by his friends in Philadelphia, occupied an official position in St. Petersburg very nearly sixty years ago, while our ministers at the Court of the Czar have included such Pennsylvanians as William Wilkins of Pittsburgh, James Buchanan of Lancaster, George M. Dallas of Philadelphia, Simon Cameron of Dauphin, Andrew G.

Curtin of Centre, Wayne MacVeagh of Chester, and now George H. Boker, again of Philadelphia.

The Russian *Messenger Officiel* has announced the names of the members of the Commission which has just been formed by the Minister of Finance to take steps for the participation of Russia in the International Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. The President of the Commission is Privy Counsellor Boutovsky, Director of the Department of Commerce and Manufactures, and the members are Privy Counsellor Cobéko, Acting Chancellor of the Minister of Finance; Counsellor of State Yermakon, Vice-Director of the Department of Commerce and Manufactures; Counsellor of State Vychnégradsky, Director of the Technological Institute; Counsellor of State Bielsky, retained for special missions by the Department of Commerce and Manufactures; Counsellor of State Podobedow, chief of section in the same department; Counsellor of State Iliine, professor in the Technological Institute; Counsellor of State Behr, retained for special missions by the Minister of Finance; and College Counsellor Timiriazew, chief of section in the Department of Commerce and Manufactures. / / /

The administration of the affairs of the Commission is intrusted to M. Bielsky, who is named at the same time as general commissioner of the Russian section in the Philadelphia International Exposition.

The Commission makes an appeal to the industrial associations and institutions who desire to take part in the Philadelphia Exposition, and begs them to address the Commission, in the Department of Commerce and Manufactures, for information or assignments of right to exhibit. The further steps taken by the Commission will be made known through the public journals.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXIX.

The Six Hundred of Balaklava.—Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and Drayton's "Agincourt."

ENGLAND is sleepless in keeping alive the popular loyalty to our Centennial. Not a day passes without some new effort to attract the people to her museums and galleries—to her Crystal and Alexandra Palaces—her South Kensington Collection—her Parks and Parades. Just now, for instance, there are to be two banquets, one at Alexandra Palace, to the surviving men, the other at Willis' Rooms, to the surviving officers, who made the historic charge in the Light Brigade, October 25, 1854. At the Palace one shilling only will be the charge, and the anniversary will be greeted as follows:

"Mr. Woodham, who has been the life and soul of the whole movement, has taken care to send absent comrades the wherewithal to enable them to join in the feast in spirit and 'drink a cup of wine,' as the Laureate worded it, to Balaklava and the brave who lie on the Black Sea shore. Fabulous sums have been offered for seats at the dinner, but the committee has been compelled to exercise the most rigorous exclusiveness. In addition to the remnant of the Light Brigade—officers and men—the foreign representatives, a very limited number of guests (none of whom could be passed over), the directors of Alexandra Palace, in their capacity as hosts, and the irrepressible reporters, nobody will be admitted to the board. The dinner will be served in the large saloon where the banquet was given on the occasion of the opening of the Palace last May. The upper table has been reserved for the officers and

guests, a space has been set apart from which the female relatives of those invited can hear the speeches, and accommodation has been provided for the band of the Royal Irish Hussars and a choir of thirty voices, who are to supply the musical and vocal accompaniments of the feast. There will be anterooms and smoking-rooms for officers and men—in short, nothing that could add to the cosiness of the company has been neglected. The immense room has been luxuriously carpeted and decorated, and looks like an old baronial hall from the multiplicity of effigies in coats of mail reared on pedestals around. There are trophies of flags and arms, and shields with the regimental badges on the walls, and the names of the battles in which the Light Brigade has been engaged and of the fifteen gallant officers who met their death at Balaklava, with mottoes in French, Italian, Turkish, and Russian, are inscribed on conspicuous scrolls. Behind the chair a marble group of St. George slaying the Dragon has been placed, and at either side are the legends ‘Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415,’ and ‘Balaklava, Oct. 25, 1854.’ The card on which the bill of fare is printed is a veritable work of art. Across the top there is a representation of the advance of the Light Brigade in the valley, and on one flank at the bottom are figures of a Lancer of the 17th and a Hussar of the 11th, and on the other a Russian gun with a dead artilleryman beside it. Messrs. Bertram and Roberts have some ingenious surprises as artistic in their way as the *carte* in preparation, and each man is to be presented by Messrs. Burt, the printers to the Palace, with an elegantly-bound little volume of poetry in memory of the celebration. Not the least remarkable peculiarity connected with the enthusiasm excited by the revival is the amount of gushing poetry which has been written. The committee has been inundated with contributions in verse, good, bad, and indifferent, most of them the latter. Among the best of the

poems sent are those by Mrs. R. Chandler, Mr. E. H. Pember, Trumpet-Major William Smith (one of the survivors), and Major Compton Noake.

“The toast list has been drawn up with much care and discrimination. Supplementary to the loyal toasts, which have this out of the common, that her Majesty is to be mentioned as Empress of Hindostan, and that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is to be associated with the colonelcy of the 10th Hussars, but few sentiments are to be given. The chair will be taken by the senior officer present, on whom will devolve the duty of proposing ‘The British Flag,’ ‘The Memory of the Dead,’ ‘Our Gallant Allies,’ and, the last toast of all, ‘The Soldiers of the Pen,’ which is to be responded to by Mr. N. A. Woods, the special correspondent of the *Standard* during the Crimean War. Grace is to be said by a military chaplain and sung by the choir; and when the Queen’s health is proposed a Royal salute will be fired. The trumpeters of the 8th Hussars are to sound, in succession, the ‘walk,’ ‘trot,’ ‘gallop,’ and ‘charge’ before the speech of the evening, which is to be made by Sir Edward Lee, in giving ‘The Survivors of the Six Hundred.’ Representatives of the I Troop R. H. A. and of the five cavalry corps present are to be called on to respond. Mrs. Stirling will recite ‘The Charge of the Light Brigade;’ and the only other ladies whose voices will be heard at the banquet are Miss Emily Mott and Miss Ellen Horne, the latter of whom will sing ‘La Cantinière.’ Miss Mott will be heard in Ciro Pinsuti’s composition, ‘England’s Dead,’ in which the following appropriate verse has been interpolated:

‘Where Russia’s cannon pealed
They lie, their bold ride o’er;
On Balaklava’s glorious field
They sleep for evermore.
‘Neath India’s jungles thick they lie,
Where the palm-tree rears its head;

There's not a glimmering light on high
But shines on England's dead.'

"Mr. Wilford Morgan will sing 'Come if you dare;' and among the appropriate pieces of music to be performed are the 'Dead March' in Saul, and the new French national air 'La Marche de Roland à Roncevaux,' from Mermet's opera, arranged for a military band by M. Coard, *chef de musique* of the 31st Regiment of the French line."

And yet, while Great Britain keeps alive the patriotic fires by these honors to her brave soldiers, a strange guest comes from the grave to dispute the laurels of her great poet Tennyson, author of the popular lyric, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." In *Notes and Queries* for October 23, 1875, edited by Dr. John Doran, an article appeared entitled "Agincourt," avowedly from his pen, which will undoubtedly excite much discussion, and sensibly diminish the fame of the Poet-Laureate, whose noble "Charge" is to be recited at the Alexandra Palace. It reads thus:

"On St. Crispin's day, October 25, 1415, Henry V. of England, when in sore distress and difficulty, with less than ten thousand men, defeated six times that number of brave, stout Frenchmen, ill led. The English were suffering from want of food and from disease; but those poor, brave men were not only of yeoman mettle but they were well led. They gained the victory at a cost of fewer hundreds than it cost the French in thousands to lose it. On one side, ten thousand killed and fourteen thousand prisoners! On the other, the highest estimate is one thousand six hundred killed and wounded! It sounds like reports of fights in the times of fabulous romance; but it is no fable that Agincourt was 'a glorious victory.'

* * * * *

"Nearly a century and a half after the victory for which thanks, alike humble and hearty, were thus offered, a poet

was born who took Agincourt for his theme — namely, Michael Drayton, a Warwickshire bard, born in 1563, a year before Shakspeare. In 1627 (eleven years after Shakspeare's death), the author of *The Polvolbion* published the ballad of *Agincourt*. Many persons have read this stirring poem, but not many possess it; we therefore take advantage of this anniversary season to print it here, especially as the poem has been alluded to in former columns of *Notes and Queries*, but no full reprint furnished of a martial song, *the echoes of which, as before remarked in our columns, seem to have fallen on the well-attuned ear of the author of 'The Charge of the Light Brigade:'*

" Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance;
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry;
But, putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

" And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
In happy hour,—
Skirmishing day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power,

" Who, in the height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide,
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile;
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

" And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,

' Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,—
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

" ' And for myself,' quoth he,
' This my full rest shall be :
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain :
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

" ' Poitiers and Cressy tell,
Where most their pride did swell ;
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.'

" The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,—
A braver man not there :
How fierce and hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

" ' They now to fight are gone ;
Armour on armour shone ;
Drum now to drum did groan—
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake ;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

" Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham !

Who didst the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

" With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpent stung,
Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

" When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent ;
Down the French peasants went ;
Our men were hardy.

" This while our noble King,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruiséd his helmet.

" Gloucester, that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight
Yet in that famous fight
Scarce such another.

" Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,

And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply ;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily ;
Ferrers and Fanhope.

“ Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray ;
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry ;
Oh ! when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ? ”

There is something of the ring of the Poet-Laureate's well-known poem in this noble lyric by Drayton, written more than two centuries ago.

LONDON, October 25, 1875.

LXXX.

High Tone of the British Press.—Earl of Darnley's Strange Proceeding.

THERE is a manly independence in the British press which compels admiration and deserves imitation. Intensely devoted to English institutions, the men who control it are at once cultivated and bold. Restrained by no censorship, as in France and Germany, beyond the penalties inflicted by laws against defamation, they do not hesitate to take even royalty by the throat when it transcends justice, and an injury inflicted on the humblest citizen is at once resented and avenged. It is true, they are adepts in the art of hiding that which with us is made public. They never

attack each other in their newspapers. They rarely boast of their enterprise or expenditures. They never indulge in personal articles on politicians or statesmen. But they reach the remedy by a broader and a more knightly procedure. They force reform by argument couched in the best language. They secure obedience to law by appeals to a judiciary that never quails to bribes or threats. Woe to the pretender or the snob, to the foolish nobleman who forgets his place, or to the suddenly rich who seek admission into good society; for these there are a short shrift and a condign vengeance. Their satire is as keen as a scimeter. It cuts sharp and close and deep, because it is wielded by a skilful surgeon, and felt equally by the guilty and by the general public. The British press reaches two audiences by this process. It conciliates the rough millions who here lie in eager and envious watch over the luxuries of the fortunate few, and it warns the latter, who are often disposed to forget the dangers in the midst of the advantages of their position. Herein lies the safety of the British Empire. The power that can muzzle "the fierce democracy" (even now in this mighty Empire a growing and dissatisfied element), and at the same time check and admonish the weak men and women of the so-called upper classes, is the real conservative despot, if I may use the phrase, of modern Europe.

The last case in which the English press has exerted itself is that of Earl Darnley and his tenants. The radical organ, *Reynolds' Newspaper*, I shall permit to tell the story; and when I state that this weekly paper circulates five hundred thousand every Saturday and Sunday you can realize the effect of such a statement:

"A remarkable correspondence has just taken place between Lord Darnley, the owner (by virtue of parchment deeds) of extensive estates at Cobham, and Mr. William Lake, the Mayor of Gravesend. It appears that, not very long since, the pugnacious Earl was colonel of the West

Kent Yeomanry, but, owing to disputes that had arisen between himself and the officers of that corps, the commandant considered it the best policy to retire from the regiment. In fact, in consequence of the strong opposition his proceedings evoked, he had no other alternative left. It was but natural to expect, under the painful circumstances attendant upon his Lordship's retirement, that his feelings would be wrought upon, and that his temper should be 'riled.' Desirous to break up the regiment, if possible, he took steps in this direction. For example, the Mayor of Gravesend, whose son was a private in the West Kent Yeomanry, was requested to employ his influence to induce the young man to quit the corps, at the same time observing that all his other tenants had obeyed his behest. Not only so, but the Mayor was informed that such a blind compliance with a feudal command would 'make a great difference between us as landlord and tenant.' Thus the *dictum* went forth, which the tyrannical Lord considered would be most slavishly and profoundly submitted to 'with bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness.'

"Not so, however. Lord Darnley had this time mistaken his man and his influence. With the true spirit of a free English citizen, the Chief Magistrate of Gravesend replied to the impudent letter in the style and spirit which it deserved. He stated that he had solicited his son to enter the service of his country, and that he failed to see why any dispute which had occurred among the officers would justify him in asking his son to retire. Not this alone, but Lord Darnley gets a severe rap over the knuckles in being told, 'Nor can I think that the relationship between a loyal subject and his Queen should in any way be interfered with by that of landlord and tenant.' To this sharp note the irritable Earl sent an enigmatic response. It was to the effect that the position which the Mayor of Gravesend occupied on his bumptious Lordship's estate was a peculiar one, and required consideration; adding, that if his meaning was not self-evident, he was ready to explain his innuendoes. As Mr. Lake was befogged by the lordly epistle, he wrote to state that he could not comprehend Lord Darnley's meaning—indeed, who could?—and urged further explanation.

"To this particularly curt communication the secretive man of blue blood responded elaborately. Therein, he particularizes an affected act of kindness performed in suffering the Mayor to retain one of his Lordship's best farms, 'notwithstanding your change of residence,' an event allowed because of the supposed unhealthiness of the locality of Chalk, and as he had proved himself 'a good tenant as to care and culture.' Really, this is combining the philanthropic with the practical and profitable in an unusual degree. Further, the perturbed Peer essays to attack his antagonist, chiding him for the sort of 'reward' he returned to his lord and landlord. Why should the Mayor of Gravesend have acted differently to the rest of the tenants and the tenants' sons? These poor people had the 'good taste' to

show with what commendable feeling they regarded their late commander-in-chief, by abandoning, of their own accord, it is said, the ranks of the Yeomanry service. More fools and snobs they for so doing! Again, the recalcitrant Mayor is upbraided for having entered upon a position and formed associations different from the tenant farmers on the Cobham estate generally. Next follows a reprimand because Mr. Lake has not pleased to think as do his fellow-tenants, or to have met the big Earl and them during five years at the anniversary dinners. Lord Darnley holds to the absurd opinion that it is decidedly wrong for his correspondent to maintain a position of isolation. Nay, he ventures in this noon-tide of nineteenth century civilization to erect the fell standard of feudalism, and descends to justify a relationship between landlord and tenant which it is impossible to maintain without abject forfeiture of manhood and manly independence. What Lord Darnley deigns to characterize as 'sympathy of sentiment and identity of interest' in such relationship, is nothing less than deliberate subjection to the will and whims of land purloiners, who labor under the delusion that they have their holdings, and should rule their tenants, by a kind of 'Divine right.' In conclusion, the irate representative of the old intolerance gives Mr. Lake a polite notice to quit. He observes: 'It appears to me to be a fair matter for consideration how far any person who prefers to disregard this kind of understanding, is justified in keeping out some one else who would not disregard it.' Taking it altogether, the entire affair is disgraceful, whatever complexion his Lordship of Darnley may please to put upon the same. Why a father should be punished for the sins of his children is something new in the moral code. But the aristocratic eye is blind and cannot see; the aristocratic judgment is warped and cannot pronounce aright; the aristocratic will is obdurate, and cannot help being despotic. We recommend to Lord Darnley the study of his own motto, 'Look to the end'—may it be of aristocratic assumption! But there is another feature in this case that must not go unnoticed. This conceited and browbeating Earl has deliberately endeavored to break up the Yeomanry corps he once commanded, and this in an underhand way. Is it fitting such a man should longer remain a deputy-lieutenant and magistrate of the county? Most certainly not."

This is the democratic view of Earl Darnley's position, and I would not send it you, from such a source, if all the English papers, with few exceptions,—and one of these, I ought to add, *The Times*,—had not rebuked the insufferable insolence of this snob, Darnley, who, if he were a true representative of his class in Great Britain, would speedily necessitate a revolution more absolute than that which made

Oliver Cromwell an illustrious necessity. But the press steps in and says "Halt!" and "Halt!" it is through all the realm.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXXI.

Foreign Exhibitors.—The Gramme Light.

My correspondent at Geneva writes as follows, under date of October 23: "You will have a good representation from Switzerland at the International Exhibition. There will be embroideries from St. Gall, silks from Zurich, music-boxes, watches, and jewelry from Geneva and the mountains. Last winter everything was gloomy—now all is bright and cheerful."

The Democracy of Italy have issued an address to the Centennial Commissioners. It is written on parchment, with a beautiful vignette, and is said to be a fine specimen of the old Latin style. Italy, like Russia, is rapidly making up for lost time, and you may be sure the Italian section will be almost as well filled as it was in Paris in 1867 and in Vienna in 1873.

The last intelligence from Russia in reference to the International Exhibition will be found in the *Voix* and the *St. Petersburg Gazette*. These journals agree in the declaration that an active participation on the part of Russia in the Exhibition will be an excellent way to renew the good-fellowship up to this time existing between Russia and the United States. Above all, they remark the advantages to us from an interested point of view, with direct reference to commercial and agricultural products that will

be sent, and these are additional reasons for congratulating the Minister of Finance on the amiable spirit he has evinced in the matter. At this time Russia, it is well known, consumes annually a considerable quantity of American cotton and petroleum, but there is no direct commercial relation established between the two countries; England and Germany continue to impose a tax on all their American importations sent to Russia. It is probable, also, that Russia will find these traders and merchants in Philadelphia, who will endeavor to come between our transports that could as well be sent direct, through our own organized agents, from the Baltic to New York and New Orleans and Philadelphia. No less advantage will we derive from the personal observation of rules of science, professional manners, and the classification of arts, which are said to have reached a high point, of which to this time we are entirely ignorant. In enumerating these advantages, our contemporary has the candor to point out a disadvantage arising from the American peculiarity of avoiding the distinction conferred by decorations and medals, which were so prodigally bestowed at the European expositions.

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, a small Principality of two hundred thousand souls, mostly Germans, is wonderfully stirred by the Centennial preparations of the great Governments around it. A part of the territory of Holland, yet still maintaining its peculiar organization, its *chargé d'affaires* at Paris asks for a separate section in the International Buildings. But as Holland has accepted the President's invitation, Luxembourg must take its place in that special department.

A very ingenious process for illuminating the whole of Fairmount Park with the Gramme light, which has been shown for several weeks past from the lofty tower at Charing Cross Station, is about to be presented for the consid-

eration of the Park Commissioners. I have seen a model of it, and have no doubt of its perfect success. Aided by the chart or map of the Park and its environs, the superintendent of this beautiful contrivance proposes placing one light on the hills east of the Park, near the Schuylkill, another on George's Hill, and several more on the north and the south. In mixing the rays of this extraordinary invention he is quite sure that he will reveal every hill and dale of the three thousand acres. I hope to send forward his schedule or scheme at an early day. Of course, many considerations will enter into the project of lighting the Park, the chief being whether the International Exhibition will be open at night. Next will come the important item of expense. But the invention is so useful and so simple that it will deserve a careful examination. Mr. Zerdeman, who has been for several weeks making his scientific calculations, is a German resident of London, and seems quite confident that he can accomplish this important task at a comparatively moderate cost. Applied to lighthouses on the coast and to ships in danger on the sea, it has received the highest commendations from some of the largest Governments in Europe.

In my mention of American enterprises in London, I failed to do full justice to the great firm of Arkell, Tufts & Co., shipping and commission house, 32 Great St. Helen's, London, and their main house in New York. This house has been established in England for twenty years, and from the first took a leading place in American business. They ship all classes of goods to all quarters of the globe.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXXII.

Queen Victoria.—Murmurs of the Press.—Her Character of John Brown.

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA ALEXANDRINA, was born at Kensington Palace on the 24th of May, 1819. She is the only child of the late Duke of Kent and of the Princess Louisa Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. Nothing is more interesting or amusing to Americans than the complaints of what are called the middle classes because the Queen faithfully cherishes the memory of the Prince Consort and refuses to live in London. Just now our English cousins have a new cause of objection to her Majesty. Whenever she can get rid of Windsor and its duties, she retires to her castle of Balmoral in Scotland, where, in the midst of her little court, and surrounded by her humble retainers, she enjoys herself in a quiet way. This, for years past, has become a sort of habit.

Her favorite and faithful servant, who was also the favorite and faithful servant of Prince Albert, is a gigantic Highlander named John Brown. The other day the old John Brown, his father, passed out of the world, and his remains were followed to the grave by her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. This act, in itself alike praiseworthy and innocent, at least to the American visitor, has roused intense indignation, and John Bull is roaring through all society, high and low, simply because the poor Queen condescended to walk in the funeral train of the father of her favorite servant. You would be startled if you could hear the innuendoes against her Majesty in consequence of this somewhat republican proceeding. One of the widest circulating weekly papers, the *Sunday Times*, under the head

of "A Royal Prank," breaks into a fierce explosion of rage, of which the following short extract is a specimen :

"The time has, we think, arrived when some one should speak, and that boldly, on a subject which, however delicate, can no longer be overlooked. With a full knowledge of the responsibility which rests upon us in doing so, we should be omitting a duty we owe to the public if we refrained from calling attention to the embarrassment which is likely to arise if the Chief Magistrate of the realm continues to exhibit that lack of prudence which has lately characterized her public conduct. We may safely say that a thrill of positive astonishment went through the public mind last week on reading the extraordinary prank in which the sovereign of this great nation has been indulging. Some ten days ago a respectable old Scotch crofter went the way of all flesh. His only claim to public notice consisted in the fact of his being the progenitor of a morose-looking gillie who, by some strange fatuity, has worked himself into the position of walking shadow to the greatest Queen in Christendom. And yet the obsequies of this obscure little northern farmer, but scarcely removed above the rank of a common laborer, are honored by the personal attendance of her Majesty, who followed the coffin from the cottage to the nearest point where a hearse can approach. In thus parading herself before the world as a laughing-stock for the whole of Europe, we do not hesitate to say that the Queen has done one of the most ill-advised acts which has marked her long reign. The tongue of scandal is ever busy, and 'the fierce light that beats upon a throne' will not admit of actions which, however harmless or even laudable in themselves, are derogatory to the dignity of the nation represented in the person of the sovereign. Recent circumstances with reference to the lamentable accident in the Solent have shown the public that the advice tendered to her Majesty is not always of the soundest, but it seems to us beyond comprehension that those court officials whose duty it is to arrange the Queen's public movements should have allowed her to place herself in such an invidious position as that of the chief mourner to John Brown's father. We are willing to make every allowance for the Queen's well-known kindness of heart, and had the deceased been a favorite old servant, the unusual breach of etiquette might have been allowed to pass ; but even when that poor excuse does not exist, the public want to know why such unusual honor is showered on an unknown Scotchman, when an empty carriage and a red-faced coachman are considered the proper 'mourning' for the greatest and best men in the country when they are borne to their final rest. It is almost impossible to realize the effect which will be produced on the unthinking portion of the community when they see in every shop-window a certain cheap illustrated paper, in this week's number of which her Majesty is depicted with a woe-begone aspect following a coffin borne by four bare-legged Scotchmen, and immediately pre-

ceding two brawny persons in very scanty clothing, representing the two eldest orphan Browns. The most rampant Red Republican could never have suggested an act more calculated to serve his views than this unfortunate spectacle."

I am often reminded here of what the English call the excessive brutalities of the American press, but I do not think anything quite as coarse and vulgar as the above passage has ever appeared in a respectable newspaper in the United States. The Queen's standing offence is the comparative simplicity and seclusion of her life. She goes to no places of amusement, gives few entertainments, and is only seen in London on great public occasions. This absence from society incenses the shopkeepers, who literally live by the lavish expenditures of the nobility. There is a want of manliness in such articles as that from which I quote. The writer goes as far as safety will permit, and leaves room for suspicions of the most revolting kind. Yet, strange to say, there is hardly an Englishman whose anger would not be aroused when an American, which, I am glad to say, rarely occurs, echoes any slander upon the Queen of Great Britain. A paragraph like that I copy published in France against a high official would lead to instant suppression of the offending newspaper. There is not a lady in the realm who can point to a purer personal character than Queen Victoria. The mother of nine children, she excels not only in domestic virtues, but refuses to recognize in her court circle or her drawing-rooms any person of doubtful character. If it were proper to introduce names into this correspondence, I could print numbers of cases in which ladies of the best families have been excluded from the court in consequence of their fast lives. It seems to me quite reasonable that an act of such voluntary kindness as that of going to old John Brown's funeral arouses such unmanly criticisms as these, chiefly because Victoria sets a democratic, or, rather, a liberal example.

Considering what liberties have been grossly taken with

Queen Victoria's name and character, in connection with John Brown, her attendant, it is only fair, considering that Majesty cannot defend itself, to quote a passage, which comes in very *apropos*, from one of Queen Victoria's books,—"Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1861." In this work, published in 1868, mention is made of a boating-party on Loch Muich, in September, 1850, when the Queen and her husband were rowed by "Duncan, Brown, P. Cotes, and Leys." This is the first time that Brown is named, and, following her habit of giving some particulars about persons in the Scottish Highlands, the Queen has supplied the following foot-note to his name. "He is," she wrote, "the same who, in 1858, became my regular attendant everywhere in the Highlands; who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and myself to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded; and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant (December, 1865). He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige, and of a discretion rarely to be met with. He is now in his fortieth year. His father was a small farmer, who lived at the Bush, on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers, three of whom have died, two are in Australia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighborhood of Balmoral, and the youngest, Archie (Archibald), is valet to

our son Leopold, and is an excellent, trustworthy young man." This record, creditable alike to the Royal lady who was not afraid to do justice to a faithful servant, and to him who is its subject, was written, it appears by its date, in December, 1865.

John Bright told me a few months ago that Queen Victoria was one of the most careful and domestic women he had ever met, and you will remember Mr. Bright had frequent opportunities to meet her while he was a member of the Government, during Mr. Gladstone's ministry. Perhaps her Majesty sees that the time is coming when all crowns, titles, and privileges will be swept away, and that it can be no loss of dignity to her womanhood to mingle occasionally with the humbler classes of society. There is one nation on earth that can never forget, and that is the United States, how Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort frustrated the attempt of at least one domineering statesman, Lord Palmerston, to place the Government of England on the side of rebellion during our civil war. *

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXXIII.

Russia, Tunis, and France at the Exposition.

THE Russians are making tremendous efforts to be represented at the Centennial. All the departments of the Russian Government have now taken hold with extraordinary zeal. This is in consequence of *Imperial* orders, and as these are imperative every class co-operates with the Royal Commission. The Russians care very little about money. They pour it out like water, and now that they

have reconsidered their action, you must prepare for a superior display. The Russian chief of the Royal Commission cabled to Philadelphia for additional space in the International Buildings; but the demand came too late, and Russia could not be accommodated with more than had been originally allotted to her. They were much disappointed at this natural decision; but it did not slacken their zeal. They have engaged two large steamers at Hamburg to carry out their specimens. The great Russian organ, *The Golos*, or *Voice*, of the 23d of October, has published the Imperial view of the Centennial situation. It is a comprehensive retrospect upon our past relations with the Russian Empire, and a noble pledge of amity in the future.

There is other good news from another part of the Old World—a new proof of the cosmopolitan character of the Exhibition. The following official document from the Bey of Tunis, one of the Barbary States, addressed to our well-known fellow-citizen, Mr. George Harris Heap, for nine years American consul in that small State, shows the anxiety of its ruler to utilize President Grant's invitation. The condition of the Tunisian representation at Philadelphia is the acceptance of the honor conferred upon Mr. Heap by the Bey of Tunis. Permission to discharge the duties of this station will, it is hoped, be granted by Congress early in the next session. There is no pay attached to the position, and if Mr. Heap can be authorized to undertake its duties it will secure to us from Tunis a valuable and unique contribution:

[Translation.]

FRAISES TO THE ONLY GOD!

From the servant of God (may His name be glorified)! From the one who relies on the Almighty for the conduct of all his affairs. The Moosheer Mohammed El Sadok, Pacha Bey, possessor of the Kingdom of Tunis, to the most venerated and respected Mr. G. Harris Heap, consul of the United States of America in our capital of Tunis.

Agreeably to the invitation which you presented to us in the name of your Government to send a personage to represent our Government in the Tunisian section of the Exhibition at Philadelphia, we have given orders to prepare such of the important productions of the country as was done for the exhibitions at Paris and Vienna, that they might be sent to the aforementioned Exhibition, and this in order to demonstrate the good relations which exist between the two Governments.

As we have been informed that you desired to ask permission to visit your country at the opening of the Exhibition, and as we know that you have always shown a great love for our country and constant wish for the welfare of our person, we have deemed it advisable to place this mission under your charge; that is to say, to appoint you our envoy as our First Commissioner in charge of the Tunisian section of the Exhibition.

We are confident that your Government will authorize you to accept this mission, and that you will not decline it.

Your long residence in this country; your acquaintance with its resources and products; and, above all, your good intervention, which has produced the best relations with your Government, give us the greatest security that you will represent our Government in the manner most satisfactory to us and the most honorable to yourself.

May you remain under the safeguard of God!

Written the 21st Rajeb, 1292 (23d August, 1875).

KHAIRELINE,
First Minister.

Many indications combine to justify the hopes and predictions that the Centennial year will show a large improvement in business. A useful illustration will be found in the report just published by General Torbert, American consul-general for France. The table of exports to the United States from all the French departments in 1874 shows an increase over the previous year of two million seven hundred and forty-one thousand seven hundred and forty-nine dollars and eleven cents, and a total expenditure of sixty-one millions even hundred and sixty-seven thousand four hundred and four dollars and four cents. This official statement shows what good customers we are in the purchase of French goods, and also why France is making such great preparations for the Centennial.

LONDON, October, 1875.

LXXXIV.

Martin Farquhar Tupper's drama of "Washington."

SEVERAL English and American gentlemen lately met the well-known Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper at the residence of the American minister, in London, for the purpose of hearing him read his new play called "Washington," a drama in five acts, which he introduces as follows:

"Having all my life through had an honest admiration of George Washington (in a very early book, 'The Modern Pyramid,' he is one of my worthies of mankind), I rejoice in the chance of making a monograph of his noble life, and my well-known international sentiments now for nearly half a century, dating as they do ancestrally from much older times, will be a good excuse, if such be needed, for producing this play on the Centenary of American Independence."

Mr. Tupper was born in London in 1810, and from 1838 down to the present time has contributed many volumes to English literature. His "Proverbial Philosophy," published in 1844, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. This was followed by many other sketches and poems. Severely criticised as he has been, it is conceded that he has done great good by the high moral tone of his writings, many of which are far above mediocrity. It was a novel experience to hear an English gentleman reading a drama in which the whole argument and much of the history of the Revolutionary War is illustrated and condensed, and it was specially gratifying to notice the effect upon his own countrymen as he carried us through the varied scenes of the play. I am not quite sure that his "Washington" could be successfully produced in America, although the English gentlemen present insisted that it would be favor-

ably greeted in London. I have no doubt that after some necessary alterations, if represented in America during the Centennial year, it would be handsomely rewarded. Mr. Tupper introduces Washington, Franklin, Patrick Henry, John Adams, Benedict Arnold, Marquis de Lafayette, Major André, Bishop (Washington's negro body-servant), Martha Washington, and Mary Arnold, the sister of the traitor. A few passages will give you a touch of the quality of the play.

It opens with Arnold's violent patriotism, as if to show that extreme men are always to be distrusted, and he follows with several excellent pictures of Franklin and of Washington. The former has just returned from England, and reports his reception by the British Council in London. I quote what Franklin said :

I said we hated priesthood, and would none
Of State religion and its hierarchy ;
We would have none of foreign laws or judges
Or taskmaster officials grinding us
By tyrannous taxation everywhere ;
I told them we denounced, renounced all these,
And claimed, though loyal still, self-government.
Yet all fell through ; an utter chaos of failure
Seemed to crash round me, like a shattered world ;
And I then felt much as that self-strong man,
Horace, you remember, who defied,
As you, with me, defy, the thunderbolt
Even of tyrannic Jove himself. Alone,
In the calm majesty of self-respect,
I then threw down your gage of Independence,
And, full free conduct granted, came away
Pledged, like yourselves, a rebel for the right.

And Washington's answer :

Thus, England, we must break away from thee ;
My fathers' home for full four hundred years,
Or ever we came here, a century back,

Must be renounced forever.

Be it so.

If in this struggle I win the glorious prize,
Our people's freedom to the end of time,
A nation that shall overflow the globe,
Making this hemisphere the fountain-head,
Lo! what a Pisgah view to one who stands
The Father of his country to all ages,
Living in them revered—but if I lose,
How swift and terrible the penalties!
The vast estates my honored father left me
Forfeited, my rich revenues by marriage
Confiscated, and that best-loved wife a beggar,
While for myself the traitor's hideous doom,
Hanged, drawn, and quartered. What a fearful price
For the mere strife to conquer liberty!
Is there no middle track?—too late, too late;
The sword is drawn, the die of fate is cast;
Liberty shall be conquered if I live,
And if I die, for others let me die
In their just cause of freedom: be the past
Wiped out as dead—the present bloody effort,
The future dark as night; but, what of duty,
What of obedience, what of just affection?
Are these all sure and safe on freedom's side?
Can I abjure my country and my King,
Nor feel a parricide against a mother?—
Mother! Yet are there seen some so-called mothers
Unmotherly, harsh-featured, heavy-handed,
The callous and hard-hearted sort, in whom
Maternal instinct is all dead, while those
Counted her children, driven from hearth and home,
Can no more call her blessed! Mother! well—
If she neglects to teach and train her sons,
Crushes their energies for selfish gain,
Makes them her serfs and drudges, keeps them down,
Though they are grown full-fledged for liberty,
When freedom is their right—is this a mother
To taunt me with ingratitude, or claim
Parental honor? No! King George's England
Has shown small mercy to her far-off sons,
Exiled for conscience-sake in evil days;
And we are still fallen on days as evil;
Tyranically taxed, straitened, kept down,

Treated like children—worse, like slaves! O soul!
 Pray hard for better times. May some glad change
 (Haply long hence—perhaps a hundred years—
 For nations move but slowly) yet find England
 Leaning upon America, her son,
 Returned to love and bless her; thanking Heaven,
 Whose overruling wisdom ordereth all things,
 Making man's wrath work the good-will of God,
 That these twin giant peoples linked together
 Shall hold both hemispheres in fee between them,
 Making the world their one Imperial realm!

Here is John Adams' description of the opening of the war:

At Lexington first blood was drawn:
 Pitcairn attacked us; but we answered him
 So stoutly that we drove him for six miles.
 He had thrice our force, and we, undisciplined,
 Hunted him to his ships at Charlestown Neck,
 Where he took shelter with his Grenadiers,
 Leaving the victory ours. Massachusetts
 Flung out the watchword, "Death or Liberty!"
 And everywhere the beacons blazed defiance,
 From State to State, through thirteen Colonies,
 Then the great giant woke, and stood up strong;
 A mighty people, flaming red with rage,
 Gathered by drum and trumpet everywhere;
 The steeples clashed to arms—even pious preachers
 Stood on their pulpit stairs calling to arms.
 The teamster left his ploughshare in the furrow,
 And galloped with his horses to the war;
 The yeoman tore his rifle from its case;
 The draper leapt across his counter straight,
 Eager to fight for freedom; even women
 Swarmed in as volunteers, and very children
 Shouldered the muskets they could scarcely lift.
 We soon had thirty thousand men in arms,
 Selected from three hundred thousand more,
 And at their head our noble Washington,
 Chosen Commander-in-chief.

In the second scene of the second act Patrick Henry and Washington are in conference, of which the following will be read with interest:

P. Henry. We can rejoice together, general,
That our own dear Virginia joined the league,
Albeit at bloody cost already: Norfolk,
That loyal town of peaceful homes, burnt down
By the cold, cowardly despot, Lord Dunmore,
Who, hiding on a man-of-war in the Roads,
Dared thus to cannonade us: O King George!
If Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles his Cromwell,
'Twere well you profited—I say no more—
By such examples.

Washington. This is saddening news;
Friend, I have more to make me sorrowful.
New York is falling away; Connecticut
Is wearying, is half-hearted in the cause,
Her levies at our need deserting us,
Even by battalions—they had served their year
And must get home; they say, Let others fight.
O sir! my soul has groaned. Where are the men
With whom I must defend America?
The weight of care lies heavy at my heart.
Shamed by desertions, vexed with meanness,
The jealousy of Congress, and the taunts,
Even of brother soldiers, slandering me.

P. Henry. I hear that General Lee has brought a charge
Of sloth, incompetence—I know not what.

Washington. O sir! the worst afflictions of a man
Come from false friends, envious competitors,
Whispering detraction in a private sense,
More than from public foes; I can endure
Defeat, but not defection; all the toils
Perils, and open accidents of war,
But not the secret jealousies of peace;
They thwart me, doubt me, misinterpret me,
Maligning all that's done, and left undone.
I may stand up serene, but feel it still.

* * * * *

A street in Baltimore, Scene III., Act II., is curious as revealing what Mr. Tupper insists is the true history of the origin of the American flag:

Rachel. But we're not English now.

Timothy. Who told you that?

We're Greater Britain, England magnified,

In origin, and laws, and soul the same.
 What language do you speak? Who were your fathers?
 What's your religion, if not Protestant?
 Your books, your liberties, your stalwart force
 Of independent character?—all English;
 They fill an island, we a continent;
 We are republicans, they monarchists;
 But our Head Man looks very like a king,
 And their great Ruler is the sovereign people!
 The name seems well enough, our Yankee flag——

Rachel. You saw it, Timothy?

Timothy. Yes, girl, at Boston.

There first was shown that glorious flag unfurled.

Nathan. Yes, friend, I too stood by when they tore down
 The Union Jack of England, and flung out
 Those stars and stripes. Tell me why stars and stripes?

Timothy. It's fair enough; they make a pretty show
 Shining and wriggling in the sun like snakes.

Nathan. That's a poor answer. Why choose stripes and stars?

[*Enter FRANKLIN.*]

Oh! here comes one can tell us everything.
 Good-morrow, Brother Franklin. Dost thou know,
 And wilt thou say, why they chose stars and stripes?

Franklin. Yes, Nathan, I proposed it to the Congress.
 It was their leader's old crusading blazon,
 Washington's coat, his own heraldic shield.

Nathan. Can this be known, and was it not ambition——
 A Cromwell come again?

Franklin. Listen, good friends:
 It is not known, and it was not ambition.
 He never heard of it till fixed and done.
 For on the spur, when we must choose a flag
 Symboling independent unity,
 We, and not he—all was unknown to him—
 Took up his coat of arms, and multiplied
 And magnified it every way to this,
 Our glorious national banner.

Rachel. Coat of arms?
 What was this coat of arms?

Franklin. I'll tell you, friends.
 I've searched it out, and know it for myself,
 When late in England there, at Heralds' College,
 And found the Washingtons of Wessyngton,

In County Durham, and of Sulgrave Manor,
 County Northampton, bore upon their shield
 Three stars atop, three stars below the fess,
 Gules—that is red—on white, and for the crest
 An eagle's head upspringing to the light,
 The architraves at Sulgrave testify,
 As sundry painted windows in the hall
 At Wessyngton, this was their family coat.
 They took it to their new Virginia home ;
 And at Mount Vernon I myself have noted
 An old cast-iron scutcheon'd chimney-back
 Charged with that heraldry.

Timothy. Well, this is strange,
 And no one knows it ; surely such a relic
 Must soon be cared for, if not worshipped.

Franklin. Sir,
 Causes are soon forgotten ; consequents
 Quickly close-shadow them as plants their seeds.
 I wot I am the first to tell you all
 This root and reason for our stars and stripes.
 I must be gone.

Nathan. Farewell ; we thank thee, brother.

Timothy. Well, Nathan, this is grand about those stars ;
 The stars are now thirteen—each star a State,
 And may soon be thrice that, say thirty-nine,
 With " forty stripes save one " to whip the world.
 How say you, Quaker friend ?

Nathan. Well, I opined
 Friend Franklin must have known, and I perceive
 That eagle's head hath pulled a body out
 Full-fledged, as mounting up to the higher heaven
 Trailing a mantlet-cloud of stars and stripes.
 I am a man of peace ; I love not wars ;
 Yet were it well that none should strive with me,
 Or touch, unless in love, those stars and stripes.

Timothy. Well said, old Nathan ! but we stay too long.
 Come to headquarters ; there is all the news.

After this the treason of Arnold begins to dawn, followed by its discovery, his flight, and the trial and execution of André.

The difficulty of producing a patriotic play is well understood by dramatists and actors, but the value of Mr.

Tupper's effort is the fact that it is a sincere tribute to our country, and in proper hands may be a useful addition to dramatic literature. Mr. Tupper stated that his aged aunt had met Benedict and Mrs. Arnold in London, and he had often heard her describe them. I recalled the fact to my English friends that poor Major André had lived in Philadelphia during the British occupation, and was an especial favorite in consequence of his amiable temper and graceful manners, and that he was quite active in organizing private theatricals. Mr. Tupper will visit us during the Centennial year, and will doubtless personally superintend the introduction of his play, if it is to be performed there. Only a few copies of it have been printed for private circulation, one of which he placed in my hands.

LONDON, November, 1875.

LXXXV.

Social Gathering in Paris.—M. Laboulaye's Eloquence.

THE Hôtel du Louvre has been the scene of many brilliant gatherings, but few more impressive than the recent gathering in honor and aid of the colossal monument to be erected on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, the foundations of which are to be laid during the Centennial year. The banquet originated with Major Bartholdi, the young artist who conceived the monument, and his compatriot, the generous M. Caubert, who visited Philadelphia in 1874, and returns to us early in the spring of 1876, in company with him. Two hundred French and Americans were invited on this interesting occasion, and nearly every character famous in politics, war, and literature in this beautiful country was present. At a time

when party spirit runs high all parties met in response to the call of the designer of the monument, which was strikingly symbolized in a superb transparency at the end of the hall, facing the company.

The Republican leader, Laboulaye, presided, surrounded by the descendants of Lafayette and Rochambeau; the Marshal-President, MacMahon, with his immediate staff; Leon Say, Wallon, De Meaux, and Jules Simon, of the Cabinet; De Tocqueville and Henri Martin, the historian; Emile de Girardin, the journalist, with Beranger, Alexander Dumas, Jr., Dietz-Monin, the chief of the manufacturing interest; Michael Chevalier, the political economist; all the Parisian editors and most of the French artists; Offenbach, the king of the opera bouffe; Galliaudet, formerly of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, in New York; General d'Abzac, Admiral De Fourichon, Admiral Pothu-
nan, the minister of the Swiss Republic, Mr. J. C. Kern, a large number of Deputies, and most of the American sojourners in Paris, including the artists, May, Bacon, etc. The American minister at London sat on the right of the President, and Mr. Washburne directly in front; Consul-General Torbert, Major-General Sickles, General Eaton, United States army; Dr. Evans; Mr. J. W. Tucker, the banker; Mr. J. F. Ryan, the able Paris editor of the *New York Herald*; Mr. Guelyn, of the *New York Times*; Mr. Bainbridge, of the *Philadelphia Press*; Dr. Crane, of the *American Register*; Hon. Richard Parsons, of Ohio; General McKee Dunn, of the Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Johnston, the favorite American physician; J. C. Mackenzie, of *Galigani's Messenger*; George B. Mickle and E. Detmold, of New York, and many more. The spacious banqueting-hall of the Hôtel du Louvre, one of the finest in the world, with two tables parallel the whole length, and another extending the whole width at the end, presented a scene of rare splendor.

The events of the evening were a cable despatch to President Grant that Frenchmen of all parties had joined their American brethren in hearty preparations for the Centennial year ; then the news from the Centennial Commission at Philadelphia, conveyed through Mr. Owen, the British Executive Commissioner, to the American Commissioner to Europe, Mr. Forney, that the most liberal concessions had been made to foreign exhibitors at the Centennial, and, finally, the two remarkable speeches of Mr. Washburne, American minister at Paris, and M. Laboulaye, the president of the banquet. Mr. Washburne's address contained a mass of interesting facts relating to the French participation in the Revolution, collected from the choice treasures in the great libraries of Paris. Although Mr. Washburne spoke in English to an audience largely composed of Frenchmen, his impassioned syllables reached every breast, and the vast saloon rang with responsive cheers. His speech is now in many a Paris household, and thus the undying gratitude of a great people across the Atlantic is felt in every French breast to keep alive a peaceful affection by means of an increasing commerce and a constant intercourse between the two peoples.

But if the French caught the American enthusiasm of Mr. Washburne, what shall I say of the American response to the French welcome of M. Laboulaye ? His words excited a prodigious enthusiasm. What he said has been well translated into English for some of the papers here ; but it is impossible, by that means, to realize the quiet and easy grace with which he pronounced it. It was the perfection of semi-colloquial oratory. Names and dates came to him in magical succession, and his rhetoric was dignified without dulness, and convincing without dogmatism. He struck the rock of the past till the finest memories flashed before us like living waters. No one who then heard Laboulaye for the first time could wonder that he is so ardently beloved

and so obediently followed by the people. He spoke for three-quarters of an hour without notes, rather like a philosopher than a statesman, and as he carried his hearers along, he wove into the web of his story alternate jewels of wit and pathos that called forth laughter and tears. I noticed that some of his political opponents tried to be indifferent at first, but he gradually unlocked their hearts till he had the whole house on his side. Nothing escaped him. Every incident of American history, and of the night, was absorbed in his generous tribute. No name was left unnoticed—and when he finished he was as unruffled as when he rose. I hope the letter he has addressed to President Grant in favor of Bartholdi's colossal lighthouse in New York harbor will be responded to as it deserves. The French are giving the largest part in work and money to it, and our share of it should be forthcoming readily. Although I have had the pleasure of knowing M. Laboulaye several years, having been presented to him by my lamented friend, Mr. Charles Sumner, in 1867, this was the first time I ever heard him speak in public. Everybody recollects his marvellous work, "Paris in America," and, perhaps, some of my readers may possibly recall his magnificent letter, addressed to myself, which appeared in *The Press* in 1868, in support of General Grant's election to the Presidency. As I have said, the charm of his written rhetoric is nothing like the charm of his spoken eloquence. Such was the effect produced by this wonderful effort that it was followed by the most generous subscriptions to the lighthouse, forty thousand francs, or nearly ten thousand dollars, having been raised on the spot.

The descendants of the Frenchmen who helped us during the Revolution watched him with affectionate solicitude while he was speaking, and the Americans were quite as rapturous in their cheers as the Frenchmen. How M. Laboulaye can resist the constant, earnest invitation of

his American friends to visit Philadelphia in 1876, is to be wondered at. He says he is too old. He was sixty-four on the 18th of last January, but does not look more than fifty.

PARIS, November, 1875.

LXXXVI.

Captain Harrell.—The "Herald" Reading-Room in Paris.

CAPTAIN J. W. HARRELL, the English gentleman who sent to our International Exhibition a valuable collection of paintings by the old masters, still stored in the warehouse attached to the Philadelphia Custom House, has been denounced in some of our newspapers as something of an impostor, and his pictures either valueless or fraudulent. The time has come to correct this by stating the plain truth. Captain Harrell is connected with one of the oldest families in Great Britain; is a member of the Junior United Service Club, one of the most influential in London; served with great distinction in the British army during the troubles in India, and resigned his commission at the time of his marriage. I do not know any gentleman in London who is more warmly appreciated than Captain Harrell. His friends are devoted to him, and those who have known him longer than I have pronounce him a man of the strictest integrity and honor. His pictures are genuine works of art by the old masters. I have seen the catalogue and conversed with connoisseurs who have examined them, and declare that they are equally rare and valuable. So much is due to a gentleman who has been made the target of severe and undeserved reflections. When I remember that this gentleman has expended a

large sum of money in packing and sending these fine works of art to Philadelphia, and will revisit our city in 1876, I feel certain that these voluntary words in his behalf will be responded to by my brethren of the press at home. He came among us a stranger, and was surprised at his rough and somewhat uncourteous reception, and I hope when he returns he will receive an honest and hospitable welcome.

Lately, in Paris, I visited the beautiful office of the *New York Herald* in the Place d'Opera, an evidence of the thoughtful generosity of James Gordon Bennett. The chief of this handsome establishment, John J. Ryan, Esq., has so organized and ornamented it as to make it one of the most agreeable resorts in the gay French capital. On the broad panes of the bulk window of the first floor you find every day the latest cable dispatches from all parts of the world, particularly from the United States. Inside on this floor are the business offices of the *Herald*, where you find the clerk and the chief. On the second floor you enter by convenient stairs into a reading-room admirably furnished. There are two hundred American papers on the files, a larger variety than is found anywhere else in Europe. There are always gathered the most intelligent of our country people, ladies and gentlemen. It has all the advantages of a club, without the disadvantages, and you make and renew many valuable acquaintances. There is an air of comfort and quiet—an American home-feeling—in the place perfectly delightful.

LONDON, November, 1875.

LXXXVII.

The Suez Canal.

JOHN EMIL LEMOINNE, a celebrated French writer, born in London of French parents on the 17th of October, 1815, at present one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats*, has been devoting himself for years to the exposition of British policy. A man of remarkable wit, boldness, and originality, he is something of a prophet withal. Within the last year he has repeatedly predicted that Great Britain would quietly give the congé to Turkey and as quietly assume the protectorship of Egypt. This design has been steadily denied by the English until the collapse of Mohammedan credit and the repudiation of Mohammedan securities compelled a frank development of the ultimate designs of Great Britain on the Eastern question. The *London Times* of November 26, 1875, proved that M. John Lemoinne was something more than a political pamphleteer, by announcing an achievement on the part of the British Government which shows that he had truly foretold the future. By a stroke as sudden as it was startling, *The Times* announced the purchase of all the interest of the Khedive of Egypt in the celebrated Suez Canal. There are four hundred thousand shares in this company. The Khedive owned one hundred and seventy-seven thousand, which he has sold to Great Britain for four millions sterling, or twenty millions of dollars. To give you a full idea of the manner in which this transaction was laid before the English people I quote *The Times'* announcement :

"THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

"The following is a copy of a telegram received by the Bank of Egypt from their head office at Alexandria :

“ ‘ Egyptian Government sold to English Government Suez Canal shares for four million pounds sterling. Minister is authorized to draw this amount on Rothschild at sight.’

“ The following may be stated to be the effect of this transaction: The Khedive having offered to sell to her Majesty's Government the shares which he holds in the Suez Canal for the sum of four millions sterling, the Government has accepted the offer, subject to the approval of Parliament. The Khedive is the holder of about one hundred and seventy-seven thousand shares out of the four hundred thousand into which the capital of the company is divided.

“ We have to-day to make a somewhat startling announcement. The British Government has bought from the Khedive shares of the Suez Canal to the amount of four million pounds sterling, and the Egyptian Government is authorized to draw on Messrs. Rothschild at sight for the amount. An event like this will rouse curiosity to the utmost, and let loose the flood of conjecture and speculation. There is an audacity about it which we do not generally associate with the acts of a British Ministry. We seem to trace in the business the hand of Mr. Disraeli. While people are looking towards the East in doubt and apprehension, discerning nothing but darkness and trouble, political confusion and financial collapse, while they are wondering what is to be the end and how far England will be perforce concerned in it, the Queen's Government resolves on an act which will at once fix the regards of the world. No waiting for Parliament, no feeling of public opinion, no mysterious hints to prepare the city and the country for something remarkable. The nation awakes this morning to find that it has acquired a heavy stake in the security and well-being of another distant land, and that it will be held by all the world to have entered upon a new phase of Eastern policy.”

Ismaïl Pacha, Viceroy, or Khedive, of Egypt, the consenting party to this transaction, son of Ibrahim Pasha, and grandson of Mehemet Ali, was born at Cairo on the last day of 1830, was educated in Paris, and in 1855 visited France on a confidential mission, which undoubtedly led to the construction of the Suez Canal. The French diplomatist and engineer, Viscount de Lesseps, originated this gigantic scheme in the face of the doubts and opposition of the English engineers, and also against the steady hostility of Lord Palmerston, then at the head of the British Government. Many difficulties, diplomatic and physical, prevented the rapid completion of this stupendous work. The

Emperor Napoleon interposed his authority to hasten this end, and on the 15th of August, 1869, the Canal was formally opened at Port Said in the presence of the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince William of Orange, the English and Russian ambassadors, and many English, American, and French visitors and journalists. Every subsequent year has added to the importance of this great canal, and especially its necessity to English commerce, being the nearest, safest, and most direct way to the English possessions in India. The finances of Egypt, though not so deplorably hopeless as those of Turkey, were in just that position that any accident might tumble the whole machine into chaos, and no doubt the knowledge of this fact impelled the English Ministry to begin that series of negotiations just closed in the practical absorption of Egypt by the British Government. In one sense the acquisition of the Canal will certainly recoup many English holders of Turkish and Egyptian securities, the latter having largely increased in value since the publication of the despatch and the comments of the *London Times*. France has been quietly shoved out of the great canal company, and there can be no doubt that Great Britain is to-day the owner of a large number of the four hundred thousand shares.

The entire English press of all parties cordially supports the bold act of Mr. Disraeli and his associates. In fact, the suddenness of this *coup d'état* left none of the newspapers time to think ; they had to act at once, or to fall into the rear as timid and ignorant doubters. It remains to be seen what other powers will say, especially France. Judging from the news from Paris this morning, the shock was far greater there than even in London. Perhaps M. John Lemoinne will speak again, and, judging by the unanimous attack that was made upon him a few days ago in consequence of his prophecy, he will strike still heavier blows

in the *Journal des Debats* and call forth still more angry denunciations from the English newspapers. *The Times* boldly passes from the acquisition of the Canal itself to the practical British ownership of the whole Kingdom of Egypt :

“The possible results of this national investment are so large and indefinite that it would be vain to speculate upon them, and yet they present themselves persistently to the imagination. It is plain that we acquire an interest in Egypt and its administration which will compel the constant attention of the Queen's Government. We have purchased nearly half the shares of the Suez Canal. We are the largest proprietors, and it need not be said that the others will look to us for the management of the property, the protection of the common interests, and the maintenance of satisfactory relations with the local Government and with the other powers of the world. To this country will belong the decision on every question, whether scientific, financial, or political; administration and negotiation will be in our hands, and as we have the power, so we shall have the responsibility before the world. Add to this that we shall probably receive offers of further large amounts of shares, and that the interest of the British Government will inevitably tend to increase. It is evident that the position of a company in which the principal proprietor is the first naval and commercial power in the world is very different from that of a company consisting of a multitude of small French shareholders under the patronage of one monster proprietor, the ruler of the land. The possession of the Suez Canal is now a great political power which must be considered in all discussions of the Eastern question. Any scheme derogatory to the rights of the company will be met, not by a feeble body of investors, but by a nation which can make its will respected, and has the strongest interest in doing so. We have now an abiding stake in the security and welfare of Egypt. Our possession is in the nature of things fixed and local. It will grow in value with the growth of the regions in its neighborhood as well as in the increase of distant traffic; and to this growth we must look in part for the profit on the investment. Everything, therefore, that concerns that southeastern corner of the Mediterranean becomes of importance to England. The security of Egypt is part of the policy of this country. This, which connects itself with the general attitude of England on the Eastern question, is the first consequence of the recent act of her Majesty's Government. We feel sure that the nation will not shrink from this responsibility, but will rather be glad to know that our policy in the East will henceforth be not merely the prompting of a vague partisanship, the justice of which our rivals might question, but will be based on substantial interests which we have an undoubted right to maintain.”

Every hour adds to the interest excited by this bold transaction. The Suez Canal shortens the voyage to India by more than five thousand miles, and this fact alone explains the reason why the British Government has decided upon a step with such promptitude and boldness. Neither press nor Parliament nor people were consulted, yet the proceeding will be sustained, especially if France begins to threaten, as, under all the circumstances referred to, may be anticipated. The Canal itself has never been English up to this time in any one of its features, either in its origin, its progress, or its completion. Lord Palmerston, as I have said, while at the head of the Government, set his face against the whole scheme, and offered every kind of resistance. The consequence has been, the Canal Company had a legal domicile in France, where most of the money was subscribed. The French courts had given judgment in all disputes and the authority over the Canal was wholly vested in them, and the French Commission on the Suez Canal, which sat in October of 1871, declared that although England used the Canal more than any other nation, still England had no *locus standi* in the matter. It is a little curious, that while several of these great newspapers rush to the front in bitter denunciation of the United States, because of the alleged purpose of President Grant to assume the protectorate over Cuba, the British Government was at that very moment of time busily engaged in providing for the absorption of Egypt as a simple commercial transaction, without consulting its own people, or paying the slightest attention to any of the European Governments.

LONDON, November, 1 75.

LXXXVIII.

Mr. P. Cunliffe Owen, C.B.

It is quite time that the long silence in reference to the resignation of P. Cunliffe Owen, Esq., Executive Commissioner of the British Commission to Philadelphia, should be broken; first, in justice to himself, and secondly, in justice to the people of England and America, who have been equally startled by this wholly unexpected action. I do not propose going into a full explanation of the reasons which compelled him to abdicate a position in which he was doing so much good. None of the causes originated among the Americans, either here or in Philadelphia. The whole affair has been confined within official and English limits. Nor was the final action of the Government prompted by the slightest question of his private integrity or public fidelity. Suffice it to say that in the face of instructions which must have fettered his usefulness and impaired his independence he could have done nothing but resign. He twice tendered his resignation to the Duke of Richmond, and finally, that Minister, who is the Lord President of the Privy Council, accepted it. Colonel Herbert Sandford, who visited Philadelphia last spring, and Professor Archer, of the British Museum at Edinburgh, succeed in the management of the British section at Philadelphia. I violate no confidence when I tell you that the American minister (General Schenck) and myself did every thing that could properly be done to induce the declination of Mr. Owen's resignation; and in this effort we were aided by prominent officials as well as by many influential Englishmen. Mr. Owen remains the Director of the South

Kensington Museum, and it is most gratifying to state that, while he does not deny his disappointment at being unable to return to Philadelphia to resume there congenial labors, he still retains the deepest interest in the Centennial, and will never neglect an opportunity to help us. It was very natural that the news of his resignation should excite surprise and dissatisfaction among the English exhibitors, and a deputation called upon the Duke of Richmond to protest against the policy which compelled Mr. Owen to retire. It must not be forgotten that many Exhibitors had decided to come to Philadelphia in consequence of Mr. Owen's personal and persistent efforts. Hearing of this deputation to the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Owen called upon them, and stated that it was his duty and their duty to continue to support the Centennial Exhibition, and that the only effect of their refusing to send their contributions would be to place the British Government in a false position and to do him [Owen] a personal injury. This is like the man, and it had the desired effect. The following is the reply, taken from the *Anglo-American Times*, to the deputation of British exhibitors, who called upon the Duke of Richmond and asked the restoration of Mr. Owen :

"A deputation of exhibitors having addressed the Lord President on the subject of Mr. P. Cunliffe Owen's resignation of his appointment as Executive Commissioner, the following answer was given :

" " EDUCATION OFFICE,
" " WHITEHALL, 9th December, 1875.

" " SIR : I have, as I promised to the gentlemen whom I saw here with you on the 6th, and again on the 8th of December, communicated to the Duke of Richmond the statements they made on behalf of themselves and other intending exhibitors at Philadelphia, on the subject of Mr. Owen's resignation.

" " His Grace desires me to inform you that, having the interests and success of the Exhibition warmly at heart, he was very glad to obtain the assistance of Mr. Owen as chief executive officer of the British section.

He is fully aware of the confidence reposed in Mr. Owen, both by the directors of former Exhibitions and by those who took part in them as exhibitors, and therefore regrets he has been compelled to accept Mr. Owen's resignation.

"His Grace is himself personally directing the business of the British section, in the hope and with the express view of securing for it a brilliant success; and he thinks himself fortunate in having been able to secure the services of two gentlemen in whom he has the fullest confidence. One of these, Colonel Sandford, R.A., who was employed in the Exhibition of 1862, was appointed official delegate to represent the British section in America, at the express request of Mr. Owen, under whom he has been acting ever since the exhibition. He is, therefore, acquainted with all the preliminary steps that have been taken in connection with the exhibition. His colleague, Professor Archer, as is well known to the leading exhibitors, has taken a prominent part in various capacities in the principal international exhibitions held of late years in Europe, and is thoroughly familiar with all the details of these undertakings.

"The Lord President is very confident that the interests of the Exhibition, and of the British exhibitors, have been entrusted to the officers who, under his own supervision, will be both able and willing to promote the success which it is his Grace's earnest desire to secure. I am, etc.,

"J. R. SANDFORD.

"A. B. DANIELL, ESQ., 46 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, W."

The same journal editorially says,—

"Mr. Cunliffe Owen, C.B., has resigned, to the profound surprise and disappointment of Philadelphia. The Commissioners desire the reconsideration of this movement, in view of Mr. Owen's experience in exhibitions, and his known value as an executive officer. There appear, however, to be strong reasons against the President of the Council acceding to the wish expressed by the Commissioners, of which he may be the better judge. Yet it is to be deplored that there should have been a misunderstanding, culminating, too, in what is little less than a catastrophe. The Duke of Richmond has filled the vacancy with Mr. Archer, well known to art in Scotland, the chief executive officer being Colonel Sandford, R.A., who proceeds immediately to Philadelphia, while the Duke will himself superintend the arrangements in England. The number of British exhibitors appears to be in the neighborhood of seven hundred—of course excluding the Colonies, which will be more fully represented than ever before. The names include many of the best known manufacturers of the United Kingdom, and we feel assured that they will have no reason to repent the step. Indeed, it was those who hung fire till too late who have to be consoled

with. Since this was in type we have received the Duke of Richmond's reply to the deputation of exhibitors who addressed his Grace on the subject of Mr. Owen's resignation, which will be found under our heading of 'Centennial News.'"

It will also gratify Mr. Owen's friends in America to know that he will use all his influence to encourage and confirm the Continental exhibitors to the Centennial. I can personally testify that there was not a Government authority on the Continent which did not, when I called in reference to our International Exhibition, refer to Mr. Owen's experience and energy as essential to the general enterprise. He had met the commissioners of all the nations at Paris and Vienna, and it was as natural for them to look to him while making preparations for Philadelphia for 1876, as it was for him to send forward his own suggestions, either voluntarily or in response to their requests. It gives me pleasure to add, as you will perceive from the letter of the Duke of Richmond's secretary in reply to the British exhibitors, that his Grace pledges himself to make every exertion, so far as Great Britain is concerned, so that while losing the direct influence of Mr. Owen we shall have the more emphatic action on the part of the new agencies appointed by the Government.

LONDON, December, 1875.

LXXXIX.

"The Times."

NOTHING marks the broad difference between the public sentiment of Great Britain to-day and say fifteen years ago in regard to the United States than the tone of the London newspapers, and especially *The Times*. That journal is now as fair and intelligent in its discussion of American subjects as it was unfair and reckless before and during our civil war. There are a fulness and a fidelity in its editorials—a noble impersonality and dignity—which, while exciting my admiration and surprise, are cherished as models of composition and examples for imitation. A friend of mine has presented me a file of *The Times* during the Rebellion, which I often read, not alone because of the contrast between the comments then and those of the present time by the same paper on our country, but because it seems impossible that the two conditions of thought and opinion should appear in the same paper. *The Times* takes in the whole range of European politics, morals, religion, and science; not in long essays a week after the special event has happened, but at once, so that a telegram received the night before of a battle in Herzegovina, an election in Paris, a princely progress in India, a Turkish or Egyptian default, a German debate, a Roman decree—is the next morning treated with elaborate facts and in a style of commanding eloquence. And now the United States has attained the position of a leading subject in the same great journal. Not less than three times a week is this subject discussed in its many-sided aspects. There is no partisanship apparent. The scales are held with even bal-

ance and steady hands. *The Times* has shown strong sympathies with our Southern people, and yet within the last ten days it has twice, with great emphasis, while commenting upon the late debate in our National House of Representatives on the universal amnesty bill, referred to the wholly unprecedented clemency of the victorious Government to the men who attempted its overthrow under such dreadful and tragical circumstances. Not less candid was its view of the position of General Grant's Administration on the Cuban question, a view which showed what England would do with such a nuisance near its borders as an endless and bloody insurrection. This reiterated judgment of *The Times* has mortified the local vanity and sounded like an unalterable verdict to Spain and the Continent. This same great journal has come to consider free trade as a fair topic for manly difference, in view of the depression of manufacturing at home and the loud cry for "protection" in Canada and other British colonies.

Established the 1st of January, 1788, by the grandfather and namesake of the present proprietor, Mr. John Walter, it has become the conceded leader not alone of public opinion, but the feeder of a whole realm of other journals, daily, weekly, and monthly. It receives the first news of the action of the Government, because it really dominates and moulds public sentiment by its impartiality, and not because it flatters power. But let it not be said that *The Times* abuses the Government; it abuses nobody, and is as free from a foul word as it is from a deliberate misstatement. It simply speaks out in manly and courteous terms on all topics, and is open to conviction from others, as it is free to condemnation of them. Its immense wealth and opportunities give it, of course, enormous influence, but it deserves to be said of its present management, at least, that these rare advantages are rarely abused, and certainly that with all its gigantic means it never descends to the

artifices of the newspaper bully or speaks of an adversary in the slang of the streets. It has its side; it is conservative to the core, and yet, while it takes issue with Mr. Bright or Mr. Gladstone, it does not hesitate to take issue also at times with Mr. Disraeli or Lord Derby. It is in favor of the restoration of the Empire in France, and yet it treats Gambetta and the Republicans with almost knightly consideration. To-day it prints articles in favor of putting workingmen on English juries, and its leader this morning on the "Centennial" is only one of many of equal ability. This utterance is not so much that of the Government as of the English people, and I am sure it will give a certain satisfaction to our own countrymen. The intelligence that Congress would pass the one million five hundred thousand dollar appropriation came in simultaneous with the news that all obstacles to foreign exhibitors had been removed by the Treasury Department at Washington, which has been followed by an increase of British exhibitors and by more enthusiasm among all classes. If our modern American statesmen could understand how closely their votes are watched and how carefully their words are weighed on this side of the Atlantic, they would be wiser than they seem to be at this distance. They will, however, realize in a short time that the best amnesty bill of the age is the Centennial Commemoration, and that no money is half so well expended as that lately given to the Centennial Commissioners.

LONDON, January, 1876.

XC.

Queen Victoria opens the Parliamentary Session of 1876.

A SUBDUED glitter of bronze, gold, and red, with the throne at one end—or, as we would call it, the speaker's chair—and a gallery at the other, running deep from the back wall, while around the two sides of the chamber is one tier of seats—the House of Lords is always impressive; but this afternoon as I looked upon the scene preparatory to the entrance of Queen Victoria to open the British Parliament, the first time since 1871, it was strangely interesting to me. I had seen this gorgeous hall before, and I had also seen her Majesty, but I had never enjoyed the opportunity of a royal opening of the British Legislature. The House of Lords is an oblong square, not so large, I think, as our own Senate Hall, and six hundred people would fill it. To secure a ticket for this occasion was like winning a prize in a lottery, and as mine was a sort of farewell before going home, I utilized it by putting in my appearance precisely at one o'clock. I took a hansom cab from my hotel, and ordered the driver to take me to the north gallery of the House of Lords. The distance was not a mile, but the people had turned out *en masse* to greet her Majesty, and the streets in all directions were packed. Over three thousand policemen were organized to hold this fearful multitude in check, while regiments of horse and foot were in readiness to punish any violence. A London mob is not more significant than the preparations of the Government to put it down. This vast concourse was waiting for the royal procession with a wonderful quiet and good temper. The windows and doorways

were filled with spectators at a guinea a seat, while the walks were black with the populace, with the police and soldiers before them in double walls of staves, swords, and muskets.

After passing between files of guards and Parliamentary officials, I found myself in the north gallery, facing a blaze of peers and peeresses, churchmen and judges, statesmen, soldiers, and courtiers. I was a little late, and the chamber seemed to be nearly full. My first impression was a mingling of white and crimson; then a sense of oaken roofs and panels, and through all an incense of flowers and antiquity. The stained windows at the sides, the Scriptural paintings at the opposite or throne end, where the Queen's chair was waiting for her with the royal robes thrown over it—all under a sort of religious mist to me in the half-twilight of this expectant hour. Gradually I began to pick out the people from this maze and color with the aid of a polite Englishman at my side. But he bewildered me with his knowledge of the great people before me. He was an abridged peerage, especially when he discovered I was an American. I confess I am so much of a republican that I soon got tired of his painful iteration, till suddenly the twilight was lost in a sudden blaze of gas from ten burners, each in the shape of a crown, pendant from the vaulted roof of the noble oblong square. Then I could see in the midst of the response of glad surprise always awakened by a quick burst of light that nearly all this bright audience was composed of women, and that the men were few and far between. Along the lower floor the raised seats of the peers were occupied by their wives and daughters, and the middle oaken tables of the Ministry were crowded with canonical bishops and pages.

The Queen is memorably and militarily punctual, and the few minutes before the appointed hour of two soon passed, at almost the exact moment of which she entered,

accompanied by the Princess of Wales (the Prince, her heir-apparent husband, being in India), the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Princess Louise of Lorne, the Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess Mary of Teck, and others. The ladies in the audience had been previously notified that when her Majesty came in their shawls should be removed, and when the royal cortege came we had a display of busts of all ages. There was no prayer, no guns or drums, no choir, no anthem. As her Majesty advanced the whole audience rose, and as she ascended the throne she bowed in response, when the company nestled down with obedient grace. She is a smaller woman than I expected, dressed in black and gold, aged fifty-seven, and evidently accustomed to command. There was a long pause to allow the Commons to come in under the back gallery. Then the Chancellor (Lord Cairns) handed to the Queen a roll of paper on which the "Speech from the Throne" was written. Her Majesty slightly bowed and returned it to him, with the request, not audible but understood, that he would read it. This he did, standing close to the throne, and was very audible. This done, the Queen rose and bowed again, and with her ladies and gentlemen retired, after which the spectators took their leave, and the members of the House proceeded to the work of approving or amending the royal speech.

It is clear that this state document, really a ministerial manifesto, is a remarkable concession to liberal ideas. No one can stay in London for a year without seeing that the English Government can no longer be administered in the Tory interest. Great questions lie in the immediate future—perhaps great troubles. An overcrowded population, a loud clamor for popular education, a demand for more markets, for manufactures, and more wages for the workmen, the monopoly of the lands by the nobility (that old thunderbolt just re-launched by John Bright), the foolish

Slave circular of the present Ministry, the purchase of the shares in the Suez Canal, the complications in Turkey, the impatience of the peoples of India, where two hundred millions of natives are held in subjugation by sixty thousand foreign soldiers, and last, not least, the increasing restiveness of the people in consequence of the enlightened and independent press—all these are questions or troubles that demand attention. As I passed out of the north gallery of the House of Lords, and once more beheld the enormous multitude, held back by a resolute constabulary and ready military reserves, I felt that England was fortunate in having a woman for a monarch, and that the gentle ministrations which saved the world from a war between England and America twelve years ago may be the surest medicine for the evils, secret and open, which threaten the Commonwealth of Great Britain.

LONDON, February 8, 1876.

XCI.

Weston the Pedestrian.

THERE has been a little excitement in London, within the last few days, owing to the friendly challenge of Edward Payson Weston, the American pedestrian, to walk the greatest number of miles for twenty-four consecutive hours, addressed to Mr. William Perkins, the English champion, who accepted it with the declaration that England was behind no other nation in athletic accomplishments, and particularly in the matter of pedestrianism. The prize was a handsome silver cup to the declared winner, and the match began on Tuesday, February 8, at 9.25 P.M. The place selected was the vast Agricultural

Hall at Islington, where the great cattle-shows are annually held, and where Moody and Sankey held their monster religious festivals alternately with their colossal assemblies at Covent Garden Theatre. It is a hall as large or larger than the depots at Broad and Prime and Thirty-second and Market Streets, Philadelphia, equal to the accommodation of thirty thousand people, around which two oblong circles were set apart, one for the Englishman, the other for the American. At first Weston wore a velvet coat, jaunty hat, and white kid gloves, with top-boots of thin patent-leather, and carried a thin riding-whip in his hand. The competitors never met till after the Englishman had accepted the challenge of the American, and it was interesting to note the early confidence of our British cousins as they felt sure of success.

Muscular philosophy is one of the cherished institutions of these populous islands. To ride, to hunt, to run, to yacht, to jump, to punt, and, above all, to walk, not to say to rink, which, like the spelling-bees, is copied from our American example, and is now called *rinkualism* (to the horror of the High Churchman), are dear to the English man or woman. I have seen athletic young England, red-faced, red-necked, red-handed, fearlessly fresh from some terrific encounter with stormy weather on land and sea, walking through the parlors of the great, as proud of their rough complexions and their pugilistic encounters, their running with the hounds and hunting with the hares, as if they had just come in from some victorious battle. Thus they cluster to every physical competition with far more readiness than they gather to a ball or theatre. It must be added that these young Orsons are the preferred favorites of the gentler sex, who, in their turn, are themselves proud of riding with the hounds, at the risk of their fair anatomies. So, when John Bull and Brother Jonathan met at Islington, it was no wonder that John anticipated

an easy triumph over Jonathan. What made them naturally confident was the announcement early on the morning of Wednesday that the former had outwalked the latter. "You see, my friend," was the expression of one of my English visitors, "our superiority in athletics is an inherited virtue. It comes from our climate as well as our ancestors. It is a part of our education, and accounts for our big men and women; in fact, from our Saxon origin. Yours is the race of admixtures. We can admit the fragile beauty of your ladies, and the elasticity of your men, but you know that ours is a permanent population, and yours necessarily short-lived and evanescent. Perkins is the tried hero of pedestrianism, and he will give Weston not only fair play, but beat him like a gentleman."

To all this courteous boasting I listened with due humility, and about eight o'clock took a hansom and drove out to Islington to stand by my countryman in his threatened defeat. One of my acquaintances quietly remarked that it would not be a very agreeable experience to get in as a witness to the failure of Mr. Weston; but with a certain old-fashioned notion that he is the best friend who stands by you in your hour of distress, I accompanied our American minister, and without knowing anything of the progress of the walk, we got into the building about half-past eight to find that the Englishman, Mr. Perkins, had broken down after he had completed but sixty-five miles, while Weston in the last half of his twenty-fourth hour was followed by cheering crowds of English and Americans, the band playing enlivening airs. There was something impressive in the scene, although the throng was not quite so genteel as that I had seen in the House of Lords when her Gracious Majesty opened the British Parliament. Here we saw the better side of John Bull; the confidence of the morning in his own triumph gave way to the candor of his admission of defeat. As the light young American,

with head erect and quick, elastic step, passed round the oblong circle, he was greeted with "Hurrah for the Yankee; go it, Brother Jonathan," and "God bless him, he belongs to us anyhow!" Lightly built, agile, pale, and firm, with a bright, flashing eye, he looked a sort of young Antinous. He saw and recognized us, and with a flash of glad and grateful welcome, repeatedly kissed his hand to us as he passed. When he finished his one hundred and nine miles in twenty-four hours he quietly put on his black velvet coat of the morning and again passed round several times amid the applauding shouts of the multitude.

I need not dwell upon the feat of twenty-four consecutive hours' walking, with scarcely any rest, but I can see that our English cousins are readjusting their spectacles and begin to realize that we are not a race of little red-legged Frenchmen, or a community of dwindling mongrels. As we passed out of the great hall and heard the band and the shouts of the honest crowds, I could not help asking an American friend whether the lamented James Buchanan, while minister to England, with his chilling white cravat, or Charles Francis Adams robed in his cold ancestral mantle, would have gone out like Robert C. Schenck to mingle with the boisterous and somewhat perilous British crowd to offer comfort to a young American stranger in London, in the hour of his expected defeat, with no hope of his overwhelming triumph.

LONDON, February, 1876.

XCII.

The Change in British Feeling.

THERE have been spring, autumn, and winter—all in twenty-four hours. Such is frequently the division of an English day. When I left London for Liverpool (February 13, 1876) the streets at 2.40 P.M. were as dry as if it had never rained, the sun was out in exceptional splendor, and there was an April odor in the air. A warm good-by from a party of dear English and American friends who met me at the Midland Railway station, followed by a grateful farewell response, left me seated in a comfortable carriage, on my way to spend a few parting days with a hospitable Liverpool family, before taking the steamer *Indiana* for Philadelphia, after an absence of nearly twenty months. Before we had got half-way—Liverpool is about two hundred and fifty miles from London—the atmosphere got cold enough to make me wish for the tin foot-warmers (there are no stoves or fires in the English carriages), and in the dusk I saw the ground white with snow, which was deep when we reached the station at Liverpool at nine P.M. Such is winter in England. The snow melts in a few hours, and then comes an alternative of damp, succeeded by rain, or a burst of sunshine that soon dries the pavements and the highways. These climatic eccentricities are far from healthy to the unaccustomed traveller or sojourner, but they make the English robust. To face the rain and the fog is part of the English education; to walk in all weathers is almost a part of the English religion, but to live in cold houses is a habit which the American rarely acquires, no matter how long he lives here. He shivers as he tries

to gather warmth from their small grates, and longs for the heated rooms of his distant home as he watches his English cousins radiant after their long walks, defiant of cold. From May till September there is no country in the world so delightful as England, with its moderate heat and long days, but from November to March it is a trying and often an unhealthy interval. Our own frequent fierce summers and our frequent fierce winters are happily varied by the sweet months of May and June and the protracted glory of our Indian summer, and England has no such alternations as the American California, or Florida, or White Mountains,—those delicious pauses, where you can enjoy cool breezes in the hottest July or an equal warmth (without the fitful chills of the Mediterranean resorts) in the coldest January, or the unsurpassed Oriental climate and productions lasting through the most of the year, all within easy range by rail, and all in the same country. You reach them untroubled by change of cars, or currency, or tariffs, or language. You sleep and eat in your own flying parlor, with no care of baggage to worry you, and when you arrive at your destination you find your traps in your bedroom at the hotel where you stop. These things will be seen by our stranger friends in a few more weeks, and I will leave them to decide between the two systems.

Liverpool, with its seven hundred thousand inhabitants, is as different from London as Pittsburgh is from Philadelphia. It is quite stirred by the interest in the near-at-hand International Centennial Exhibition. The municipal Corporation has just decided, in response to the request of the Duke of Richmond, to send over its splendid pictures of the Death of Rienzi and the trial of Julian the Apostate. Many interesting exhibits will be sent from Liverpool, representing many varieties of art and manufactures.

Time has dealt wonderfully with Liverpool. Its growth fairly baffles the science of figures, and not more impressive

sermons were ever preached than the increase of shipping, cotton, grain, gold, and iron as illustrated chiefly at Liverpool. In 1840 there were in the whole Kingdom 414 steamers of all grades, with a tonnage of 108,321, and 8446 men employed; in 1874 there were 2946 steamers, with a tonnage of 1,827,624, and 74,873 men. The imports of cotton rose from 59,248,800 pounds to 1,566,864,432 in 1874; the exports from £38,673,229 to £258,967,632. Of different varieties of wheat and corn there were imported into Great Britain from 1840 to 1874 1,641,962.16 cwt. The imports of gold in fourteen years, from 1860 to 1874, were £30,379,188. Most of these articles came through the port of Liverpool.

Still more suggestive is the improvement in the sentiments of the people. When our war broke out, early in 1861, Liverpool, with a few memorable exceptions, was entirely in the hands of the pro-slavery men. Society and commerce were completely in their power. The North was doubly disliked because it was rapidly becoming the rival of England in manufactures. The South supplied the cotton and favored free trade. The cotton-dealers came to Liverpool like princes on their travels. They were courted by the best people, and in return gave exaggerated ideas of Southern superiority and Northern ignorance and inferiority. Comparatively few had ever seen the North save through the travelling buyers for great merchants at home. When the first cannon of rebellion was fired, Liverpool echoed it with her sympathy, her ships, her press, and her money; and so loud was the roar of hostility to the Union that the few brave men who stood up for it were in frequent peril. But now all is changed. There is American cotton sufficient for the vast consumption of England and the world, but it is made by free men and not by slaves—by men who work for themselves, and not for those who never worked in their lives. The cotton

lords are deposed, and the cotton trade is in the hands of fair men of business, who do not deal in politics as a part of their ventures, nor insist on selling their principles with their products. Liverpool society and commerce, the great men of the cotton and corn combinations, at last recognize that it was best for America, for England, and for the world, that American slavery should die. Northern men are now as welcome in the houses of the rich and well-born class as their Southern brethren were before the war; and, indeed, Northern ideas are seen in the local struggles for education, for better houses for the poor, for higher wages, and for enlarged suffrage.

In July of 1874 the very name of the Centennial was unknown to the mass of the people of Liverpool. Now it is the topic of the town, and the artists and mechanics, etc., to be at Philadelphia, are only the beginning of a better and closer and wider assimilation.

Much of this state of things is to be credited to the presence as American consuls at Liverpool since 1861 of two such men as Thomas H. Dudley, of New Jersey, and Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin. We must not blame the people of Liverpool if, under the circumstances I have referred to, they preferred the South to the North during our civil war, especially when the other fact is stated that for many years most of our diplomatic and consular agents in Europe were men wholly pledged to the interests and opinions of the South, and whose business or pleasure it was to keep alive the strife of our sections at home and to hold up the American anti-slavery leaders as agitators and demagogues.

Sitting in the office of Consul Fairchild a few hours each day before I started, I recalled my own relation to this consulate. Nineteen years ago, in this very month of February, James Buchanan, President elect, offered me this very Liverpool consulate, when it was worth four times

its present value, which is six thousand dollars per year. It had always been the choice plum of past Administrations, and set apart for the favorites of power as their best opportunity. President Polk sent the amiable General Robert Armstrong, of Tennessee, and President Pierce sent out the gifted Nathaniel Hawthorne, of New Hampshire, both of them their warm personal friends. I claim no credit for promptly declining Mr. Buchanan's offer, and I never blamed him for making it. I believe that if, for any office, I had left my country just in the beginning of the struggle against Slavery, I should have been false to my pledge in 1856, when I worked to make him President; and he, no doubt, decided it was best to get me out of the way. No doubt both of us were sincere. I know I was, and he had every reason for being equally so.

While General Fairchild—you will recollect he lost his left arm at Gettysburg on the 3d of July, 1863—was talking about this incident and the possible results to myself if I had come to Liverpool in 1857, a tall, sunburnt man walked in, and after a warm welcome from the consul he was presented to me as Captain John Short, of Bangor, Maine, just arrived with his ship, a sailing vessel, from a long southward voyage. I found him intelligent and observing—a fair specimen of the New England seaman, proud of his calling and of his country. He had paid off his crew a few days before, and was waiting for a return cargo. “It was vain, General,” he said to Mr. Fairchild, “for me to plead to them to take care of their money, which was a considerable sum to each. They will all be without a cent in a day or two. The soberest and best sailor on board ship cannot resist the allurements on shore for an hour.”—“Is this rule universal?” I asked. “I am sorry to say it is—the few exceptions only go to prove it.”—“What is the proportion of Americans among the sailors of the mercantile or trading service?”—“Not five per cent.

—no, not three. You see our boys look higher, and you never find an American among our crews, unless he enters himself before the mast, that he may rise to be second mate, and finally captain and part owner of the vessel he commands. But for the Italians, Portuguese, French, and Germans we should be in a sad plight; how they spend and save I have told you.” I need not point the moral of this story.

Now (February 16) the time has come to take my place among the passengers of the steamer *Indiana*, which lies waiting in the Mersey, a short distance from the magnificent “Landing Stage,” or moving wharf, a splendid trophy of the greatness of Liverpool, on whose magnificent docks an aggregate sum of three hundred millions of dollars has been expended. The tug that carries us to the American steamer performs her office in a few minutes, and we pass to the upper deck to receive the welcome of Arthur H. Clark, the commander. She had rested in port for two weeks, and had undergone a complete renovation. She looked almost as bright and fresh as if she had been painted for the first time; her decks white and ultra clean; her parlors and staterooms newly carpeted and varnished; the spacious dining-room shining under the double polish of its wainscoting of American wood and Philadelphia brasses—even the old flag at the fore seemed to be new. For one, at least, I felt that I was at home, or auspiciously on my way to family and friends.

This is the twelfth round voyage, or twenty-fourth passage, of the *Indiana* since December of 1874, at which time Captain Clark assumed command. She has not had one accident, but like her three sisters, the *Ohio*, the *Illinois*, and the *Pennsylvania*, has had almost invariable good luck, if we except the catastrophe to the latter in February of 1873, when, after losing her captain and three of her other officers, she survived a terrible tem-

pest, and was brought into our port by Mr. Brady. Pray heaven we may escape the perils of the deep on our homeward way!

AT SEA, February, 1876.

XCIII.

Homeward Bound.

ON board the *Indiana* I meet Colonel Herbert Bruce Sandford, one of the two new Commissioners of the British section of the Centennial Exhibition, in connection with his associate, Professor T. C. Archer (already on the ground), on his way to take full command. He is accompanied by his immediate staff—Mr. Hodgkinson (finance), Mr. Charrington (correspondence), and Mr. Brett (India)—and by one Government Messenger, two non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, two sergeants, eight men of the London Metropolitan Police, and two carpenters. With what force there is already on the ground, and what is to come, the British organization at the Exhibition will amount to about fifty men in all. Amiable, intelligent, receptive, and energetic, Colonel Sandford is certain to become popular. He enters into his work with his whole soul; and having once tasted of America, he returns to us eager to prove himself worthy of the high trust reposed in him by his Government.

Pages could be filled with details of European interest in the Exhibition. The Ladies' Pavilion attracts much attention in London, and many interesting objects will be sent to it by the women of Europe. Emily Faithfull is actively sympathetic. Miss E. Thompson, the artist, whose

beautiful painting of the "Roll Call" has suddenly made her famous, is engaged on a splendid picture for the Pavilion, and I was told before I left of some exquisite specimens of fine needlework about to be contributed to the same institution. The women's movement in England, and indeed all over the Continent, has received great encouragement from the tact and energy of Mrs. Gillespie and her associates in Philadelphia, and their example is daily honored in generous assistance from these distant sisters. The women's departments at the Crystal Palace, at the Alexandra Palace, and at the South Kensington Museum, are worthy of a great nation. Here all the arts are taught to all classes, high and low. Practical experience in domestic life is conveyed to the highest to fit them for the future. The abject are raised from their degradation by other agencies; the poor are shown new paths to self-dependence, and the well-born and the nobility are forced to consider their duties to others as well as themselves. These influences are a loftier education—a broader science than that of the ordinary schools—and it is easy to see that the wonderful women's Centennial organization, with its latest expression in the Centennial Exhibition, should awaken a new and livelier interest in the labors of a country which awards to women the superior advantage of the chivalric devotion of the men, and superior advantages for social improvement at the hands of our National and State Governments. Both systems reflect their brightest sides upon each other, and while we gather food for imitation from the museums of England, we offer in return the lessons of the individual endowment of a Scotch brewer, Matthew Vassar, at Schenectady, New York, for the exclusive education of women, and the unexampled spectacle of the facilities offered by the people and government of New England and other States for the special preparation of women for the cares and duties of life. The Cooper

Institute, of New York, founded by the illustrious Peter Cooper, and now admirably administered by himself, his son, and his son-in-law, Mr. Abraham S. Hewett (one of the Centennial Commissioners), where thousands of poor girls are provided with the means of useful learning, is perhaps the most perfect product of a system peculiar to our better civilization; while that model work, the Girls' High School of Philadelphia (which I dare to say has no parallel in any other country), and the female colleges of Ohio and the West, and the seminaries founded by individuals or by the States, in which both sexes are taught alike and at the lowest rates, needed only some such new recognition as that offered by the Ladies' Pavilion to nationalize and internationalize the great mission for the education and elevation of women. Mrs. Gillespie, Miss Mary McHenry, and their sisters have builded better than they knew.

As an indication of Colonel Sandford's efforts to help the Exhibition in Europe, I have his permission to refer to a publication which is shortly to appear in the European papers explaining the preparations for the carriage and accommodation of our guests. This is *the* great question, and it is pleasing to see that the British delegate has met it in a way so direct. The article states that the subject of taking care of visitors was begun by a survey of the city of Philadelphia, from which it appeared that there are one hundred and twenty-seven thousand houses in Philadelphia; that with the favor of the Centennial Commissioners and the co-operation of the four great steam lines running into the city (the Philadelphia and Reading, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, the North Pennsylvania, and the Pennsylvania Central), canvassers were sent out to the several wards and districts, who reported that they had secured fifteen thousand bed-chambers in private and boarding houses, and that each proprietor of each room

or house had agreed to accept the schedule of the Centennial Lodging-house Company, who have undertaken this gigantic task. This company gives to the holder a bed-room, an *American breakfast* (the details of which are carefully adjusted), supper, and attendance. The guests will find their dinners outside, and doubtless generally in the Exhibition Grounds. All this for a payment of two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents per day. The traffic managers of the four railways and Mr. Jenkins (a native Pennsylvanian, of the firm of Messrs. Cook, Son, & Jenkins) are on the Directory of the plan, which cannot fail to work well. Before the trains get to Philadelphia an agent of the Directory will pass through the trains and call out "Coupons!" and the traveller who has previously provided himself with one will at once be sent to the room he is to live in, the house and the street, and the street-car by which he is to reach it. The baggage clerk will receive the brass check of the stranger, if he is willing, who will be troubled no more till he reaches his quarters in Philadelphia. Colonel Sandford goes on to tell his European audience that the old hotels of Philadelphia have increased their capacity fifty per cent. "To understand the railway accommodations," says this interesting paper, "it must be stated that the peninsula on which Philadelphia stands is intersected longitudinally on Broad Street, fourteen and a half miles long, and transversely by Washington Avenue, which extends from the Delaware to the Schuylkill." The two steam railways running to the Exhibition Grounds have stations in the very heart of the city, from which trains will run to and from Fairmount Park at intervals of a few minutes, as with the London and Metropolitan and District railways. The street-cars are an institution, the stations are central, and there are numerous lines to the Exhibition Grounds. It is proposed to run one car a minute, making three hundred per hour, holding, seated, six thousand six

hundred ; crowded, twelve thousand, and packed, eighteen thousand.

This statement, the work of an English writer, is by this time in circulation all over Europe in different languages.

From personal experience I can testify to the extraordinary efficiency of Messrs. Cook's agency for travel in Europe. With their coupons I travelled last winter from Paris to Rome, and back, and found them most convenient. Besides the saving in money and time, they save also the cost of a courier. To us in America such a luxury will be almost unnecessary, with English as the ruling language. The absence of custom-houses, of a different currency every few hundred miles, of trouble with baggage, etc., will make it easy to get on with very little trouble. Tourists may find a guide necessary at times, but, relieved from the vexations that make a companion necessary on the Continent, the expense in America will be very little.

Among our passengers is one of those gentle ministers of religion that are haply found in all denominations, the Rt. Rev. M. Domenec, Bishop of Alleghany, in Pennsylvania. He had just visited Rome and the Head of the Catholic Church. He will be remembered in Philadelphia, and especially in Germantown, where he resided and ministered for many years. At once a Spaniard, and a sensible and sincere American, he speaks four languages well, and is a power among his people. It is characteristic of the modern Catholic priesthood that they are better politicians than their Protestant brethren. Bishop Domenec claims that all the vitality in Italy for the Centennial has come from the Pope's final assistance ; but undoubtedly Victor Emanuel's co-operation was earliest if not more earnest. Nearly a year ago Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, appealed to the Pope to give his aid to the Exhibition. There was difficulty at first, because the President's invitation to Italy

went first to the Quirinal (or Victor Emanuel, the King), and not to the Vatican (the Pope). But the Catholics of the United States are not to be refused, and as they were among the very first to hail and help the Centennial, the Pope yielded to their appeal, and named Archbishop Wood as his representative at the Exhibition. As the case stands, all the parties at Rome will be on the ground—the Imperial Government, the Papacy, the Garibaldians, and the American artists, including those at Florence, Genoa, and Naples.

AT SEA, February, 1876.

XCIV.

Conclusion.

THE foreign correspondence at Philadelphia during the Exhibition will be an interesting feature. Former experience has suggested a novel newspaper literature, and now that the European visitors are to be placed in direct intercourse with our own men of the "ravenous pen," a literary rivalry may be expected. The Cable supplies a means of expensive competition. It disheartens all letter-writing by mail. The *London Times*, with its enormous revenues, stands at the front, Dr. Russell in India telegraphing daily columns of the progress of the Prince of Wales, and its daily telegraphic columns showing France in its new developments. But neither India nor France will be half so interesting as the Exhibition in Philadelphia, and the late feature of Cable despatches in *The Times* from Philadelphia (placed at the head of that paper's original daily

foreign news) will be followed by a continuous shower of intelligence during the Exhibition. No one, therefore, can be surprised to hear that *The Times* will have a *special arrangement*, daily, with the Anglo-American Cable Company, from the opening to the close of the Centennial. These messages cost a shilling or twenty-five cents a word, a reduction of two-thirds to all newspapers—the price to the public being nearly a dollar a word—and thus none but rich papers like *The Times* and the *New York Herald* can afford competition. If the ablest English and American writers were to write letters for other papers by the slow old process, they could send no fresh news after that which had been contributed by the lightning Cable correspondents. This is a period of facts, not rhetoric; of condensation, not comment. We now read our morning and evening papers in sentences, not sermons. We get the reflection of the world by glimpses instead of essays. Whether the world is any better because a thought is pressed into a second instead of being spread over an hour is a suggestion I leave Professor Leidy to decide. I shall like it if it enforces condensation so close that a public writer will be confined within decent limits, and will not think, because he has space in which to discuss all things, he can also scandalize his neighbors and disgrace himself.

The projectors of the American line of steamships between Philadelphia and Liverpool—the only one floating the American flag—have had a hard struggle since they began that enterprise. Started just before the great panic of 1873, they have survived that terrible collapse in the face of the fiercest rivalry, and especially against a strongly subsidized English system. But the four ships themselves have been managed with singular energy and economy at home, and commanded with high courage and skill at sea.

The *Indiana* is returning by the southern course, as ice had already been reported to the northward by outward-

bound steamers—a longer but safer course. As we neared the Polar current, which sweeps to the edge of the Banks of Newfoundland, where ice was expected, our captain was evidently anxious, and during the night did not leave the bridge, and kept extra hands on the look-out. I was suddenly awakened by the engines being stopped, and found that ice had been seen ahead, though it seemed too dark to see anything, and from the deck I just made out a narrow line of field-ice across the horizon through the cold gloom of the morning. The ship remained still until daylight, as the captain wished to see the character of the ice before deciding upon running the ship through. At the first dawn we entered the floe, and gallantly the *Indiana* forced aside the drift-ice—with the cry of “starboard,” “steady,” “port.” We threaded our way slowly and carefully until not an inch of clear water was seen—only ice for miles and miles away, with sometimes a berg; but we believed in our ship, trusted our captain, and relied on Providence. Five, six, seven hours, and then clear water ahead, and, after seventy miles of intricate navigation, the ship was free and on the Grand Banks, and the engines turned ahead at full speed again.

The afternoon was calm and pleasant and the sea perfectly smooth and of a most exquisite green, peculiar to the Banks, and passengers who had hardly been on deck since we sailed from Liverpool were basking in the sunlight. Towards evening a breeze sprang up from the eastward, and all sail was set. At eight o'clock it increased to half a gale, and the ship

Flies along on her course, like a steed
Urged by its rider and proud of its speed.

Then a thick snow-storm, lasting for some hours, and followed by a “nor'wester.” As the good ship rides the great waves their crests are blown in spray across the deck.

The mercury is far below the freezing point, and the mast and rigging, for twenty feet above the rails, are glassy with ice ; life-lines are stretched along the deck ; the bells are so coated with ice that they give no sound ; and everything is made secure and snug for a hard night. Think of standing a watch upon the bridge of a steamship during a night like this—the glass at twelve degrees, and in the teeth of a fierce gale, with squalls of sleet and snow ! As I sit comfortably writing in the saloon, where everything is warm and bright, I feel that we cannot too much respect the courage and daring of the men who sail our ships.

Among the annoyances of the officers are the endless complaints and questions of some of the passengers. There is only one way on a sea voyage, and that is perfect faith in ship and captain, and a firm reliance on Providence. An excellent story of Captain Arthur H. Clark, our “Admiral,” was related to me by a gentleman in Liverpool. It seems that upon one of the voyages last summer, the ship being full of passengers, a gentleman happened to be on board who had never before been out of sight of land, and he neglected no opportunity to ask Captain Clark all manner of tiresome questions, until even that good captain’s patience was nearly exhausted. Towards the end of the passage it became very foggy ; the ship was running at full speed, with the fog-signal going every minute ; the captain had occasion to leave the bridge for a few moments to attend to something which was going on aft. He had no sooner reached the quarter-deck than his friend rushed up to him and inquired : “ Captain, how long will the fog last ? ” The captain waited a moment, as if giving the subject his utmost consideration, and replied in a deliberate and serious manner : “ The fogs about here sometimes last for six months, but it seems to be getting a little clearer overhead just now, and I should not be surprised if this one did not continue for more than *three* ! ”

As we approach Cape Henlopen (Monday, February 28, 1876), all agree that the voyage from Liverpool has been singularly auspicious, though sometimes rough. A sea journey is always uncertain. It has its agreeable intervals, but even in summer I am not ambitious of being classed with those who claim to love "a life on the ocean wave." It is an uneasy experience to the healthiest and bravest, say what they please; and with all the sea novels ever written—including Captain Marryatt, Fenimore Cooper, and Richard H. Dana—I think I never knew a sailor, captain, mate, or seaman that was not glad to get ashore. I suspect that Captain Clark will feel a good deal relieved when he gets rid of us at Christian Street wharf, and will enjoy a "square meal" at his club with an honest relief that he has finished the twenty-fourth passage safely. This voyage proves not alone his skill as a seaman, but the staunch qualities of the ship he commands. She gracefully cut her way through seventy miles of floating ice, passing six respectable icebergs, each as large as half a dozen Capitols at Washington, glowing in the azure of their frozen architecture, from which, however, the kind care of the captain kept his *Indiana* at a respectful distance. I have slept well every night, have done a full day's work every day, inditing this hasty letter with as much ease as if I had dictated it in my little office at home. And so good-by, *Indiana*, and welcome Philadelphia.

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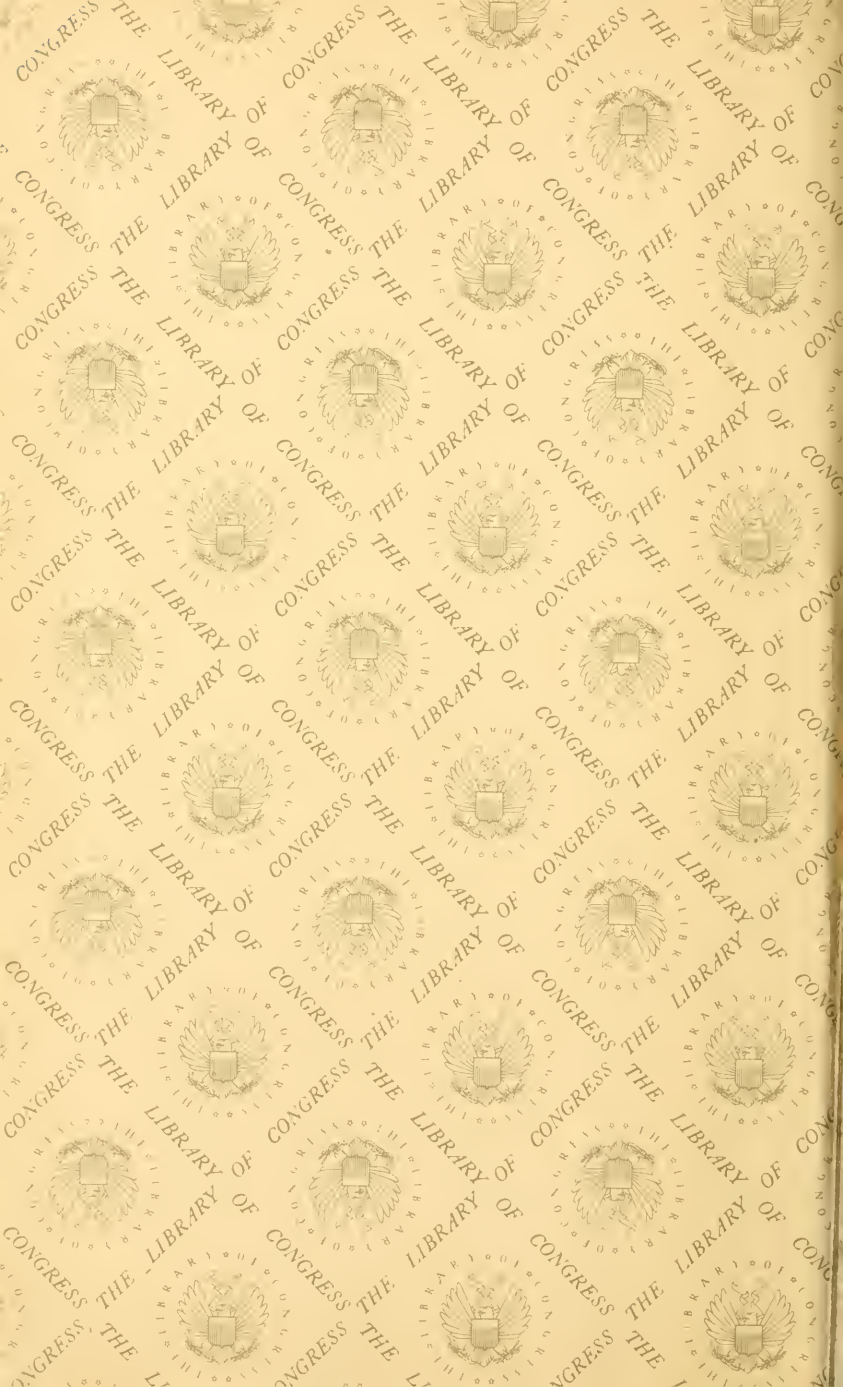
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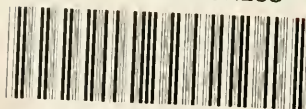
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